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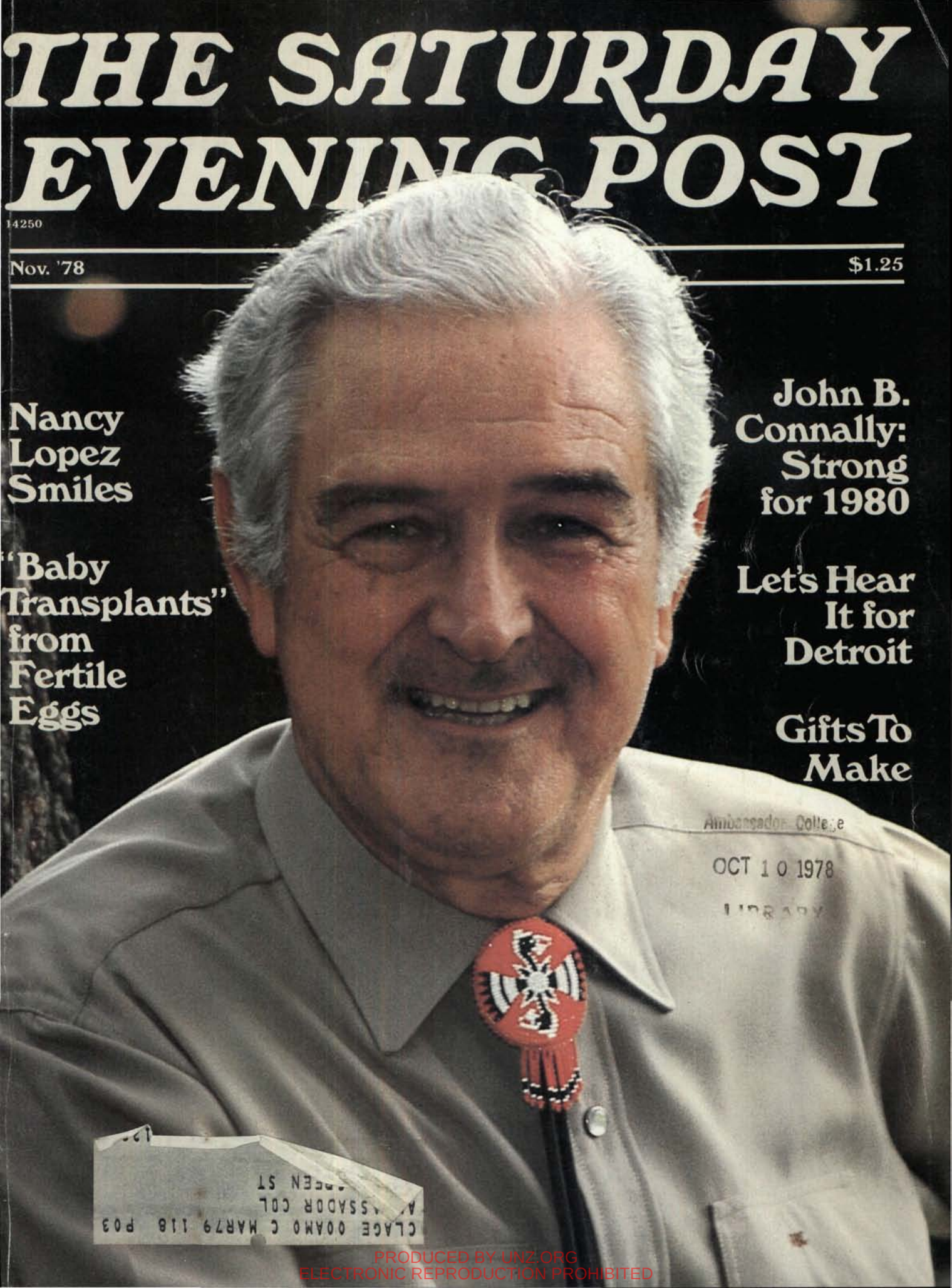

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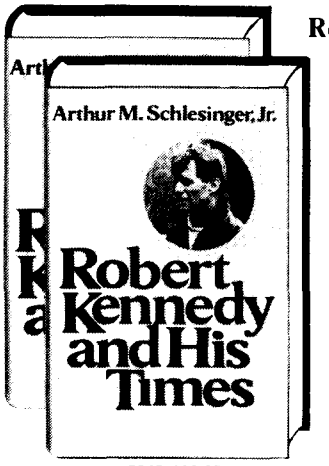

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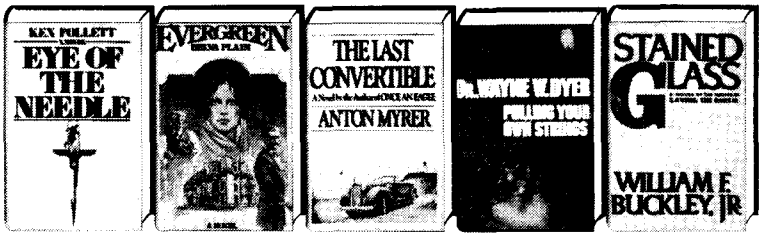

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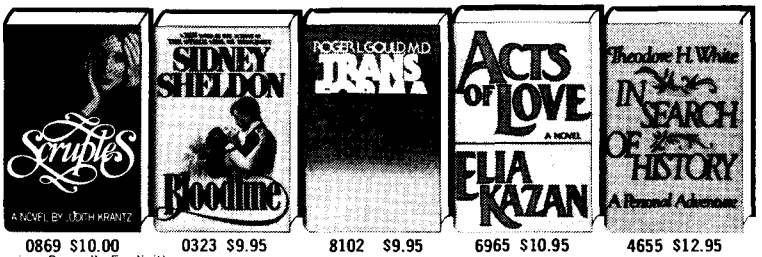

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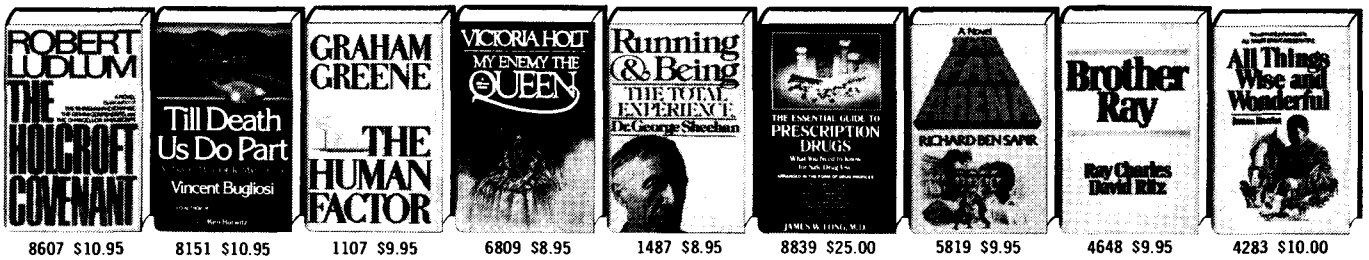

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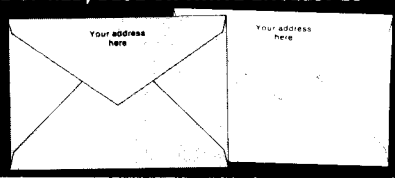

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Letters to the Editor

Another Spoof

The article "Golf's Finest Hour" in your September issue was very interesting. It was properly compared with the broadcast by Orson Welles, "The War of the Worlds."

Being a long-standing "Postphile," I cannot help but wonder why you did not also compare it with the Yankee lawyer, Ephraim Tutt. These stories ran in *The Saturday Evening Post* in the early 1940s [over 80 Tutt stories appeared in the *Post* from 1919 to 1945—Ed.] and were later published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1943 in hardcover form. When it was completed, the *Post* also ran a statement by the author, Arthur Train, admitting that the "autobiography" was pure fiction. Even after that, numerous readers claimed to have actually met Mr. Tutt and refused to believe that the autobiography was entirely fictional.

Charles M. Cork
Macon, Georgia

Distortion of the Media

As a former news reporter for several newspapers and a TV station, I must take exception with the article "Christ and the Media" by Malcolm Muggeridge.

An honest, dedicated reporter does not have to manufacture news. He finds it and reports it as it is. I take offense at Mr. Muggeridge's sweeping generalizations that all newscameramen and reporters are cutthroats conniving to "lead TV news bulletins" and "the front page" by setting up and directing their stories as if they were a drama. The news is not a fantasy, as Mr. Muggeridge labels it. Reporters learn early in the business that subjectivity is confined to editorials in a newscast.

After reading Mr. Muggeridge's article, it seems a bit ironic that I am no longer a reporter, but a playwright. But I have never confused my two careers.

Kim Coale
Andalusia, Alabama

Centennial

I have just finished reading your September issue and am very glad I just recently entered a new subscription for three more years.

I particularly enjoyed your article on *Centennial*. It seems at the moment that Denver is the Hollywood of Colorado. According to several of the people I work with, three movies are presently having scenes produced in the Denver area: one with Clint Eastwood (name unknown); one called *Championship*; and *Centennial*. Although I have not read *Centennial*, I wanted to know more about the filming and was delighted to see you were reading my mind.

David B. Smith
Aurora, Colorado

The War on the FBI

Your article in September's issue, "The War On the FBI," is one that should be read and reread by every thinking American.

In a large measure our FBI depends upon public support, public confidence, and public reassurance in order to do the difficult jobs the FBI must do. And anyone or any organization who works to destroy that public confidence, that public trust, that public image, is no friend of the American public.

If we are to survive the increasing internal and external threats of Soviet empire-building, it is imperative that the powers to protect must be commensurate with the threatened dangers.

As the Soviet Union steps up its worldwide campaign against the United States, we must increase the powers of our armed forces, our FBI, our CIA, our National Security Agency, and our internal will to resist this Soviet misadventure that threatens world peace.

Those who advocate the weakening of our internal security do so, not for the benefit of individual rights, but to substitute Soviet imperialism for democracy.

Remember—what we take for granted today may become the granite that covers our graves tomorrow. We are being given the choice between supporting a strong FBI or supporting the forces of worldwide terrorism. Pray that we will make the right choice.

Waller A. Hurtt
National Coordinator,
Friends of the FBI,
Littleton, Colorado

Steven Avery

Congratulations for keeping the *Post* as first-class entertainment in modern media. Every word is worthy of note. I know—I have been a proofreader for other publications in the past.

Having lived my life in the movie era, I especially enjoyed the July/August issue. Indeed, I empathize so much I want to add something.

In the list of names of popular writers of the past who wrote for the *Post*, there was one omitted that I should have liked to see there—one who, in my opinion, was the most charming, the most debonair, and surely one of the most respected of them all. I am thinking of Steven Morehouse Avery, sports writer in the '30s, for 15 years scenario writer for motion pictures. I believe he died of a heart attack in the early '40s. He, too, left an "heir"—his lovely daughter, Phyllis, still one of Hollywood's elite actresses.

Helen Frances James
Brazil, Indiana

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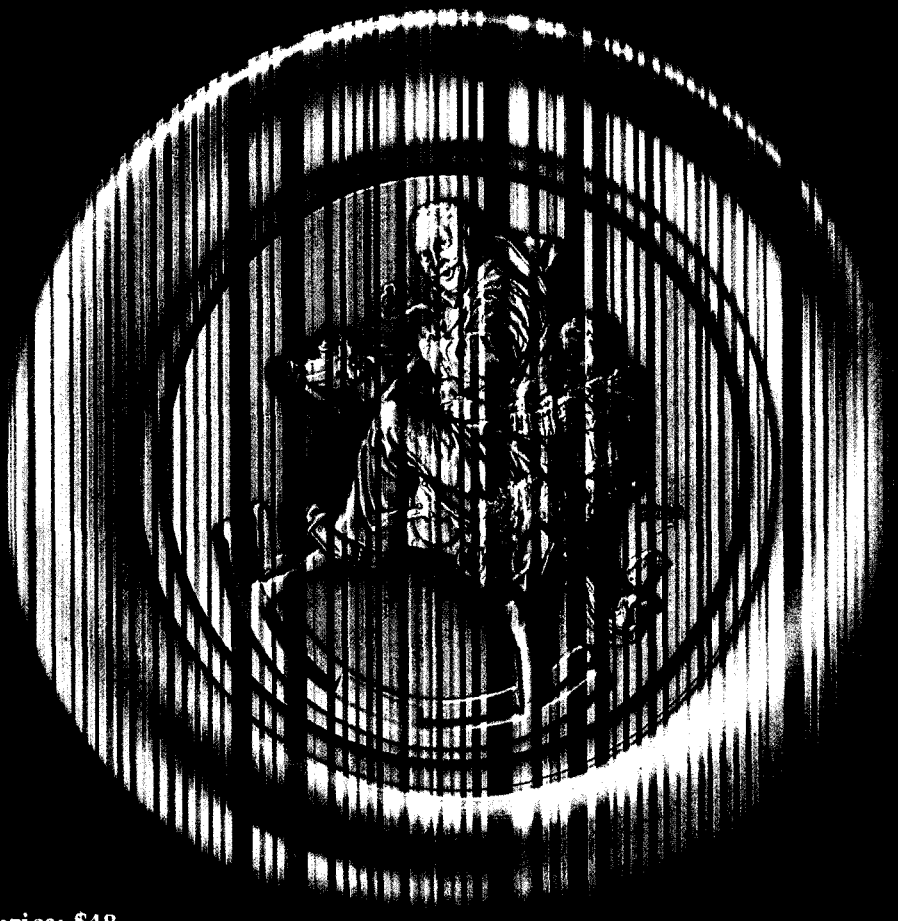

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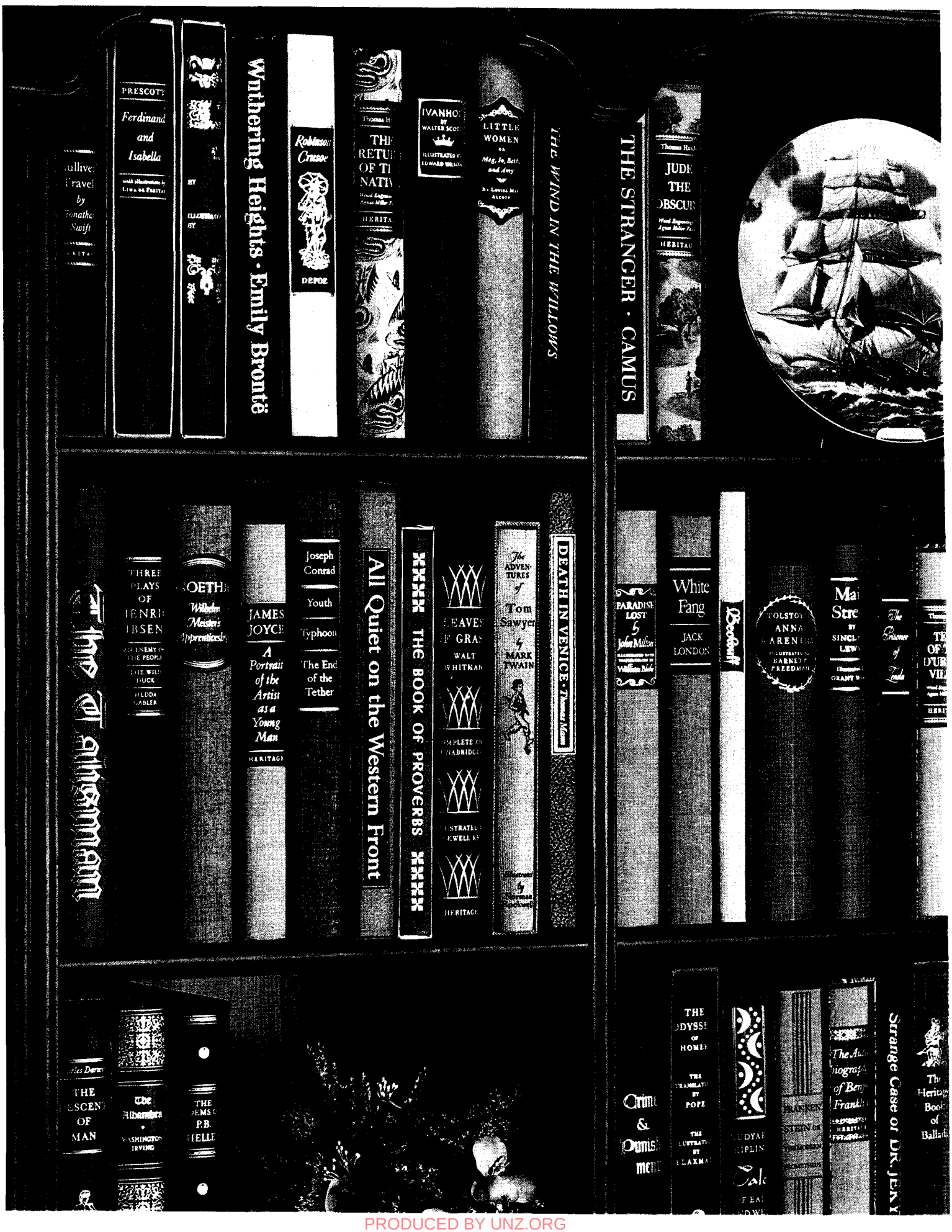

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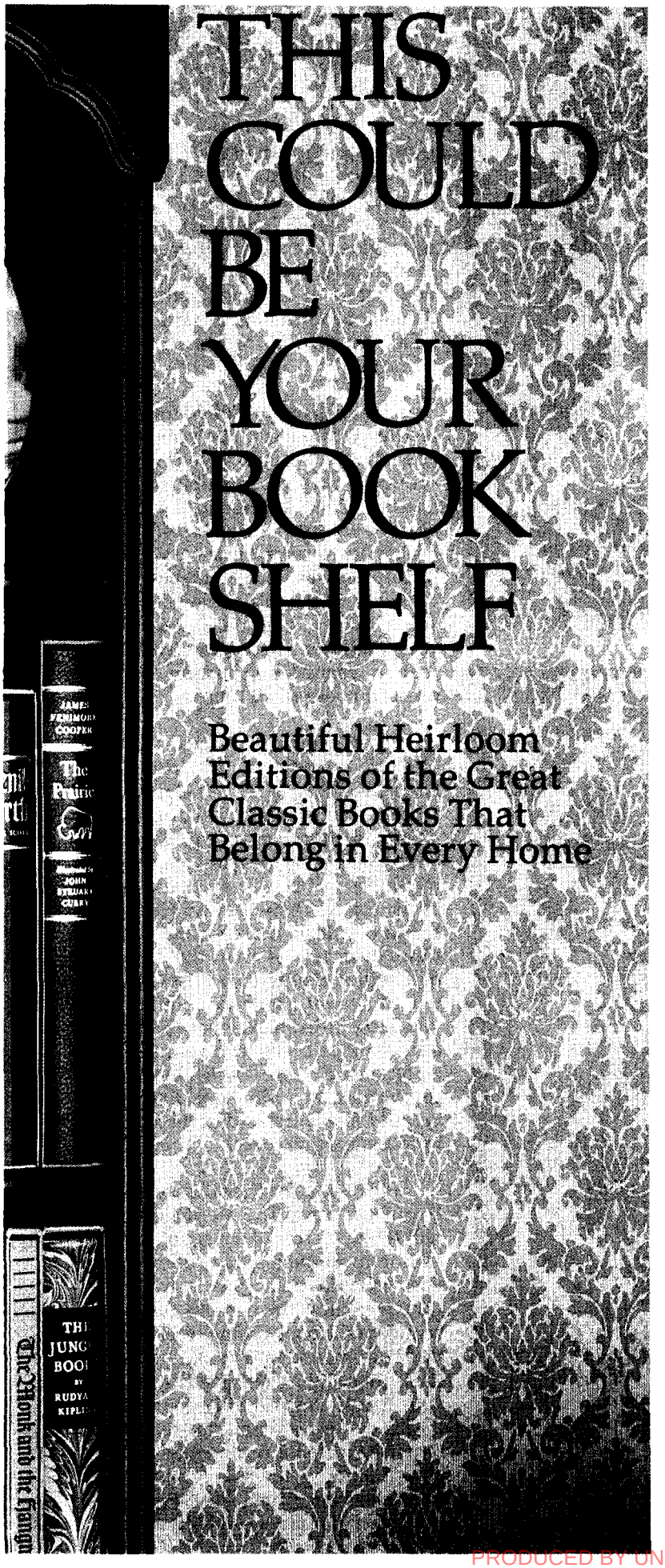

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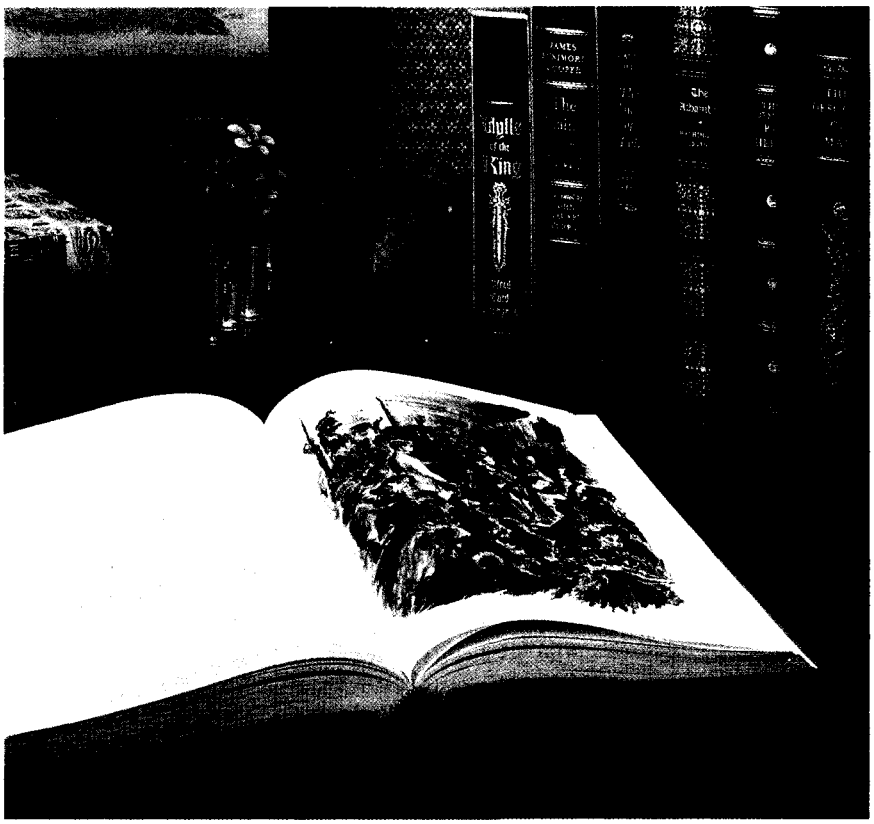

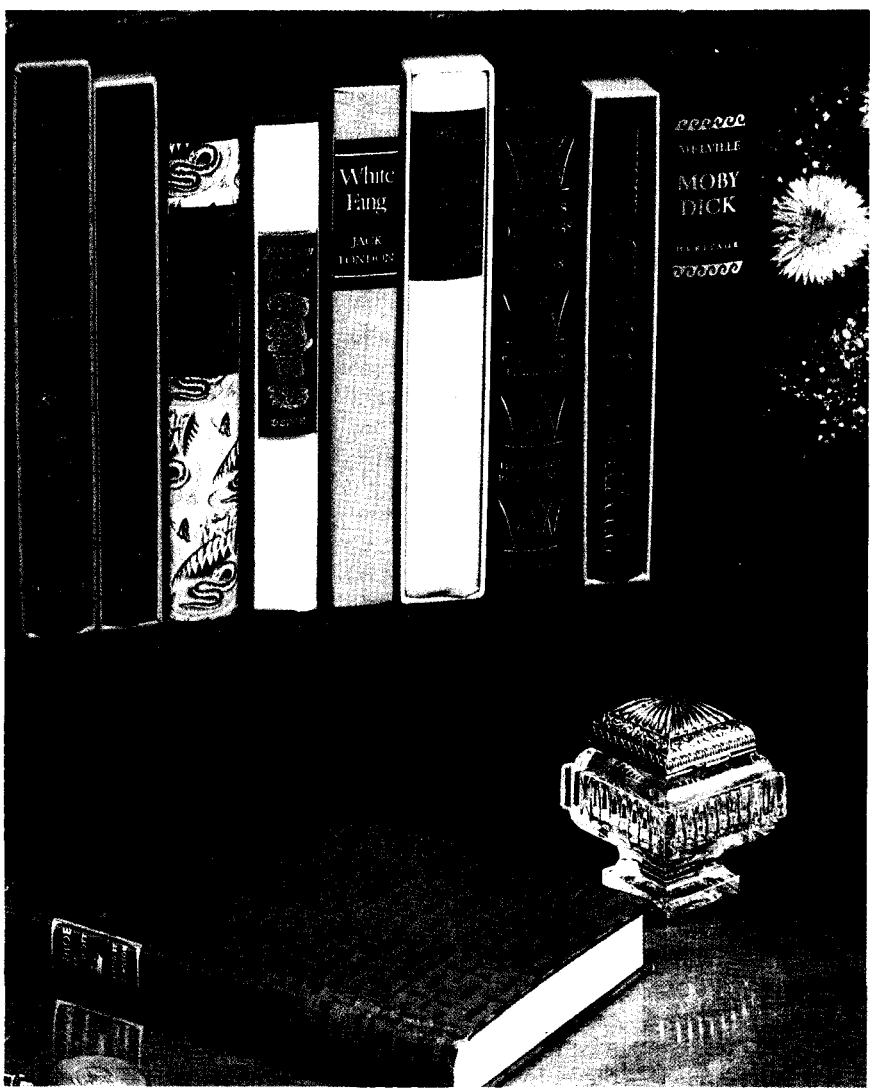

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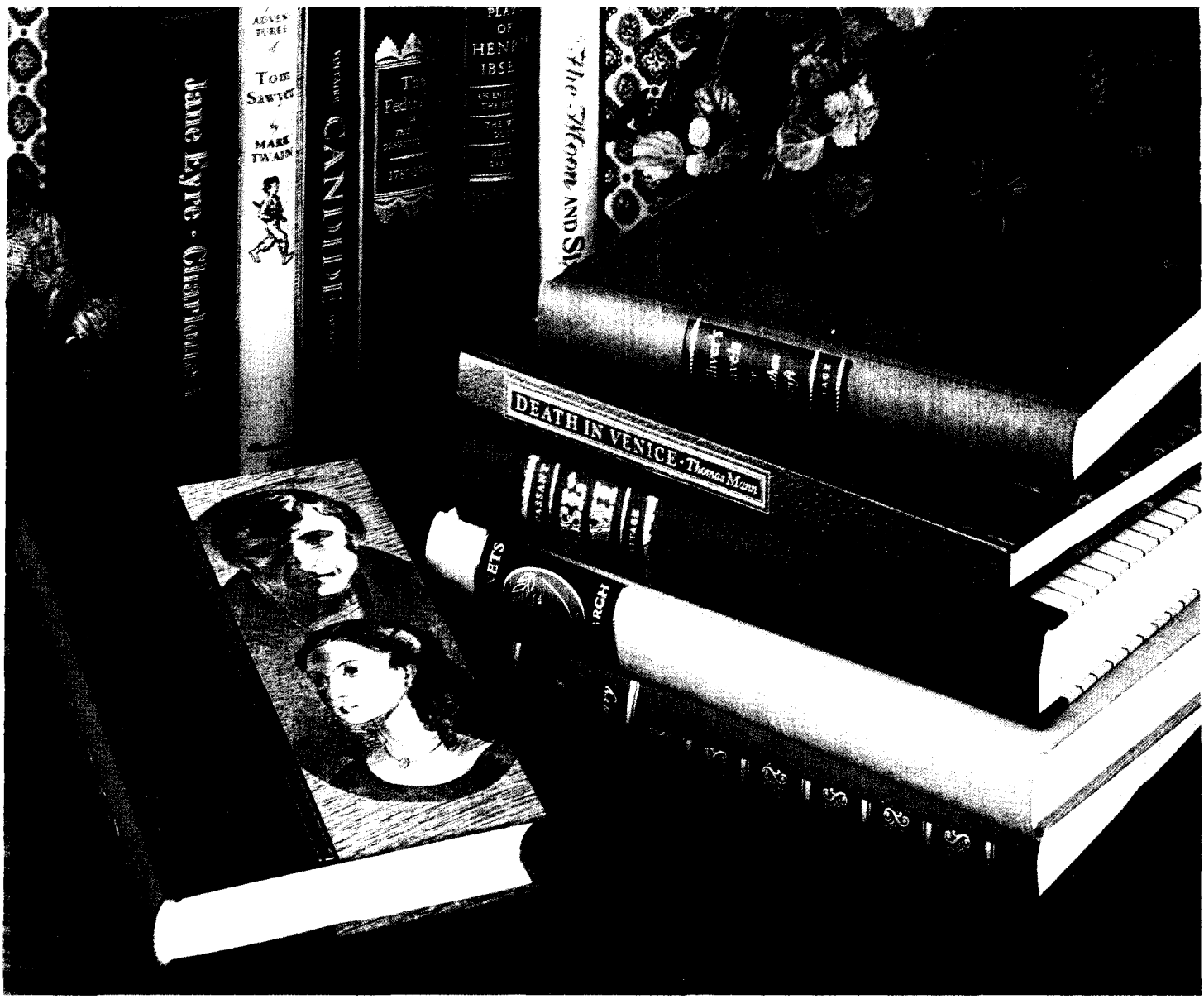

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A NEW ROLE FOR BUSINESS

"Business people are usually at their best when they are making something or selling something or servicing something—and competing with other businesses."

by Thomas A. Murphy

There's an old Billy Rose and Harold Arlen song. It goes like this: "It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phoney as it can be; but it wouldn't be make-believe, if you believed in me."

Misunderstanding, disagreement, and distrust are not new to America nor to any other human society. The perfect society has yet to be created; but in America people have come closer than anywhere else. Our economic system is a marvelous meld of private enterprise, individual initiative, and public oversight. This system has demonstrated for over two centuries that, given half a chance, it can produce near-miracles of human progress. But when we begin to doubt the system's continued effectiveness and to monkey around with its operation—to treat one another as adversaries, often in order to meet purely imaginary threats—that's when we are most likely to get ourselves into trouble.

Thomas Murphy knows business from top to bottom. In 1938 he started as a clerk—today he is General Motors' chairman of the board and chief executive officer.

Many businessmen like myself believe that this is what's happening today. Everywhere we see too much doubt and suspicion about the business establishment—about its operation and about the ability of the system to continue its remarkable record of progress. The result has been an overreaction through the overuse of the regulatory powers of government.

But I think this is a case where business, a victim of this overreaction, can play a principal role in its cure.

Business is involved in almost every major issue that is confronting our country today: employment, equality, ecology, energy, economic growth, just to name a few. Some of these issues are being handled effectively; others are not. Business people have a responsibility, no less and perhaps more than other citizens, to make their views known, to support what they think is right. And when things aren't right, their clear citizen's responsibility is to work with others in the public and private sectors to find a better way, to work for an American way that is consistent with our freedoms—our personal, political, and economic freedoms.

All Americans have a need today to believe in each other a little more than we do. This is especially true of those in business and those in government.

Business people are usually at their best when they are making something or selling something or servicing something—and competing with other businesses. Business people thrive on competition. They know more about it than anyone else. They live with competition every day.

But that's only when they are competing in the conventional marketplace—selling their goods and services. There is, however, another marketplace, one of ideas, of opinions, and of attitudes. This is a marketplace which business people have hardly entered—but not as they should have, and not as they *could* have. Involvement in these public forums is a citizen's responsibility which business people have not accepted as they should. And the nation—all of us—has been the loser. The business community too often has been reluctant to join in a partnership of discussion with the other segments of our national life. Business too often stands apart while others discuss and determine the great issues of our times. Consequently, business is thought to be unconcerned about, if not alien to matters affecting the public interest. Too many in business regard the public interest as the concern of the government—and too many in government consider public concerns as separate from private interests, the notorious private interests of business.

The truth is that business has been and is being clobbered in the ideological marketplace. As a result, we are being hampered from doing our best in the more traditional areas of competition as well. By that I mean that our freedom of action in trying to outin-

Continued on following page

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Fill out this coupon and save the children

Complete this simple questionnaire, and befriend a needy child through Save the Children. For only fifty-two cents a day, your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village... help hardworking people in their fight for dignity... turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. Fifty-two cents may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles. SEP 11/8

My Name Is _____
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Tell us how you want to help, by answering these questions:

1. What kind of child would you like to help?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

2. What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below, especially overseas. If you have a strong preference for a particular location, check the area of your choice. If not, won't you please let us assign a child where the need is greatest?

☐ **Certainly. Choose a child for me in an area of greatest need.**

I strongly prefer:

☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (Latin America)
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mexico
☐ Rural South (U.S.)
☐ Upper Volta

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to exchange correspondence?

If desired, correspondence can build a meaningful one-to-one relationship and provide a unique educational experience for the sponsored child. In areas where illiteracy is high, a village representative will keep you informed of the progress your child is making. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on the activities and projects being undertaken in the community to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?

Enclosed is my check for $_____ .

☐ Monthly, $16 ☐ Semi-annually, $96
☐ Quarterly, $48 ☐ Annually, $192

7. Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (77.3%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor of an individual child at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

1977 SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION, INC.

Mail to:
David L. Guyer, President

Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

photo: Bentley Kassal

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novate, outsell, and outservice the other fellow is becoming too restricted. And more and more, that other fellow is a foreign manufacturer. That is one reason I say the nation has suffered as a result of business' unwillingness or inability to make its voice heard and its viewpoint understood.

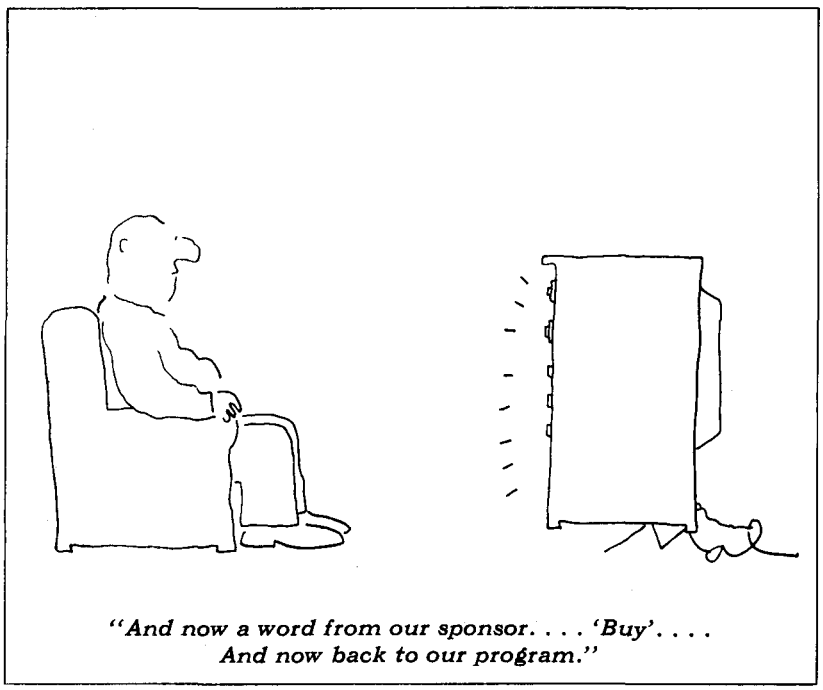
We in the business community have serious concerns about the preservation of economic freedom. And if we are going to act on that concern, we—and especially the business leaders themselves—are going to have to involve ourselves in a very personal way in the issues of the day. And we must involve ourselves to a far, far greater degree than most of us have been doing in the past.

As just one example, one of the things business people are most concerned about today is unnecessary government regulation: the harmful and wasteful kind that everyone from President Carter on down has denounced. Tom Clausen of BankAmerica recently likened government regulation to hazardous rocks and shoals which "demand a much different kind of business leadership today." According to Tom, "leaders must be *valid participants* in the formulation of public policy or else be victims of it. A contemporary leader must genuinely understand the public interest, as well as his or her personal economic interest."

And John deButts, Chairman of AT&T, once said that no one should be considered for a chief executive officer's job unless he has first spent at least a year working in Washington. John may have been indulging in a little hyperbole, of course, but not as much as most of us might have thought a decade ago. For the day of the cloistered chief executive in business is long past. If the walls of the executive suites have not already been opened up to this new arena of competition, they certainly should be.

It makes no difference whether a corporation's top executives are comfortable in this new arena. It's where the action is, and it's where they have to go. This has been true for some time, but business people in general have been slow to recognize it. For too long now, those responsible for the major decisions in both large and not-so-large corporations have isolated themselves from the realities of the political process. For too long now, and even today, business executives spend too much of their time making speeches at meetings of business organizations—ministers preaching to the choir. More than we do, we must substitute the chambers of government for the chambers of commerce, press conferences for business conferences, and town meetings for sales meetings. We in business have a new clientele. We should be making the rounds of Washington from the President on down, and calling upon state capitals and city halls.

I can assure you that this determination to take a more active part in the nation's political, legislative, and regulatory agendas is shared by many of the leading members of the business community. And there are signs that this determination is leading to action.



"And now a word from our sponsor. . . . 'Buy'. . . . And now back to our program."

To my colleagues in business, I offer this practical advice: Certainly government makes mistakes, and excessive and unnecessary regulation of business and of other aspects of American life is frequently one of them. But in attempting to correct such mistakes, past leaders of American business did not make much progress by just adopting a "government-be-damned" attitude. In the arena of public opinion they were clobbered. And today's leaders, in the instances where we follow their example, are being and will be clobbered just as badly. A more reasoned and reasonable posture, on the other hand, holds forth a great deal of promise.

It is clear to everyone except the most hidebound critic of government that some of our country's brightest and most dedicated people are in public service today. They come from our finest schools; they are well-motivated, concerned Americans, and they are brimming over with zeal, convinced of their capability to understand and to deal with today's problems. But, like the rest of us (and I certainly include business people in this group), they have their blind spots. And these voids of experience and knowledge too often occur in the vital area of economics, where the role of private business is so very crucial.

This is exactly where we business people can help them most—if government will let us, and if, by our attitudes towards government, *we* will let them. Economics and business are the business leader's strong suits. And his knowledge in these areas can make him a more effective force in the marketplace of ideas. His firsthand experience with customers, his close-in perspective on the marketplace, his working knowledge of technology's capabilities and limitations—

Continued on following page

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these are some of the things he can offer to the makers of public policy. He, more than anyone, knows firsthand the causes of unemployment and inflation. He, more than others, knows the surest and longest-lasting remedies. Today's business executive is on familiar terms with the costs and the benefits of pollution control, of product and plant safety, and of energy conservation. And to anyone concerned with the preservation of free markets, free trade, and free enterprise, he is in the best position to offer the counsel of experience.

In short, today's business executive has an abundance of information and expertise to offer in the public interest. Not only can it be helpful to government officials in setting national policy, it can even be indispensable. It is a sad lesson of history that, without the active participation of business, government can all too often make decisions based on incomplete data—and with invariably unsatisfactory results.

But if American business wants to have its help accepted by government, it will have to come to government with specific, constructive proposals—not as a partisan, not as an adversary, but as a concerned citizen who has done his homework and wants to be helpful by presenting perspectives on both sides of an issue. A businessman expects this of government officials, and he should practice what he preaches. Arguments which question the integrity and political ambitions of government officials should have no place in the brief which business takes to government. Neither should place be given to arguments based on political or partisan differences. The only arguments and proposals business should advance are those that emphasize the factual, scientific, and legal merits of its position. The whole point, once again, is that the objective of business, no less than that of government, must be the public's interest.

If business leaders approach Washington in this way, I think we will be far more successful than we have been in the past. We will be listened to, and perhaps equally important, through the media, we will be heard by the country. For, make no mistake, it is what the country thinks that moves Washington.

Every company has its suppliers, its employees, its customers, its stockholders, and all have an important stake in the success of its relations with government. And frequently, the same person that a company can count as a member of its constituency will also be a constituent of the Congressman or other elected official the company is seeking to persuade on a particular issue.

In general, business has done a poor job in enlisting the support of these overlapping constituencies. One of every six workers in this country, for example, is dependent upon the automobile industry for his or her job. And the six largest oil companies have more than two million stockholders. And yet these two industries have been the target for some of the most negative legislation passed in Washington over the past two decades.

By and large, American business has defaulted in the competition of ideas and has failed to rally the support of its constituencies. These people—the people closest to business—can be an important key to success in having the views of business better understood in Washington or elsewhere in government. Business must demonstrate to its constituencies that their interests are importantly affected by government actions directed at the companies with whom they are associated. And succeeding in that, business must persuade these potential political advocates to become active, to write letters, and, wherever possible, to talk directly with their elected officials and news editors. They must be enlisted as our allies in the competition in the marketplace of ideas.

This can be done at long range, of course: through advertising, stockholder mailings, and through other forms of written communication. But to be truly effective, business will have to move a lot closer than that. Meetings must be arranged with these constituencies, on a regular basis and with the participation and action and interested involvement of a company's highest executives.

No business executive should fail to realize that, no less than in our conventional marketplaces, it is the individual who calls the shots in the marketplace of ideas. It is in this light that the tax revolt in California is being interpreted. No one understands the power of the people better than the government officials that business is trying to reach. People are still the decision makers. Anything American business can do, or American government, or American labor, or the media—anything *any* of us can do to win the confidence and respect and understanding of the people—we ought to do, and do it promptly. ☒

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The Royal Dutch Horticultural Society invites you to acquire

The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection

For just $9.75 each—twelve exquisite collector's thimbles in fine porcelain, hand-decorated in 24 karat gold, portraying the best-loved flowers of The Netherlands.

Strictly limited edition.
Subscription deadline: October 31, 1978.

The flowers of Holland are admired the world over for their color, beauty and vigor. And, through the centuries, the great Dutch painters have created some of the loveliest of all floral art.

In this tradition, The Royal Dutch Horticultural Society has authorized from Franklin Porcelain, Amsterdam, a unique new series—*The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection*—twelve collector's thimbles of fine porcelain, created by the internationally renowned artist Ronald Van Ruyckevelt.

The beauty of flowers—in fine porcelain

Each thimble is small enough to cradle in the palm of your hand. And yet even the tiniest, most delicate features of the flowers portrayed are captured in the living colors of nature. The botanical name of each flower—in elegant script—will be incorporated into the design. The finishing touch will be a 24 karat gold border—skillfully applied by hand. This extraordinary collection thus represents a veritable gallery of flower art in miniature—still further enhanced by the delicate translucency of fine porcelain.

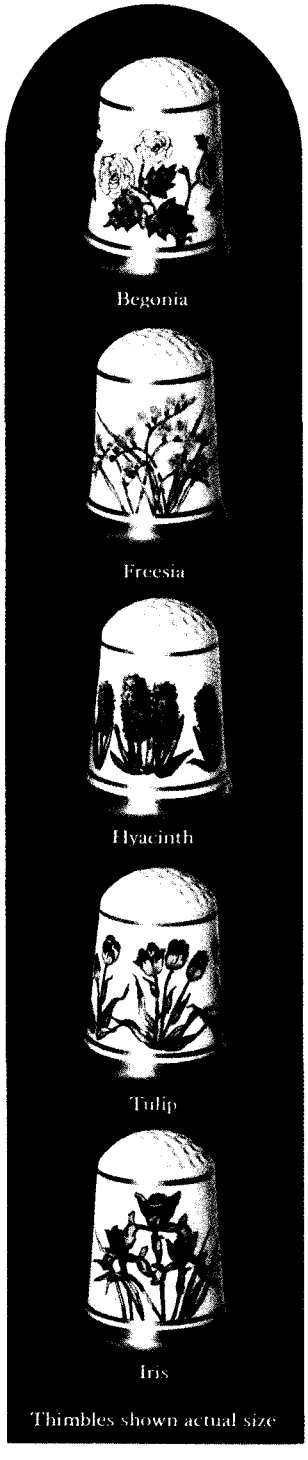
Yours to arrange as you like

Merely to touch one of these graceful thimbles is to sense with subtle pleasure the rich smoothness of finely-glazed porcelain. To examine one with a careful eye is to see the familiar thimble transformed into an object of true beauty. As a subscriber to *The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection*, you will be able to set out the thimbles one by one (or in small groups) on an occasional table, in a china cabinet--or in the special display frame provided—where you may enjoy their charm to the full.

Timeless loveliness in limited edition

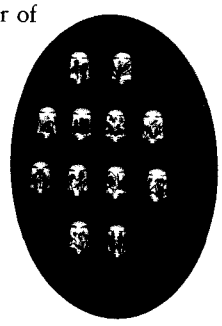
These beautiful thimbles are available *only* as a collection—and *only* in limited edition. Each subscriber will receive a Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to the edition limits, and an informative folder on the flowers portrayed.

The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection is available exclusively through Franklin Porcelain. The price of each thimble will be just $9.75. The thimbles will be issued at the rate of one per month, beginning in December.



Thimbles shown actual size

The application below must be postmarked no later than October 31st to be eligible. When all eligible orders have been filled, no more of these beautiful thimbles will ever be created. So the number of collections in existence will never exceed the number of valid applications received postmarked by the official closing date.


This elegant wall frame will be provided to every subscriber.

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SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection

Valid only until October 31, 1978
Limit: One collection per subscriber

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Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I wish to enter my subscription for *The Flowers of Holland Thimble Collection,* consisting of twelve fine porcelain thimbles, hand-decorated in 24 karat gold. My thimbles will be sent to me at the rate of one per month, beginning in December, at the issue price of $9.75* per thimble. A special wall frame will also be sent to me, without additional charge.

I prefer to pay as follows: **Plus my state sales tax.*

☐ DIRECTLY. Bill me prior to shipment for the full price of the first thimble. I agree to pay the same amount for each subsequent thimble when it is ready to be sent to me.

☐ BY CREDIT CARD. Bill me after shipment of each thimble by charging its full price to my credit card.

( ) Master Charge
( ) BankAmericard/VISA

Account No. _____

Expiration date _____

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____
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BILL SHIRK: LOADED FOR DARE

Who is that man in the straitjacket, and why is he hanging upside down below that helicopter?

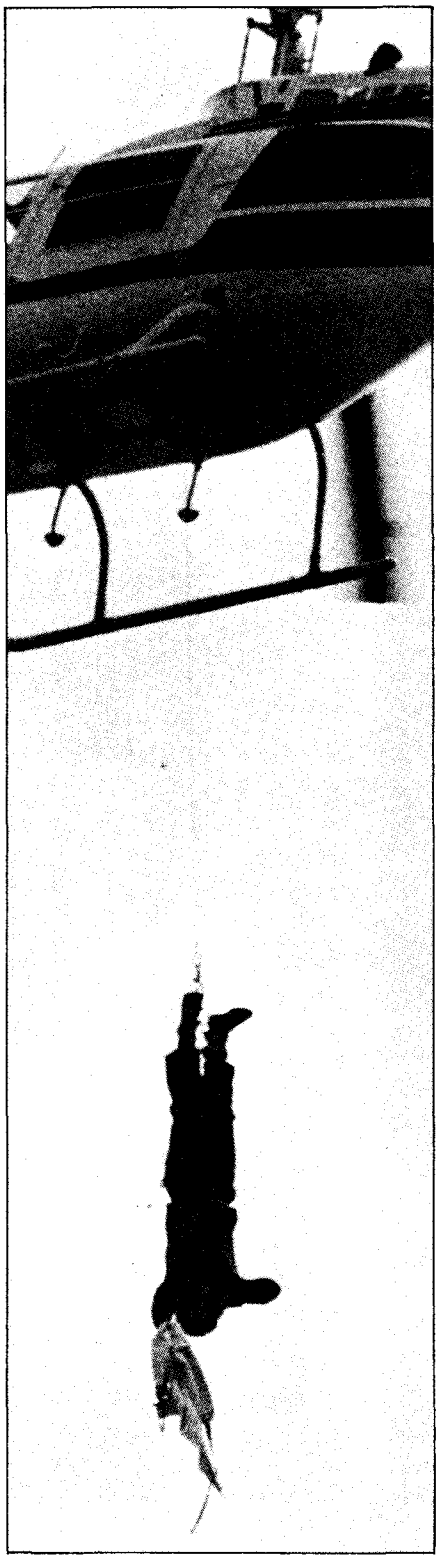
by John Clymer

The pilot gunned the engine for a few seconds before the tail began to lift, the rest of the helicopter following. Slowly the whirlybird rose above the crowd which had gathered. A man hung suspended beneath the chopper, becoming smaller and smaller in the eyes of the onlookers. Helplessly, he dangled upside down, completely confined in a straitjacket.

Over one-third of a mile above the ground, the helicopter stopped climbing and hovered. The spectators' eyes were glued to the speck of a man that hung from the bottom of the aircraft over 130 stories above them, his eyes equally homed in on the ground.

A signal was given, and the man immediately began wriggling around inside the straitjacket. Emergency vehicles and their crews were standing by. The seconds seemed like minutes as the tension mounted. Perspiration rolled off the forehead of the chief of police as he squinted to shield his eyes from the glare of a blazing midafternoon sun. Another man held a pair of binoculars which he had trained intently on the man overhead. Through the lens he watched as the man's arms became free. The crowd was silent as the man continued to wriggle. The police chief wiped his face on his shirt sleeve, but no one else budged. Then a woman gasped, "He's done it!" and the spectator with the binoculars saw that the man overhead had freed himself from the straitjacket.

The police chief pushed the button of his stopwatch and wiped his brow with a handkerchief he took from his pocket. It seemed like an eternity had passed, but when he looked at the watch he became extremely excited and shouted, "Eighteen! Eighteen!"



Daredevil escape artist Bill Shirk frees himself from a straitjacket in record time while dangling upside down from a helicopter. Other stunts have included a three-day interment with a python.

Bill Shirk had just set another world's record for escaping from a straitjacket, accomplishing his feat in just 18 seconds while dangling upside down beneath a helicopter over one-third of a mile in the sky. "I'm trying to become the world's biggest daredevil entertainer," says the 33-year-old radio station owner-turned-stunt man.

Shirk is the holder of all four world records for escape and is widely regarded as the world's number one escape artist. "I like to do things that no one else would even think about doing," Shirk tells people. "People look at me and say, 'Are you crazy? You *must* be crazy!' But believe me, if I were really crazy I'd be dead."

A native of Muncie, Indiana, Shirk grew up learning the broadcasting and promotion businesses. "My parents owned a small advertising agency in Muncie. My father always wanted a radio station. He finally got an FCC license when I was a junior in college studying to become a science teacher.

"I taught one year of school and started at the radio station as a weekend disc jockey. Then I managed Dad's station for a few years.

"Everyone in town knew me; I was kind of a local celebrity. But there were a lot of people who felt that the only reason I had gotten where I was was because my father owned the station. They said I could never make it on my own."

Not one to dodge a challange, Shirk packed his bags and headed for Indianapolis, where he found a job as a disc jockey for a local AM station, WXLW. "The next day I became program director, and in about a year I was general man-

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NANCY LOPEZ: SMILING HEIR TO GOLF'S SCEPTER

The girl from Roswell has worked alchemy on the golf club, turning it into a golden scepter. But can she swing all the sudden royalty? Yes, and with queenly grace, it appears.

by Ted Hartzell

While hundreds of small spheres snapped into orbit off the practice tee outside, a reporter found a corner phone on the country club veranda and began unloading his day's work. "Today," he read from his script, "she flashed that devastating smile and said, comma quote. . . . "

It is the next day and the reporter is back on the veranda with his colleagues. More than a little expectancy hangs in the air. Having dispatched with one woman golf pro, the reporters are waiting for the girl with "that devastating smile." She enters, sits with great poise—legs crossed, bent slightly toward the press, microphone in hand—and discusses the mechanics of her sport/career: the drives, the putts, the straight shots and rough shots and chips. She divulges that she is feeling better about her chipping game on this day before a major tournament. Each time the smile comes—and it comes often, breaking wide, like a glittering wave—the shoptalk seems to pause deferentially.

If there is any lingering suspense as to who owns that smile (and by now that's hard to imagine), then a few too obvious sports analogies should dispel doubt. Consider: Mays had his basket catch; Ali has his mouth; the Doc, his dunk. And Nancy Lopez, the girl from Roswell, New Mexico, who made good in women's golf—so good, in fact, that some have pinned the fortunes of the game itself to her rise—well, Nancy's got her smile. So closely entwined are woman and smile that it makes about as much sense to describe Nancy without the smile as it does to describe the Tower of Pisa without its tilt. She has the full-blown, no-teeth-barred type of beam; it and her dark, lustrous eyes ("The thing that really strikes you about her, she has flashing eyes," says one admirer) produce an invincible off-the-fairway twosome. On the fairway she established herself early by, among other things, speeding through five straight tournament wins her rookie year while amassing a rather

Continued on page 22

After putting, Nancy doubles into a posture of compressed hope and appears to be trying to will the ball home. She has been praised for her greens game.

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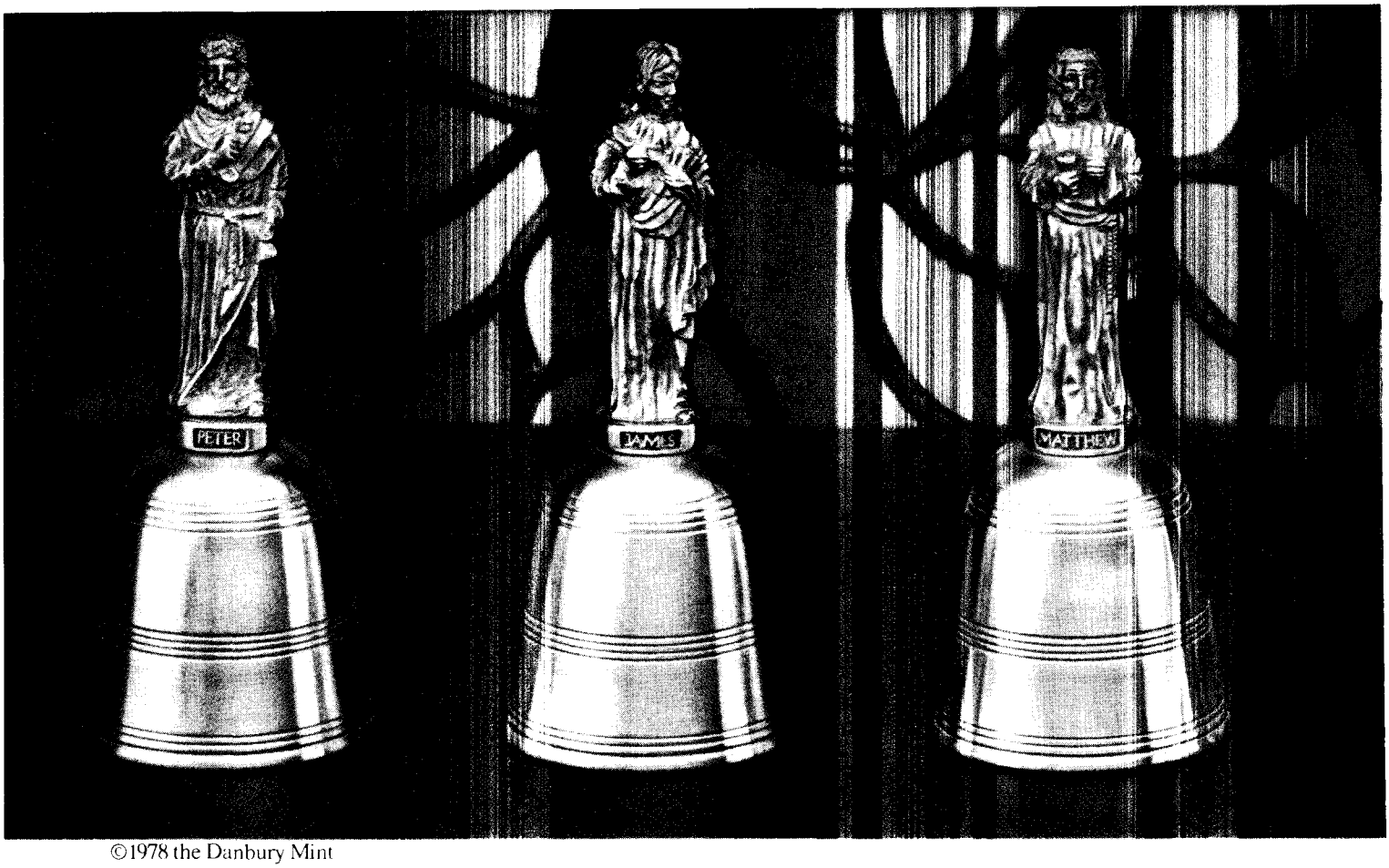

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For centuries, the world's most magnificent art has been inspired by religious themes. And no theme is more significant than that of Christ and the Twelve Apostles—the disciples chosen to spread the teachings of the New Testament. In fact, this theme inspired the world's greatest artists and many early pewter craftsmen to create their finest works.

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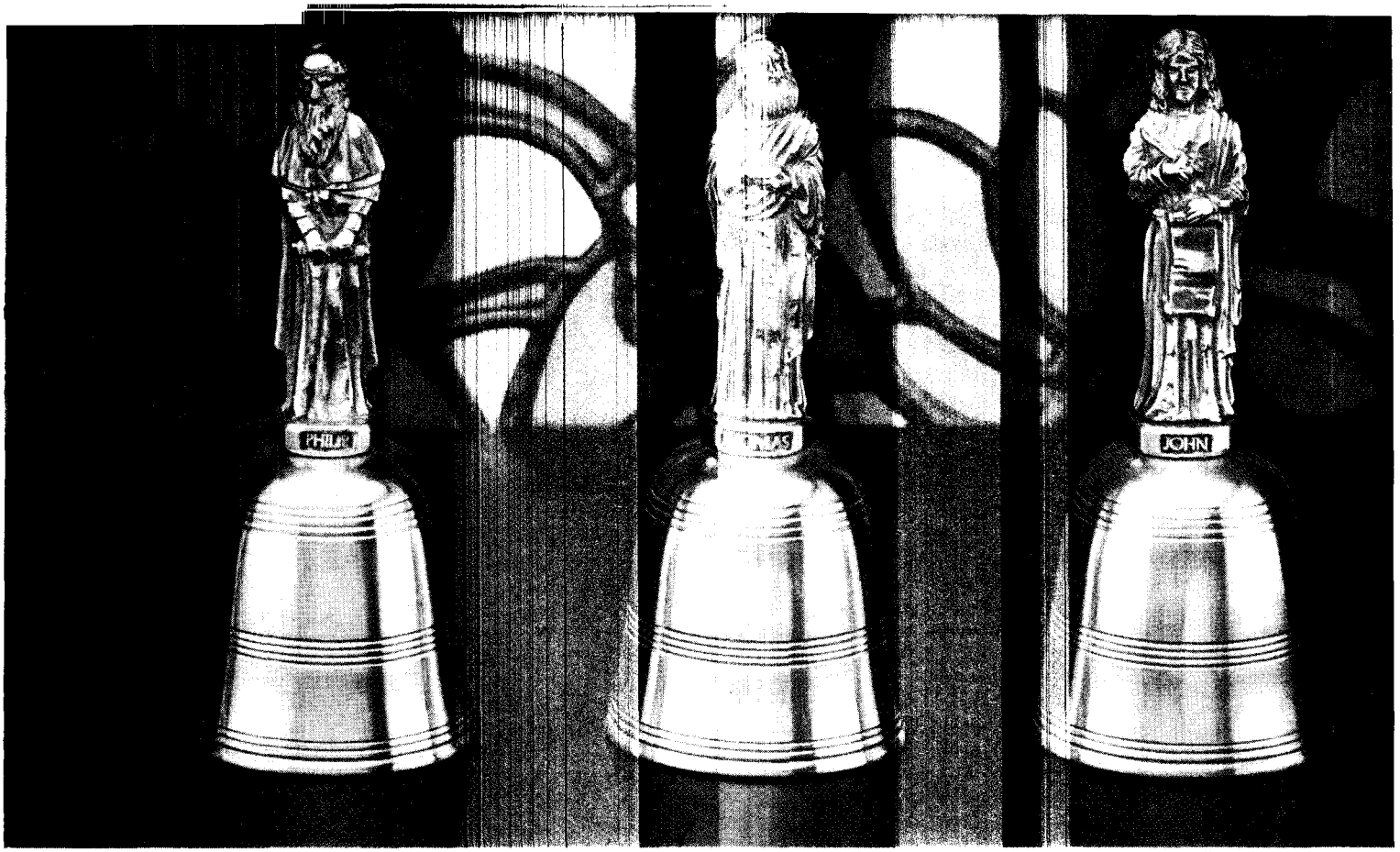

Bel ller i actual size of 5" in height.

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Before being released for shipment, each bell must meet the exacting quality standards of both Englefields and the Danbury Mint. However, if you are dissatisfied with any bell for any reason, it may be returned for replacement or refund. Naturally you may cancel your subscription at any time.

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A wooden display stand will be provided absolutely free with the collection. This display will hold the entire collection.

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Reservation Application AB-13

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Nancy Lopez

continued from page 18

substantial amount of prize money.

For all her game-wise solidity and praiseworthy strokes, Nancy is still more alluring as Nancy (as her father would surely say) than as some driving, putting robot. What makes her so is partly the very vulnerability of age 21—part girl, part woman, part sure, and part doubtful. At times the clear confidence, as signalled by the smile, melts into a diffidence, which she herself admits to reporters in an anecdote that says much about a life that is emerging from middling celebrity into out-and-out stardom. She was on a plane recently, she says, when a seatmate reading a magazine story about a golfer named Nancy Lopez said to her, "That Lopez is a pretty good golfer, isn't she?" Next, a woman, wondering if Nancy might be traveling on the pro tour, asked, "Do you know Nancy Lopez?" Caught between lying or revealing herself at the unwanted expense of being shoved into the spotlight, Nancy said timidly, "I am Nancy Lopez," to which her questioner shrieked her name and raised a midair hubbub. In the end Nancy disembarked with a host of dinner invitations—a story she tells with a gratitude overlaid with a bittersweet feeling at witnessing the passing of privacy.

In these early moments of certifiable fame—a *Sports Illustrated* cover, a *Time* article, an ABC-TV "Close-Up"—the question inevitably arises, "Are you learning to say no?"

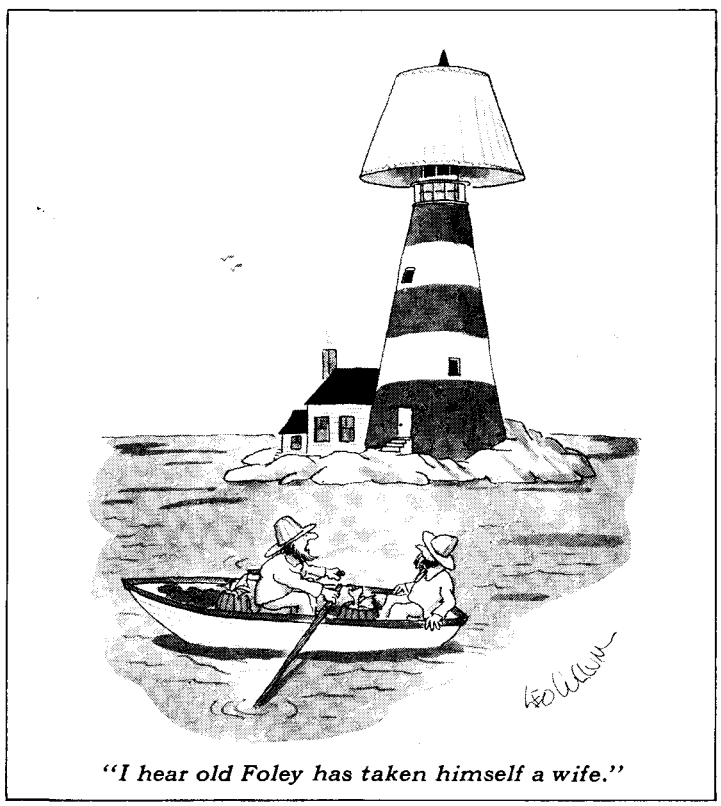
"Yes," Nancy answers, then retracts the hard line. "I don't really say no, but I try to see if people can work around my schedule a little more." It is a method that apparently misfires: She did refuse a "Today" show interview, but found herself at a tournament she really didn't want to play just to please an old friend.

Saying no is also what's on the mind of her father, Domingo, who is strolling the course near the clubhouse and hugging Nancy's opponents. The man who taught her the vocabulary of the game is now worried things are happening "too fast."

"She gotta learn to say no sometime," he says. "I mean, too much is too much."

Or, as United States Golf Association public relations man James F. Gaquin, Jr., sees it, "I can't believe she can keep up that pace."

But Domingo, a tiny man peering out from under the visor of his golf cap on a brilliant day, owns up to helping make those things happen for her. "We spend a lot of money on our Nancy, save all we could for our Nancy; so Nancy now, she feels she owes me my living. But I don't feel that way," says the owner of the East Second Body Shop in Roswell. He says he and his wife (who died in the fall of 1977) made many sacrifices eagerly in the name of the ultimate: their daughter's turning pro. He would not let her work since work stole from practice time; a month's employment in her life is all he ever allowed. Domingo could well be addressed by Nancy as "my father, my mentor," for he has been her constant coach since she started swinging clubs at age eight. She says, for instance, that when in the rough she is always—on Dad's instructions—to get clean out with the next shot and not fool around. Likewise, Domingo recalls counseling Nancy to rid herself of a particularly pestering caddie who would tell her how to hit every shot. "Give the club to him and let *him* hit it," was his advice.



"I hear old Foley has taken himself a wife."

As one of a close family, Nancy, who walks the fairway with the resolute, farsighted bearing of a general in the vanguard, worries that her relatives may get elbowed out of good gallery observation posts. "If we have a big gallery, I'm wondering if they can see what's going on." But don't they distract her sometimes? "No, I love it when they're here," she says. Nancy's game used to perk up when a passing car slowed to watch her play on the Roswell course, so one story goes. "I feel like I've probably played my better golf when there's been a lot of pressure."

The real pressure is still a day away, but intimations of it are already present as Nancy, with sizable gallery in tow, takes her first practice round. The gallery includes a fair representation from both sexes and all ages, and they are scrutinizing the star. One man speaks admiringly to his girlfriend of Nancy's shoes, white with patent leather strips of yellow; a woman confides to a friend that Nancy is "a big girl"; and a local official planted at the fourth hole whispers conspiratorially about her good looks: "Most of 'em look like fullbacks," he says.

While she is pretty, if a little plump (and working on that), Nancy will not let mere prettiness dominate. "I'm here for golf, not sex," she told one interviewer. Being the girl-with-it-all could be dubious glory if not handled gracefully, but Nancy-watchers say she is grace itself. "She wears

Continued on page 122

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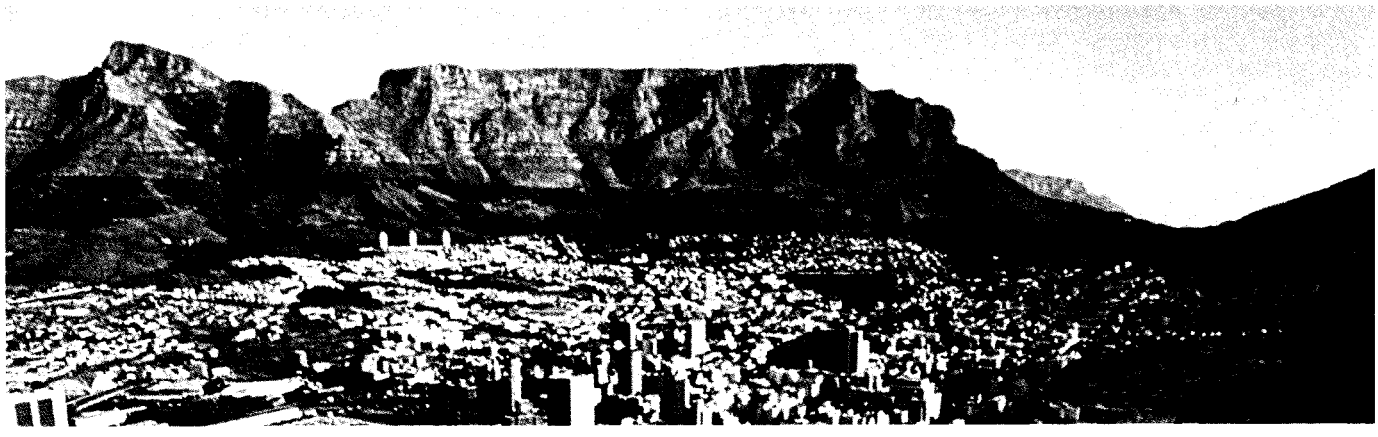

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ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

From Main Street to rural America, a fellowship of the road lures travelers to their flivvers with the promise of the good life.

by Sinclair Lewis

In the good old days, when the happy citizenry were not annoyed by bathtubs, telephones, or having enough to eat, any lad could get a deal of innocent pleasure, before he settled down to growing the rest of his beard, out of becoming a pirate and collecting pieces of eight, burning monasteries, and torturing old women. Nowadays, fiction writers assure us, there is no chance for a man with courage and imagination to go freely roving the world.

Yet the coming of the gasoline motor, whether in a flivver with a delivery-wagon body or in a tranquil twelve, has brought back the age of joyous piracy, with the immense advantage that you do not have to associate with pirates who have the absentminded habit of cutting your throat. The long-distance motor tourist, swooping down a corkscrew hill into a shining white town of which he has never heard, sliding along a ridge with the fields to westward droning in blue shadows, picking up a wayfarer with a new dialect and a new world of interests, is adventurous as any heaving brigantine wallowing all day through changeless seas. He is far more independent—he doesn't have to stay on that uncomfortable and highly undependable medium, the ocean, which is so notoriously ill-suited to walking back after the ship gets wrecked.

Out on the ribbed prairies a lone car really looks like a craft on the circle of the ocean. And as to the practical side of piracy, if the driver doesn't care to attend to that himself he can have it satisfactorily performed by mechanics, hotel keepers, and lunchroom cooks along the way.

Whatever the season, buy a hairnet for the missus and head for the highway.

They who have escaped the touring habit usually ask what is necessary for a long trip. Must they take tents, a pile of extra casings, a seven-foot atlas, a grand piano, and a vacuum cleaner? Must they be combinations of aviators, deep-sea divers, and Dan'l Boones to essay a whole 500 miles from home?

They may take all the equipment they desire, but the fact is that a respectable citizen with a second-hand flivver, who has never driven any car for more than a hundred miles, can start on 20 minutes' notice—10 for his wife to buy a hairnet, 10 to tell the maid what she mustn't let the baby do—and with safety and not much trouble hike from Miami to Seattle. He will find repairmen every five miles most of the distance; lingerie can be washed in roadside brooks; and from corner to corner of the country run through trails with markers on telephone poles at every turn.

If he wants to camp, no one will examine him for insanity. All schoolteachers expect to have to crawl between rolls of red comforters and piles of frying pans when they reach their schoolyards; and any modern farmer would feel lonely if he didn't glance out of the peacock room in the morning and see on the front steps a car that was a combination dining room, nursery, and xylophone.

But the motor trip is to be considered not merely as a vacation but as a duty for all conscientious citizens, for there is nothing which so swiftly and painlessly reduces swellings of the head.

The average citizen never thinks he is an average citizen. Whether he is an insurance man, a fishmonger, a writer of fiction, or a trick balloonist, he believes that he is extremely necessary to his business and to his home. He knows at least two people who ask his advice. His grocer remembers his favorite brand of tomatoes and the washerwoman is still grateful because of the derby hat he gave

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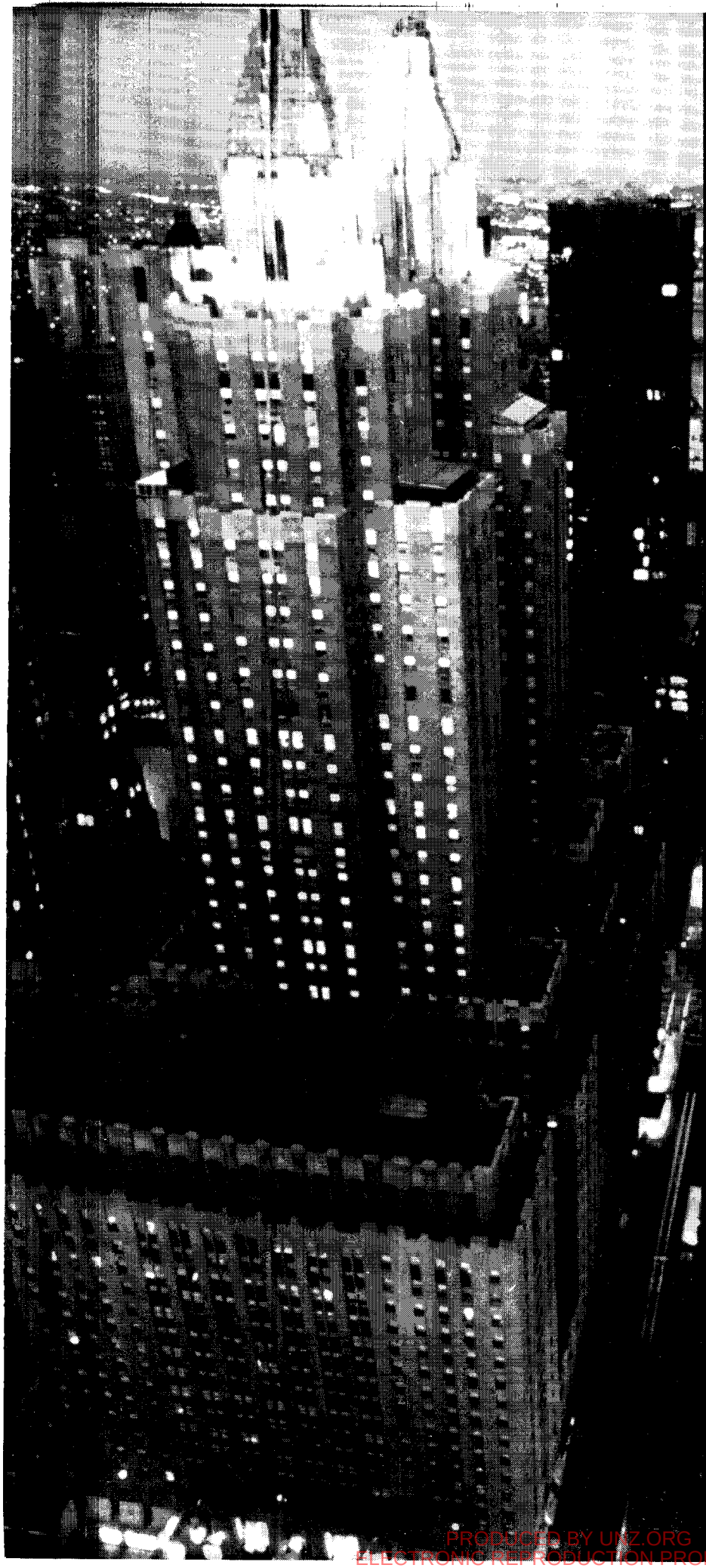

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her husband year before last. But when he clears the boundary of his county, when he bustles into an unfamiliar garage 10 miles away and snaps at the foreman that he wants his differential filled with grease, and he wants it quick, he discovers that news doesn't travel so fast as people say it does—this scoundrel hasn't yet heard the news about Mr. Average Citizen's importance. And after five days out, when the grease has mined into the backs of his hands and his last clean shirt isn't clean, he will be meek when the hoboes along the road grunt at him: "Hey, Billy, gimme a match! Where'd yuh steal de road louse?"

At first he won't like it. He will take hours and hours in telling his wife—sitting beside him and unable to escape without kicking off the switch and crawling out over six suitcases on the running board—that, outside of their hometown, people have no friendliness. But after 10 days he will revel in being part of the land, of long roads and quiet fields and sloping lovely hills and placid people content to live alone. He will stop worrying about the indubitable ways in which his assistant can ruin his business. He will recover from his ancient irritation about his neighbor's early rising guinea hens. He may even partially forget that a man of his dignity has to act to his own small universe as the representative and image of the Almighty. And when he comes back all men will wonder at his jolly, whimsical modesty—for minutes and minutes they will.

I had a new car once, and a new overcoat, and by request I wasn't wearing the comfortable shoes, but the good-looking ones. I was driving from New York to Chicago with a personage. He was a war correspondent just back from Russia. He had once made love to an Italian princess and he possesses—almost free of debt—an acre of ground near New York, which is the same as owning all of Siberia. We gave ourselves a rating of about 90 h. p. and we looked with pity on all cars which were muddy. Of course we had been through a little mud ourselves and since noon we had washed our hands only when filling the radiator—a heathen custom which consists in spilling half of a can of water on your trousers and the other half on the hood. But nobody could notice those blots on us—no, not possibly.

We came with languid distinction into a small hotel in Ohio. The war correspondent condescended to the landlady in his best Yale and Piccadilly voice: "May we have dinner here?"

"Must be a priest or something."

She looked us all over. I was prepared to tell her, when she asked, that the new overcoat hadn't really cost a hundred. She smiled gently. She piped: "You boys driving cars through from the factory, or are you private chauffeurs?"

We ate dinner—which wasn't dinner, but supper—with reticence, and we addressed the waitress in tones of humility, and when she snapped at the war correspondent "Tea or coffee, Joe?" he stretched out his paws and purred. We went out and looked, not at the newness and streamlineness of the car but at the mud that clotted the wheels and the general sloppiness of the suitcases in the back; and our hearts were God's little gardens and we completely ceased thinking that we were persons of interest.

And we remained so, because on the next day a peculiarly smeary and recently immigrated Greek bootblack demanded of us, "You fellow drive a truck t'rough?" We knew he was flattering us. He really thought that we were driving a garbage wagon.

On another trip my wife and I were heading westward through a sagebrush desert. As it was after six we were discussing the one subject of real importance to the universe—would we get a decent dinner, and a mattress which wasn't a clay model of the Rocky Mountains, scale one inch to the mile? We stopped a flivver to ask about the hotels ahead.

It was the dirtiest flivver we had yet seen. The hood was so thick with just-caked grease that it seemed to be cased in gray alpaca. The casings were channeled to the bone. On the running board rode a trunk covered with the flowered-and-stippled tin which, in 1870, was regarded as especially suited to travel and in the tonneau was a rusty stove with frayed gunnysacking thrown over it.

It is true that we were driving a flivver ourselves that trip. But you know how it is. Your flivver is different from all other flivvers. It is smarter and racier and sportier and a lot more powerful. The only reason you have so much difficulty in picking it out from the others at the parking space is because you have dust in your eyes.

So from our sultan of the sand we pleasantly inquired: "What kind of hotel is there in the next town?"

The man smiled with the good fellowship of the road and shouted: "Pretty good place." His wife whispered something to him. He

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stopped. He glanced us over. He scratched his head and went on doubtfully: "I don't know as you'll want to stay there. It's expensive."

"How expensive?"

Pityingly—"They want 75 cents a night for a room for two!"

As we drove on——

Oh, Burns wouldn't have asked for that giftie of seeing ourselves as others see us if he had ever taken a long motor run. It's valuable for the soul, but it's extremely injurious to the faculty for talking haughtily to office boys and roaring at old bookkeepers. Especially hard on this form of self-ecstasy is contact with strange garagemen along the way.

Garagemen are—to one who has just taken a tour—not merely topics of discussion, like matrimony or Lloyd George. They are principles of ethics, like prohibition or the rise in copper.

I have asserted that practically any driver can stand a 4,000-mile trip. But I must admit that the auto hobo should be prepared for calamities:

Every third man of whom you ask a direction will say: "Well, I'm a stranger here myself."

The right rear spring will break just after nightfall, when you leave the macadam and hit 10 miles of what the man in the last town called "a short stretch of dirt road—might be just a leetle muddy now."

There is always a better road than the one on the map, and if you follow the farmer's advice and take it you will always get lost.

Your partner doesn't want to hear the detailed story of your breakdown—he's waiting to tell you his.

And last and more funereally certain, the garageman will act almost as though he thought you were a fool. There is an interesting psychological reason for that. He does think so.

And you may be certain of one axiom of repairs: There's always something new that can happen to a car. Whenever you wait in suspense for something you will probably go on for a thousand miles untouched; and whenever you feel that nothing can happen the bearings are just then burning out.

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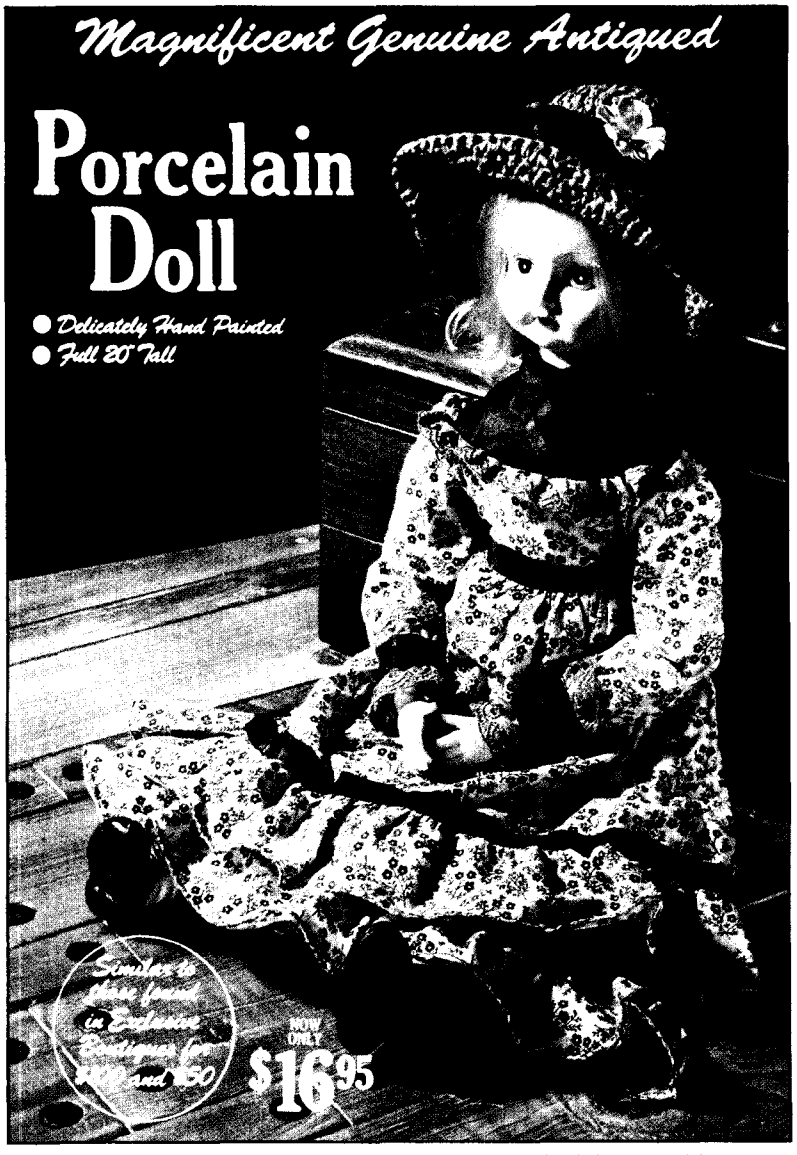

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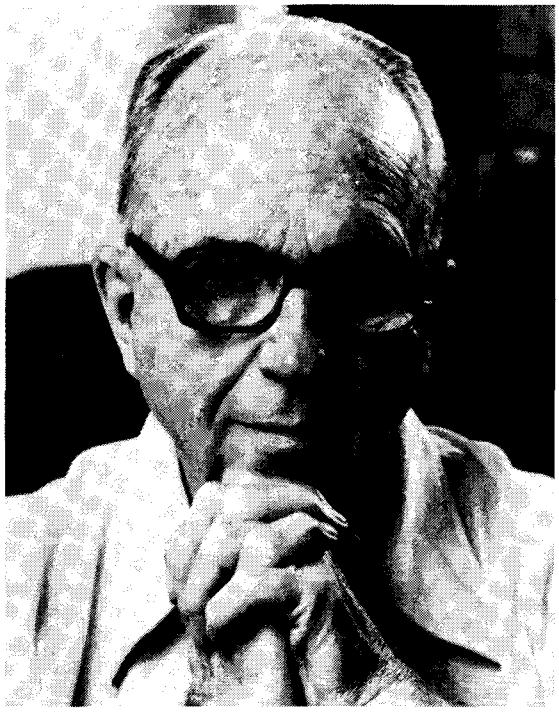
JAMES MICHENER ON SOUTH AFRICA

"I hate ignorance . . . what motivates me is that the South African story is so poorly understood by the world. I want my readers to have a vibrant South African experience."

by Rosemary Northcott

Just as "a spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down," so does a healthy dose of James Michener's writing style turn any history lesson into a totally palatable experience. Set against vividly colorful backgrounds and peopled with warmly human characters, the author's many best sellers are as enjoyable as they are educational.

To verbally paint the settings for a novel—whether the backdrop is Hawaii, the South Pacific, Japan, Israel, or Korea—he moves lock, stock, and typewriter to the selected area of the globe. He's lost track of the number of miles he's logged in his long and impressive career, but he claims to have circled the world 23 times. Stopovers have included all 50 states (he just recently added North Dakota to that figure) and his favorite destination of Bora-Bora. Only the South Pole has eluded him.



James Michener, the world's leading historical novelist, on location in South Africa, says: "There ought to be more people thinking seriously about this country. My other books were for the world—but this one I am writing for Americans."

Michener's preoccupation with research is one of the reasons the public (and somewhat envious but still admiring professional authors) feels that each new book he finishes is not only a remarkable exercise in prolific writing, but something of a historical event as well. He himself is a studious and highly articulate individual, which, contrary to what one might expect of literary people, is not always the case with authors. His appearances as a public speaker around the country and on college campuses invariably impress audiences with his breadth of knowledge and thought. But it is his research, as encountered in the pages of his books, which gives the impression of a treatment almost Biblical in its scope, and which transports his readers to the scene of the action with such verisimilitude and minute detail as to suggest that they are themselves experiencing it. It is not only these details but a depth of emotional understanding which give his narratives such a feeling of living history.

That is why a new Michener novel takes on not only a sense of discovery but of participation and understanding as well. And so we react with tremendous anticipation when we now learn that he is engrossed in a controversial theme: a historical novel on South Africa's earliest days up to the year 1902. He began researching much of the country's history from his home. Six weeks of intense study in Johannesburg followed, yielding an enormous

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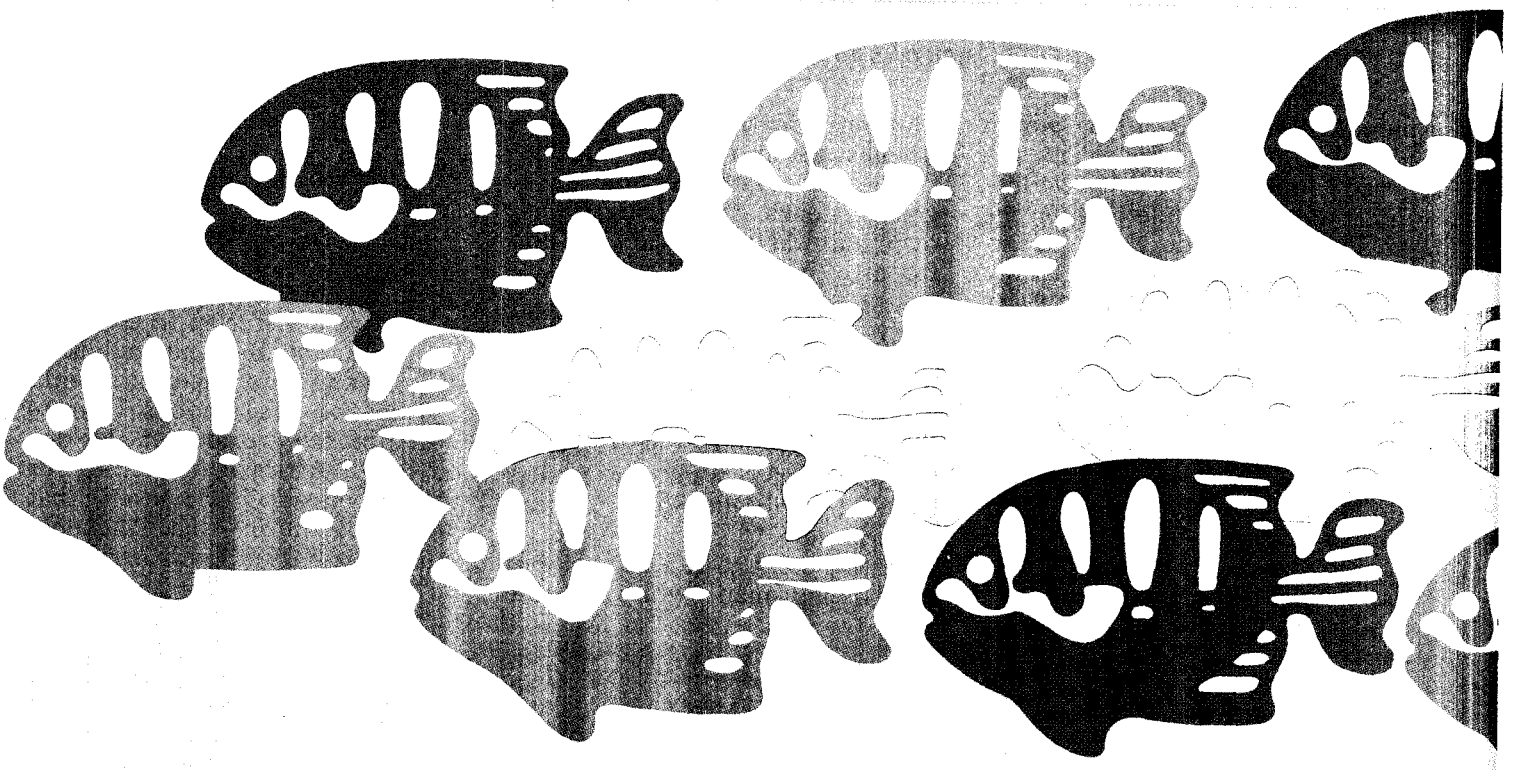

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amount of material to be woven into the literary work which the author estimates will take him three years to complete. As in the case with books on Northern Ireland, Canada, or the Holy Land, Michener admits, "almost every sentence in a book on South Africa is debatable."

Why has he chosen such a controversial backdrop for his new novel?

"The Afrikander is unique and not well understood in America. Without understanding him it is hard to make judgement on current affairs. I hope to shed some light on how the Afrikander got to where he is," says the 71-year-old American author who has a Pulitzer Prize to his credit.

"I wish I had finished the book already. It's not that I don't love researching and writing," he explains. "But right at this moment I feel there ought to be more people in the world thinking seriously about this country and there should be more ideas circulating about it."

Michener, a Quaker, intends to write about the Boer experience. The colonization of South Africa bears remarkable similarity to the early settling of America, with the first Dutch colonists enduring a turbulent sea voyage in order to establish homes on the shores of Table Bay just 32 years after the Pilgrims arrived with the same goal at Plymouth. While the Pilgrims were greeted by Indians, the South African colonists encountered only occasional nomadic Bushmen and Hottentot tribes.

As the American pioneers left the comforts of their growing settlements to move west, so did the Dutch settlers take to their covered wagons and head for unexplored territory. They migrated into an area which was later to become the sprawling cities of Johannesburg and Praetoria. During their migration northward, the Dutch settlers were met by black tribes who were then progressing toward the south. As the white and black streams began to flow together, the people coexisted without integrating, each maintaining their own cultural and tribal customs for many centuries. This lifestyle has often been misunderstood by the world.

"What motivates me about this book is that the South African story is so poorly understood by the world. I hate ignorance . . . and I want my readers to have a vibrant South African experience."

Sitting next to this famous but unassuming man, who is polite and soft-spoken, one can hardly believe that his books have sold over 50 million copies.

"My only regret is that I haven't learned to touch-type. I do it all with two fingers—not bad for a boy who is a foundling.

"Every time I finish a book I vow that next time I am going to write a short one—but it never happens. I get so interested in the new subject, I just get carried away."

Michener does all his own research, though he complains, "I am a slow reader and I need more sleep than is normally accepted; however, I have a tenacious mind. I don't forget things, though I might get it muddled sometimes.

"When I work I am regimented. I wake at 7:30 and within five minutes I am at the typewriter and don't budge till 12:30. Then after that I relax."

Once he finishes his draft, it takes about 14 months before the book hits the shelf in the shop.

"I have a historian to check all the facts, and then my publisher goes over it with a fine-tooth comb.

"All the other books I wrote were for the world—but the one on South Africa I am writing for the Americans." However, that does not mean that Michener sympathizes with South Africa.

"A New Zealand friend asked why I did not write this country's history and I told him because all the events there unfolded as expected.

"But you can't say that about South African history. There are twists and turns—all very exciting."

For the world's leading historical novelist, who has had his books translated into 52 languages, James Michener is a down-to-earth man who lives very simply.

"In my time I have been a real knockabout—a teacher, a textbook editor; and then I joined the navy."

It was the Second World War that turned James Michener to writing. "I was a commander in the navy and saw a lot of action," he recalls.

"After the war I felt spurred to write a faithful record of it."

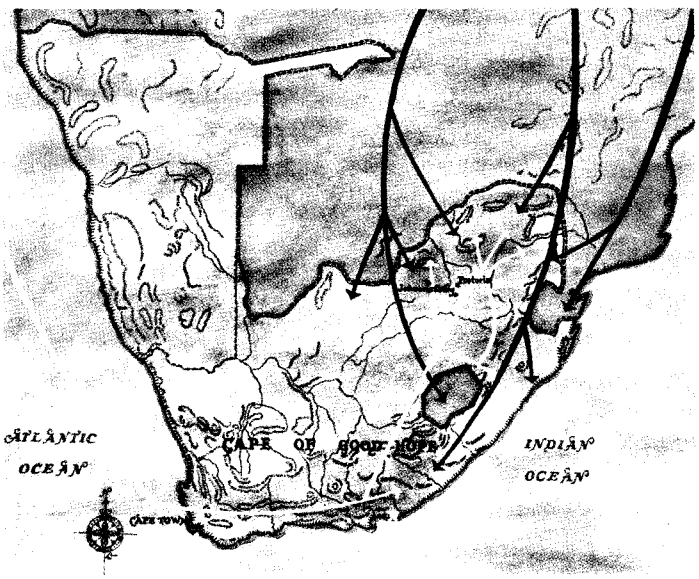
The faithful record was *Tales of the South Pacific*. It became a best seller and was turned into a stage-play and film.

Since then the Michener name has not been off the best-sellers list.

"But my favorite book is always the one I am writing at the moment," he admits.

And what does he do with his money?

"Education turned me into what I am. I had a very good schooling and I donate money to educational projects. In fact, when I die, all that is left will go to education." ☒



The Dutch arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in 1652. As the Dutch settlers in their covered wagons began their migration northward (white arrows) they were met by black tribes (black arrows) who were then progressing toward the south. The two races coexisted without integrating, each maintaining its own cultural and tribal customs for many centuries. Their lifestyle has often been misunderstood by students of world history.

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Loaded for Dare

continued from page 16

ager. I bought the station four years later.

Shirk admits that there is less excitement in management than in being a broadcast personality, and in 1976 the young millionaire bachelor began looking for something to put some adventure back into his life.

"One day the publicist for the Marion County Association for Retarded Citizens, Frank Powell, called me on the phone and said, 'How would you like to do a publicity stunt before a charity circus to attract a crowd?' I said, 'Sure, what do you want me to do?' And Frank said, 'I want you to say you'll hang from your heels and get out of a straitjacket.' I said, '*What*?' Frank replied simply, 'You know, like Houdini.'

"So I asked him if he could teach me to do that. He said no, but there was a friend of his in the circus who could. I was supposed to say that I'd do it, chicken out, and then this circus performer would do it.

"But about a week later I made some contacts with magicians in Chicago and finally met a retired escape artist who knows a lot about the art. So I went up to Chicago, spent a lot of time with him learning the tricks of the trade, and came back.

"When I showed up at the charity circus, nobody knew that I was going to be able to do it. They began telling me it was time for me to chicken out. But I said no, then told them to put the leg harness on me, take me up a little, and really make it look good. So they took me up a little, hanging from my heels; then I said, 'Go all the way up.'

"Well, I had talked with the guy operating the crane ahead of time, and I said under no circumstances do you let me down until I yell 'Houdini.' So I got up there, got out of the jacket, gave the signal, came down, and just looked at the faces of the people who thought I wasn't going to do it.

"My career has progressed from my having to beg people to let me do something, to the point where it is now, with people asking me if I would create something for their personal enjoyment.

"Now," Shirk says, "I do nothing but work on my stunts. It's a 100 percent full-time profession. My radio stations are being run by the people with whom I've worked the past several years."

His stunts have ranged from swimming 14 miles down White River while the water temperature was 32 degrees F. to having himself buried underground for three days and nights in a coffin with a 10-foot Burmese python, two tarantulas, and a rattlesnake to keep him company. All of his stunts, however, have a common denominator.

"I made a two-year pact with myself that all of my stunts would be done to benefit charity," Shirk explains. "When I was buried with the animals, I originally planned to be interred for just 48 hours. But at the end of the 48-hour period we had only raised $1,000, so I refused to be dug up until we had at least $5,000 and a telegram from the White House saying that President Carter would make a token donation. We raised the $5,000 and got the telegram."

Obviously, it is necessary for anyone who performs the strenuous stunts that Shirk does to keep himself in top physical shape. "I have about an hour and a half routine and I work strictly on muscle tone. I do not do any body building—if there's anything I need, it's to be more wiry."

Shirk, who stands about 5 feet 10 inches, lives in a fashionable bachelor pad on Indianapolis' north side. His apartment is decorated with souvenirs which he has acquired during his travels all over the world. His living room features, among other things, a stuffed armadillo and a mongoose and python forever frozen in a battle to the end.

His den, however, is his ego room and is decorated in modern American Shirk. The walls are lined, floor to ceiling, with framed letters, photographs, and headlines displaying his many feats.

"Escape was a lost art," says Shirk. "Since Houdini's death 52 years ago, escape artists have not been in the public eye. I'm trying to change that."

From the evidence we've seen, he's trying pretty successfully.

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POST PEOPLE

Q Because of your happy personal life and your long-time connection with television's "Brady Bunch," you have the image of the perfect wife and mother. Has this ever caused problems? Does your fan mail include marriage proposals?

A "Yes, in fact one persistent admirer once actually flew to California armed with a picture brochure of engagement rings. He had seen me wave a rose at the audience on the 'Hollywood Squares' and was certain I was waving at him. Fortunately, he never found me."

Florence Henderson

Q Most people view opera as a rather staid, formal type of entertainment. Do you have a favorite "blooper" story to dispute this image?

A "I remember once we were doing *The Barber of Seville* and I was playing opposite a very heavy Figaro. We came to the part when he is supposed to sit down while I do my aria. Unfortunately, when he sat the whole chair burst into pieces and Figaro ended up on the floor. The audience gasped. I didn't know what to do so I started to sing and gracefully helped pick him up."

Roberta Peters

Q Although the Gomer Pyle show has been out of production for years, people still connect you with the role. Aren't you tired of the character?

A "No, not at all. I've never tried to duck him. In fact, I guess he's my favorite person. I wish I had a lot of his qualities. He was all good, all pure. I guess I'm a little jaded . . . not as bad as some, but a little bit. Most people thought Gomer was not intelligent. He may have been naive, but he wasn't stupid. He just never wanted to see the ugly part of anybody or any situation. He was very sensitive to people. Gomer ignored all the outer forces and continued with a happy outlook on life."

Jim Nabors

Q How did you get started as an advice columnist?

A "It was when we were living in San Francisco. I read the advice column in the *Chronicle* every day and was convinced I could give better answers. I marched into the editor's office one day and told him so. He gave me several letters to take home and told me to compose sample answers. He probably thought he'd never see me again, but an hour and a half later I was back with the replies. I guess you could say my sample was ample."

Abigail Van Buren

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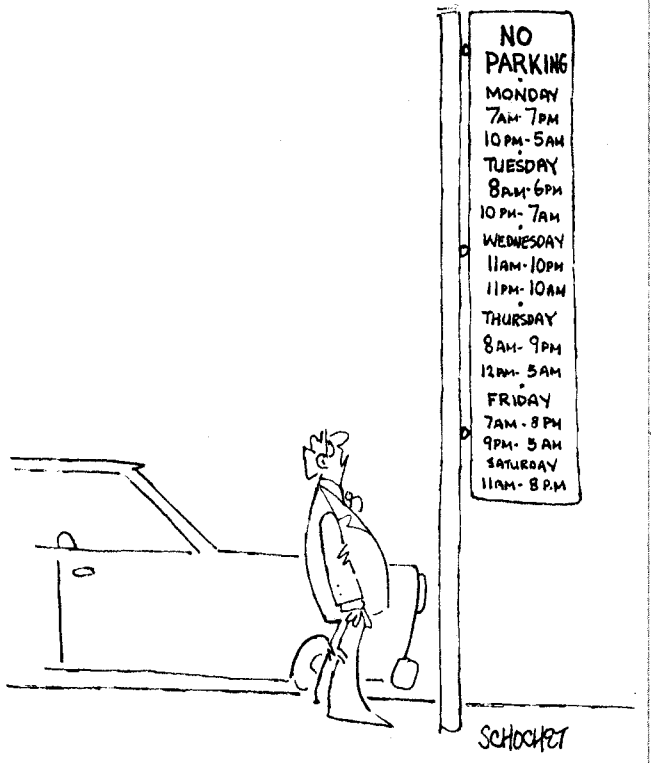
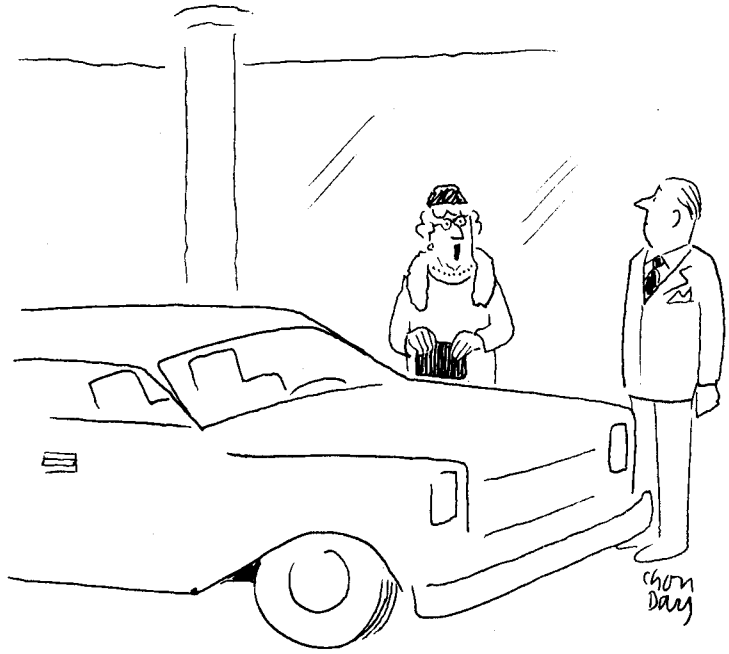
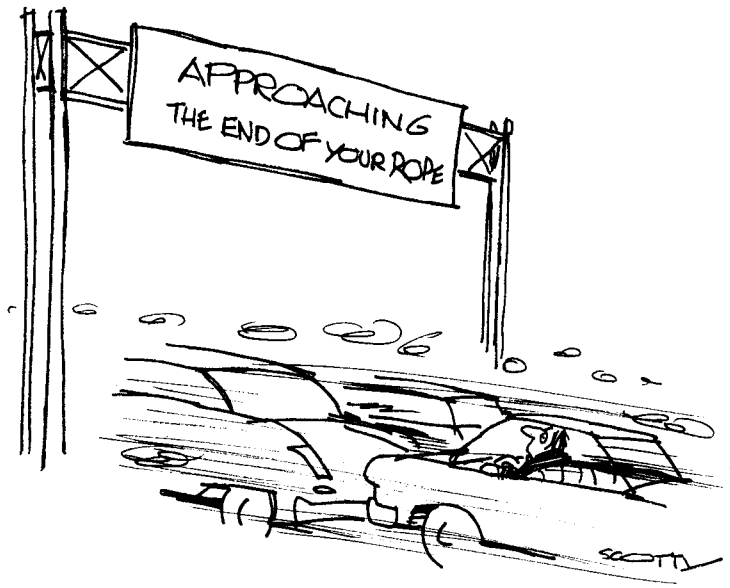




"And I'll want a fuzz-buster installed."



"Howdy, Mr. Smithfield. I'm Spike and I'll be operating on your transmission. Wes and Barney will be assisting me. Junior, Lyle, and Jimmy will be on emergency standby."

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AUTOMOBILE PSYCHOLOGY

In one of the defter moments in *Annie Hall*, our heroine Diane Keaton's brother tells Woody Allen of an uncontrollable impulse to suicide by driving his car off the road. Shortly after, the brother volunteers to drive Woody and Diane to the airport. On the way, the camera pans in on Woody's face as he surreptitiously examines the brother's expression for any sign of emotional upset. It is a great and telling moment.

And, as with so much that Woody does, mighty close to reality. Because the automobile is merciless in one respect—it betrays our character every time we drive. It is a psychiatrist's couch on wheels.

We all know some of the more standard symptoms such as the screeching tires and hot-rod speed of youth.

But more subtle symptoms tell their stories of character just as clearly. There's the lady we know who, to be kind about it, is a fearfully erratic driver to begin with, and who complicates this by having a telephone in her car. Her friends, getting a call from her, beseech her to drive with at least one hand on the wheel. Sometimes it is not necessary to say good-bye to her—the tinkle of breaking glass terminates the call.

On the other hand there is the controlled type of person who drives so superbly that it is a positive pleasure to see the mental and physical disciplines at work. That kind of driving becomes a social asset and can even get you ahead in business. One none-too-brainy individual drove so well he caught the eye of his boss and became an executive.

In nauseating contrast are the bullies of the road who war on others. Not speed, not incompetence, but sheer monstrous egotism sends them across a road and out of the right lane in order to run down a turtle, as one man did, or to sideswipe a motorcyclist deliberately, as did another. The first deserved something as brutal as possible in return, although I am not sure he ever got it. The second got his just desert: his daughter openly despised him for this display of his acid soul.

But to sweeten this sketch of humanity exposed is an old lady of some 95 years, still keeping her own house, still driving her own car. Except that for safety's sake, when driving out, say, to shop at the supermarket, her rule is to make right turns only. The logistics of getting from house to market, and back, on such a "right of way" would send even a highway engineer to the looney bin. But she, bless her heart, drives well and safely in her own way, and forthrightly pursues her own course.

—*Tiglath Pileser*

"You don't buy a faucet every day. So when you do, make it a Moen."

"There are a lot of things you should consider before you buy a new faucet.

Like the way it's put together. Does it have a lot of complicated parts that will cause problems? How does it handle? Who makes it – is it a quality product?

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SUICIDERS ANONYMOUS

Help is on the way to turn life right-side-up for persons recovering from attempted suicide.

by Donna Nason

Suicide has hung like a dark cloud over mankind since the beginning of time.

We ourselves abhor it: It puts us in a shock just to read about it, much less be caught up in its web when a friend or loved one willfully takes the desperate plunge. We tend to "blame" the suicide.

The reasons for this are almost too complex to enfold in a single article. But it is at least worth a try—to understand the cheering news at hand for those in the twilight zone following an unsuccessful attempted suicide.

Suicide is not considered ignoble in all cultures. The Greek Stoics approved of suicide. In Hawaii, it was considered an act of admirable conduct to take one's life for sufficient personal cause. We are more familiar with the Japanese samurai code of *seppuku* (hari-kari) and the Indian custom of *suttee*, as when a widow immolates herself on her husband's funeral pyre. In both ancient Peru and Mexico, when the Spanish conquistadores destroyed the native civilization and the people perceived that they were not only losing their possessions but their religion as well, they indulged in mass suicides, not in protest but in despair. Modern protest is personified in the person of the Vietnamese monk, dousing himself with gasoline and then applying the match to become a human torch as a political gesture.

Western nations have long deplored suicide. The Scotch forbade it by law—one could infer cryptically that the maximum penalty for disobedience of such law would have to be death. Our basic scruples have been moral. Dante reserved one of the lowest levels in the tortures of hell for suicides. Said Robert Burton in 1620, in his famous classic treatise, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*: "These kind of persons make away themselves, some are mad, blaspheme, curse, deny God . . . offer violence to their own persons, and sometimes to others . . . . If they die so obstinately and suddenly—some cut their throats, many hang themselves that they cannot so much as wish for mercy, the worst is to be suspected, because they die impenitent . . . . If a man put desperate hands upon himself by occasion of madness or melancholy, if he have given testimony before his regeneration, in regard he doth this not so much out of his will, as from the violence of his malady, we must make the best construction of it. . . ."

As Western civilization matured, a greater value was put on the life of the individual than was common in Eastern cultures, and so we came about to a way of thinking that suicide was a denial of life's own values. Philosophically, too, a race which condones suicide is moving in that sense away from its own survival. Within that framework, therefore, the individual who commits suicide says, in effect, to the group: "Look, you're wasting your time and your efforts trying to make anything out of living; you are all fools and I'll have none of you or your stupid existence. Good-bye, and good riddance."

So we have grown as a group to attach a certain stigma to the act of suicide as a form of condemnation of what we are attempting to accomplish with our own lives. As a result, the person who attempts suicide but does not succeed appears in our eyes to be almost doubly a failure, both in living and in attempting death.

Aside from these deep-seated considerations, it just is not easy for the "normal" person, one in good health and reasonably adjusted to living and finding a portion of joy and satisfaction in the process, to understand the denial of the life instinct which is suicide.

Still, as we look around us, the

In Dante's Inferno, *a special area of hell was reserved for suicide victims. Artist Pieter Huys painted his version of hell on this 14th-century wood panel.*

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statistics on suicides in the United States must be shattering to our complacency. In very conservative figures, suicide claimed the lives of from 35,000 to 50,000 human beings in our own country last year. That is at least one suicide every 17 minutes.

These people are young and old; men, women, and children; the school boy, the young girl, the disappointed lover, the saddened idealist, the sad and muddled philosopher, the weary, those afraid of greater pains from illness, those who fear insanity. Our way of life is confounded by crises, both on the part of society and the individual. For those who can't stand up to the crises of poverty, unemployment, disease, pain, love, jealousy, dishonor, hatred, the hallucinations of mental disease, the answer is often suicide. Even imitation plays a part: Where one man leaps to his death, others follow; a parent suicide is often followed by that of an offspring.

In the midst of our distress, we tend to distort it by propagating certain beliefs about suicide which we now are beginning to understand are not the facts. These myths have helped add to the stigma of attempted suicide, and before we examine the particulars of that unhappy state, we should run through some of these inaccuracies.

People who talk about suicide won't commit suicide. Wrong. We should be alert to signs beforehand, though the suicidal act generally does occur without previous warning.

Suicide and depression are synonymous. Many suicides show other symptoms—agitation or anxiety, psychosis, organic impairment, or other symptoms—although depression is the best single indication of potential suicide.

All suicidal persons are insane. Suicides in the majority may have a character disorder, but are not necessarily insane. Suicides in older people in physical pain are often logical and rational and not psychotic: Beyond hope, they want to finish it in a hurry.

The tendency to suicide is inherited. No.

Suicide is "the curse of the poor" and "the disease of the rich." No, controlled studies do not bear this out.

Improvement after a suicidal crisis means that the suicide risk is over. This is an erroneous attitude which the modern approach to suicide is taking into good account. Half the persons who were in a suicidal crisis and subsequently committed suicide did so within 90 days and when they appeared well on the way to recovery.

Science is struggling to cope with suicide in our contemporary world. It is theorized that four factors underlie suicide: hopelessness, suffering, alienation, and search for glory. Many psychotherapists are concentrating on this, and suicide *prevention* programs have been set up in many forms. They are fighting the good fight. But we are losing the battle, it would seem. Suicide is on the rise, especially among our youth. It is the third leading cause of death in the adolescent age group and is second only to accidents among college-age persons. In the medical profession, the equivalent of one entire graduating class of doctors is lost each year to suicide.

As staggering as the statistics are, it must be realized that there are about 10 times as many unsuccessful attempts as there are actual suicides—somewhere in the vicinity of 350,000 to 500,000 annually. Most are hospitalized for the repairing of wounds, stomach pumping, or other emergency medical care. After two or three

Continued on following page

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days, these people are released, having received little or no psychiatric treatment. Statistics show that the majority do not seek additional professional assistance.

What happens to these people, for whom each suicide attempt represents a personal statement of helplessness, hopelessness, and a virtual starvation for love and self-worth? Many continue their attempts at self-destruction until at last they reach the oblivion they so desire.

And yet, as each possesses a death wish, so each also harbors a will to live which can be nurtured. This is the goal of Suiciders Anonymous, a newly formed national nonprofit organization dedicated to aiding the complete recovery of attempted suicides.

The latest brainchild of Dr. Robert H. Schuller, founder and senior pastor of the Garden Grove Community Church in California, Suiciders Anonymous is headed by Dr. Robert Steinberg, a clinical psychiatrist with several years of counselling experience. He is assisted by Dr. Robert Merkle, who is the Executive Director of Christian Counselling Service, Inc., which is a division of the Robert Schuller Ministries.

Dr. Schuller, whose nationally syndicated television program "Hour of Power" reaches millions of viewers each week, has been concerned about suicide for years. Of the approximately 40,000 letters he receives weekly, an ever increasing number are from persons groping their way toward recovery from an abortive suicide attempt.

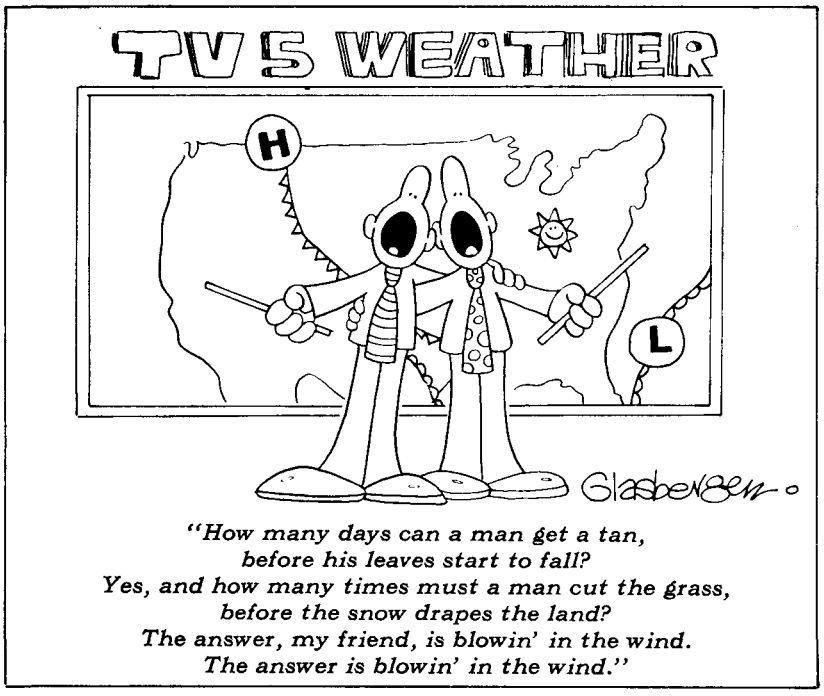
Often, these letters are the helpless ramblings of people lost in a maze of bewildering emotions, torn and troubled, without hope. But now and again a ray of light pierces the darkness, and he receives a letter which is full of renewed enthusiasm for life, like this recent arrival:

Dr. Schuller,

You may not remember me, but four years ago you spoke in my city. I came up to you afterward. I was 22 years old at the time and had attempted suicide twice. I was really down. You told me I needed God in my life; you prayed with me and I received Him.

It's been four years now, Dr. Schuller, and I'm still blooming! I'm an emotionally and spiritually healthy person! An integrated soul!

It was through reactions like this that Dr. Schuller began to conceptualize his plans for Suiciders Anonymous. He put his idea through his own three-point test: 1. Would it be a great thing for God? 2. Would it help people who are hurting? 3. Is anyone else doing it?



"How many days can a man get a tan,
before his leaves start to fall?
Yes, and how many times must a man cut the grass,
before the snow drapes the land?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the wind."

Feeling certain of the enormous need for a national organization to aid attempted suicides, Dr. Schuller initiated Suiciders Anonymous last March 12th. He announced his plans during a subsequent "Hour of Power" broadcast and received an overwhelming response of 700 letters from people eager to start local chapters across the country. Suiciders Anonymous was instantly launched.

Suiciders Anonymous is not actually affiliated with any church and states in its bylaws that it does not seek to force any particular point of view upon any of its members. It borrows heavily from the philosophy of Alcoholics Anonymous, which over the years has proved to be more successful than any professional agency in the rehabilitation of persons suffering from alcoholism.

Suiciders Anonymous is a self-help fellowship of persons all struggling to overcome the same underlying difficulties. Each group is autonomous, governed and ordered by the group itself with no professional at the helm. Whether or not any member of the group seeks outside psychiatric help is purely a matter of individual choice.

The emphasis is on sharing common experiences and concerns, setting objectives, and being supportive of each other within the framework of a small, intimate group. The only requirement for membership is a sincere desire to overcome hopelessness and the other diverse feelings that often accompany suicide attempts.

Suiciders Anonymous believes that personal recovering of hope and a purpose for life depends largely on unity within each individual group, and therefore encourages each one to consider common group welfare a top priority. Total anonymity is enormously important to these persons who are grappling with the social stigma of suicide, necessitating the use of first names only.

The total group, not an individual, is in charge of the meetings and is responsible for maintaining order. It is hoped that each member would realize that the group itself holds the key to recovery, rather than forming any close dependencies between individual members.

Suiciders Anonymous does, however, make use of the sponsor program that has worked so well for Alcoholics Anonymous since its

Continued on page 140

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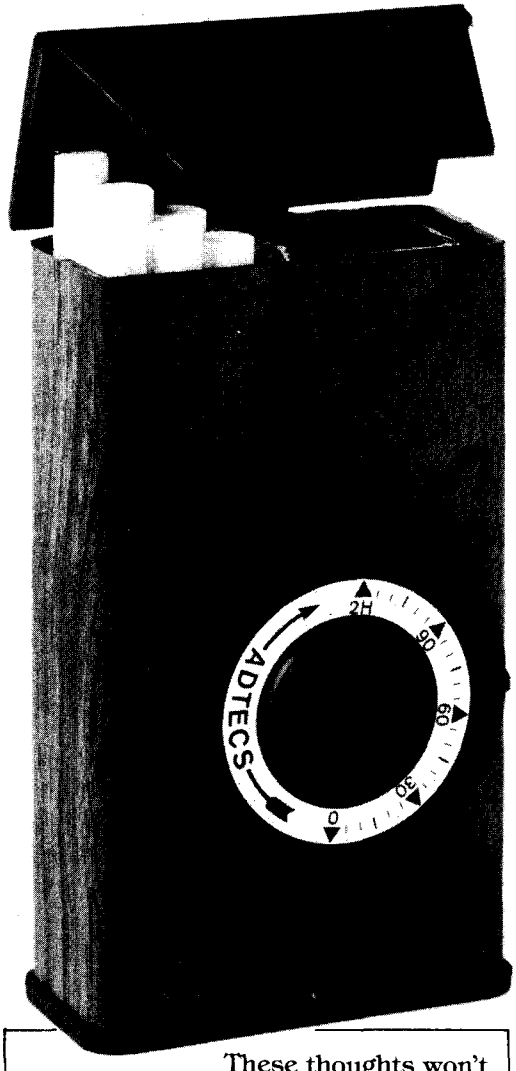
If you smoke 2 packs of cigarettes a day, you are spending $30 per month – $365 per year – FOR WHAT? – Emphysema, coronary heart disease, cancer of the lung, mouth, larynx, etc.

Reduce your smoking habit 50% in just 18 days!

Eliminate, or if you enjoy smoking but smoke too much, just reduce your habit, in the easiest, most simple method ever developed. HOW? The ADTECS Smokeless Health Timer has an automatic self-locking dial that cannot be forced back, making cigarettes available only on a pre-selected basis. This enables you to control/eliminate your smoking habit the same way you acquired it – in stages. This way your system has time to adjust to not smoking just as it does to contact lenses, increased exercises, etc.



These thoughts won't even enter your mind once you begin using the ADTECS. You will be amazed and satisfied to see how easily you will be able to stop/reduce your smoking habit.

Select the appropriate time period shown on the ADTECS chart, then turn the dial. Your Adtecs is now securely locked, preventing you from smoking until this time period has elapsed. Every fourth day increase the time period 15 minutes until you have reached your goal or have stopped smoking completely.

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THE PATIENT AT PEACOCKS HALL

All my instincts made me want to let this woman die—but my duty as a doctor was to keep her alive.

by Margery Allingham

Illustrated by Larry Kritcher

My name is Ann Fowler. I am a doctor, chief assistant to Dr. Percy Ludlow in Mapleford, England. The day I went to Peter Gastineau's home, Peacocks Hall, to examine his sick friend, I got a bad jolt. The patient was Francia Forde, the famous movie actress.

I had never met Francia, but I recognized her immediately. Francia had married the man to whom I had once been engaged, Dr. John Linnett.

Francia's presence in Mapleford was partly my doing. Gastineau had prevailed on me to order an ambulance to fetch her from London. I examined her, found that the only thing wrong with her was that she'd been drinking too much, and left, relieved that I wouldn't have to see her again.

The next day, John Linnett turned up at my house in answer to a telegram my officious maid had sent him. In spite of his marriage to Francia, we found that we were still in love.

Then Gastineau called to tell me that Francia was worse. I asked John to wait and returned to Peacocks Hall. Francia was in a coma—she had apparently taken a barbiturate—and I doubted if she would live.

Gastineau showed me an empty bottle that had contained Dormital, a dangerous drug. It was the bottle of Dormital that had been stolen from my medical bag a few days earlier.

I suspected Gastineau of wanting to murder Francia, but there was an outside chance I could save her. I called Nurse Tooley in on the case. We worked on Francia until there was nothing more we could do but wait. Then I went downstairs. The time had come to have this affair out with Gastineau.

Part III

I gave Nurse Tooley the necessary instructions with regard to the patient and told her to call me the moment she thought she noticed any change, and then I let myself out into the dark upper hall and went downstairs. The old house was very quiet and oddly serene. Its very naturalness made the horror around me seem worse and more peculiarly my own. It was as though I had brought it there. I knew my way about, of course, and making as little noise as possible, I walked into the sitting room and across it before Gastineau was aware.

He was sitting in his chair by the fire and the room looked just as it always did, very comfortable and civilized. The desk was just as untidy as when I'd seen it last and the little drawer which Gastineau had closed so quickly was still shut. It looked as though nothing had been touched. I walked straight over to it, ignoring him, and pulled it open. There were all kinds of rubbish there—but no blue pamphlet.

The man behind me did not move. His eyes had been on me ever since I entered, but he had not stirred. His still legs were turned to the blaze and his hands remained in his lap. As I shut the drawer he smiled at me.

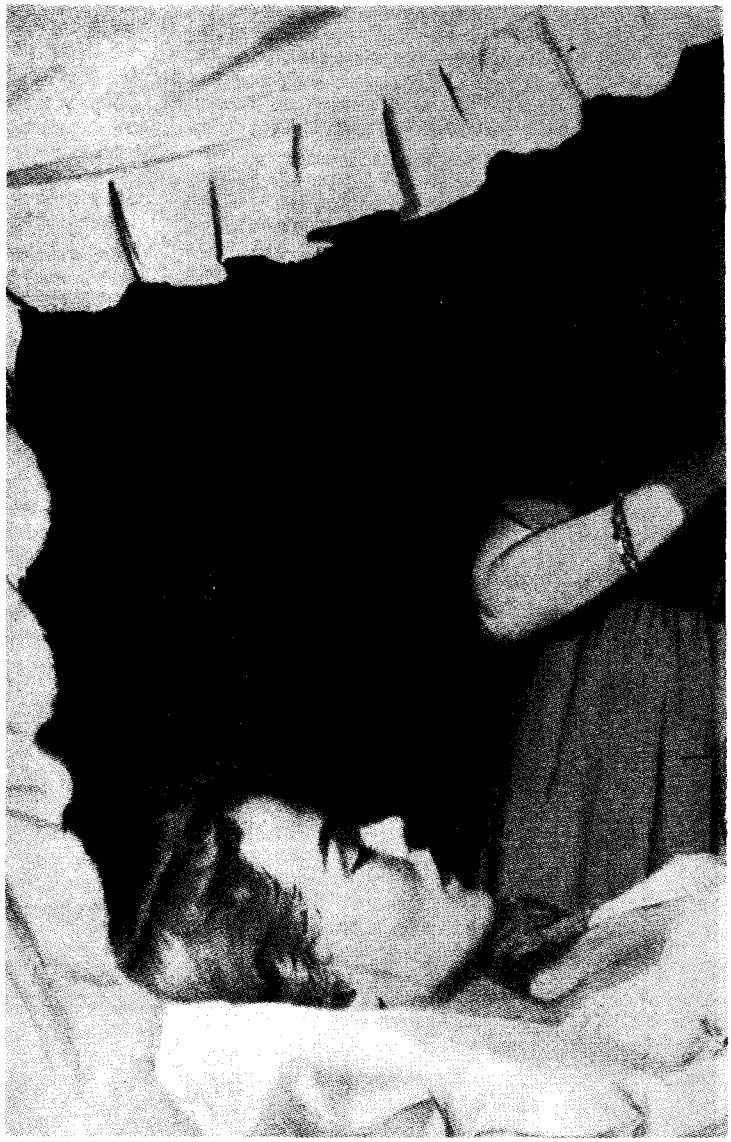
"You did notice? I wondered, but I wasn't sure. It was a bad moment for me. I thought I would be on the safe side." He nodded at the fire pointedly.

I pulled up a chair opposite him and sat down, and as I did so I caught a glimpse of myself in a long narrow mirror on the farther wall. It startled me. I looked much younger, much more feminine and less impressive than I had thought. I wondered if he really did see me as just a pretty girl. If so, it was an image that had got to be dispelled.

"Look here," I announced as unequivocally as I knew how. "I want an explanation."

His eyes met mine. There was a certain quietude in them, a contentment I had not seen before.

John's face was blank as he bent over Francia, his fingers on her pulse. Her breathing was shallow and very fast.



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"But of course you do," he agreed. "How understandable that is. But I don't think it is wise."

It was the last attitude I had expected him to take. I had to struggle to keep the initiative.

"That's for me to decide."

"Perhaps so." He offered me a cigarette box from the telephone table at his elbow, and when I refused, took one himself.

"What do you want to know?" He was pleasant and conversational. We might have been talking of anything in the world.

"When did Madame . . . Miss Forde go to Barton Square?"

"A little over a week ago."

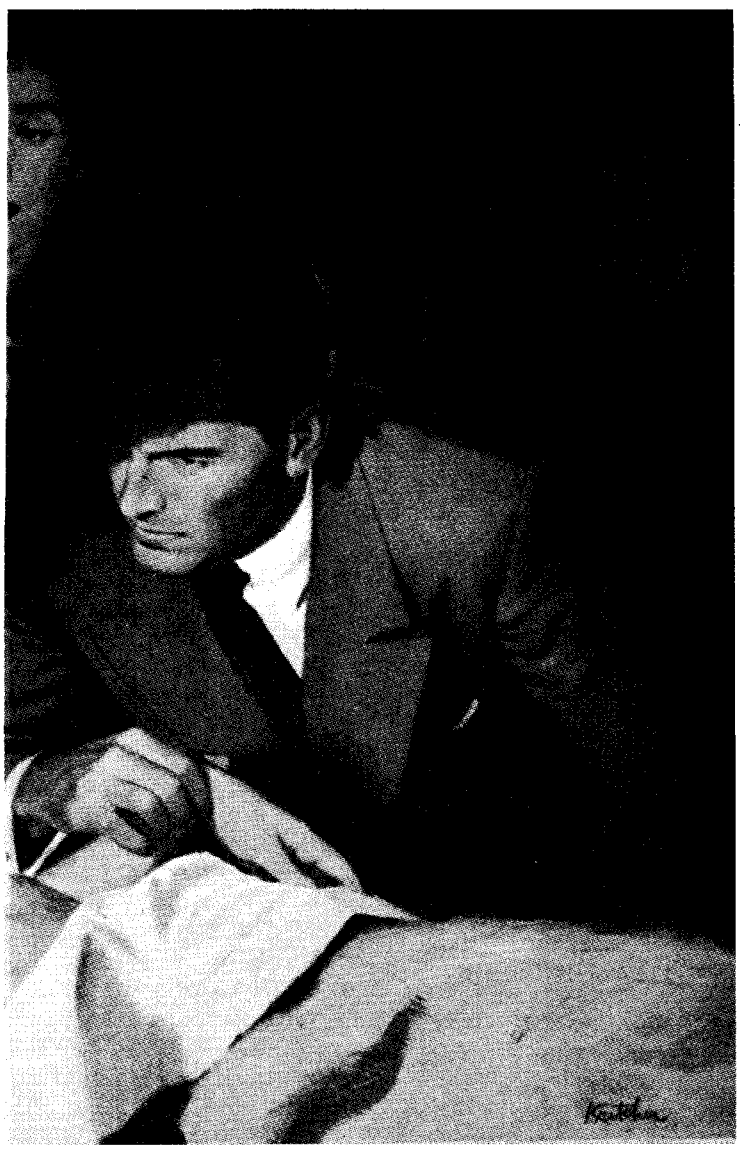
"Why did she go there?" If he preferred to do it this way, I did not mind. I was not moving unless the nurse called me.

"I took her there," he said at last. "We had been dining together."

"And left her there?"

"Yes." He laughed at my expression and I had to take a grip on myself. I had known patients who had played the fool like this when they were monkeying with the truth.

"Explain," I snapped, startling him.



He hesitated for a long time and finally shrugged.

"You are a good doctor, I think. You probably saw for yourself that she had recently taken—what shall we call it, a little sedative?"

"In fact, you drugged her."

He spread out his hands. "Well, that is a theatrical way of putting it. I gave her an opiate. It is a prescription I have had for many years and have used myself when I had much pain. When she became sleepy I took her to Barton Square, where I had a very good friend who looked after her."

"And kept her prisoner?" I demanded, aghast.

"Not at all. She was persuaded to stay." He spoke easily and rationally, and it occurred to me that he had had experience in being questioned. There was something skilled in his little retreats and omissions. "She waited until I could make arrangements and come to fetch her."

"Do her friends know where she is now?"

For the first time I saw him waver. "Perhaps not," he said at last. "You see, doctor, there is a little secret about Francia. It is the thing which tempted me to—well, to persuade her to come here in the way I did persuade her. Just before her last film was made she had some sort of a breakdown and it was discovered, with dismay, that she had taken refuge in alcohol. It was all kept very dark, you understand. An eminent specialist prescribed. She went into a nursing home and she was cured. Splendid. The incident was forgotten. The new film was made. Everyone was delighted. And then this magnificent offer from Moonlight came along, and she was photographed from morning to night, very successfully, I believe."

He paused, and I saw something so cold and so terrible in his face that I had to master an actual fear of him.

"I have kept a very careful eye on her for some time and I was one of the few who knew about that breakdown," he went on at last, adding calmly, "It occurred to me that such a thing could so easily happen again."

"That's abominable!" I exploded, and he watched me placidly.

"Do you think so? It was not very difficult to arrange at Barton Square, I assure you. She was angry and alarmed, and the alcohol was there. I did it because it was so convenient. You see, I felt certain that when she vanished, those nearest to her would jump at once to a certain conclusion and would probably keep quiet. On the other hand, if they did not, and by some bad luck she was found before I was ready—well, all would appear to be just as they had feared. She had had a second 'breakdown.' "

The sheer wickedness of it appalled me. I leaned forward.

"And you brought her here in an ambulance because you knew no one would query it, getting a doctor to order it for you to make yourself doubly safe?"

"No." For the first time he came back at me and his dull eyes became bright and alive. "You are forgetting. I got not 'a,' but 'the' doctor to order it for me, and to go to Barton Square, where she was noticed. I should not be surprised if you called considerable at-

Continued on following page

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tention to yourself when you saw no ambulance there. Did you ask a policeman?"

I didn't answer that. " 'A' doctor or 'the' doctor, it makes no difference."

"But it does." The gentle voice was soothing and it filled me with sheer terror. "Of course it does. Come on, you are a realist; you are not a fool. We have discussed this already. You know where you stand."

He was getting the upper hand. It was becoming his interview. I sidetracked in order to get it back again.

"Who was the deaf woman I saw at Barton Square?"

"The Ukrainian servant of my friend. She would have been alone in the house when you arrived."

"And who was the man with the umbrella?"

Gastineau was puzzled by that. I could see it in his face.

"Where did you find him? In the kitchen?"

"Yes. What's more, I think he's followed us down here. He's been asking questions at the ambulance station."

This information did not alarm him in the least. He swept the news away with a flick of a finger.

"It may be someone who is employed by my friend in Barton Square. Women are inquisitive and sometimes jealous. There is nothing in that."

To my horror, I discovered that I was finding him reassuring.

"What was your reason?" I demanded suddenly.

He looked down at his knees, the wooden stiffness of his legs, and peered up at me from under his lids without moving his bent back.

"I was a tall man at one time," he remarked unexpectedly and with a detachment which I found unnerving. "I walked a great deal. Mountain climbing was my hobby. I was also very sensitive to my surroundings. Sordidness, ugliness, anything dirty or cruel, disgusted me physically." He stopped, his flat eyes still watching me. "If you want to know, you must listen to this. It won't take very long."

"Go on," I said.

"There was a time in my life," he continued quietly, "when I was in business in Stockholm. It was just before the war, and during that time I was able to do certain little services for my own country. I shall not explain them, but you must understand that they were secret; and, since I was able to enter into the high circles in Germany and Austria, of some little use. Do you understand?"

"You were a spy," I suggested rather bluntly.

"No. If that were true, I should be dead by now. No, I was, in effect, a confidential messenger, no more."

"I see."

He nodded and continued, "I was in love with a woman who was very much younger than I. She had come to the country with a dancing troupe which had been stranded, leaving her with a British passport and not much else. When I first saw her, it was in the summer and she was trying to persuade a business friend of mine to give her a job dancing and singing in his restaurant. She had no voice and her shabby little clothes hung on her like the paper streamers on one of those wands you buy on a fairground."

There was no actual change in his tone, which was still quietly conversational, but there was a force there which I recognized. It was an emotional thing. I knew it only too well.

"I was not very rich," he said slowly, "but I was not poor, and there was something indefinable about her which attracted me. I got her her job and I saw that she had something to wear. She accepted anything I offered eagerly; her passion to get on somehow—at all costs—amused me. I saw a great deal of her after that, and gradually a terrible thing happened to me and I fell in love with her."

He was still watching me. "Not everybody loves," he observed at last. "With some people it is a ghost of a thing, a flare in the night which is bright and transfiguring, and then . . . gone. But with others—and I think you know all about this—it is a most dreadful power, frightening and devouring and inescapable."

I tried to shut him out of my sympathies.

"I just want the facts," I murmured, as if he were describing a set of symptoms.

"But that is the fact," he protested. "You know that as well as I do. I loved this girl in that particular way, and because she was the kind of woman she is, I was soon near ruin and I had to tell her so. I do not think I have ever horrified anyone more, even you, my dear doctor." He laughed a little, but not with amusement. "Fortunately, I still had the little money on which I now live tied up in England, but by then the war had begun. The time came when I had to make one of my regular journeys to Berlin. Because I was in love with her I trusted her with a secret connected with my trip. It was only a little thing, mercifully—I carried no papers. It

"It must be getting late. Alex and Beth have taken all their furniture upstairs."

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was no more than that I had to go to a certain man and tell him that the answer was yes. In my complete infatuation, perhaps because I was insane enough to imagine it might make her think more of me, I let her know I was not going solely on business."

I knew what was coming. It was clear in his dark, ugly face. There was nothing to guess, even.

"Yes," he agreed, as if I had spoken, "she sold the information. I was of no further use to her, so she took the last there was to be got out of me. She whispered the news at a party where she was dancing, wearing a dress I had chosen for her and jewels I had given her. The man she told paid her in cash. When I reached the little house in the German capital, I was arrested. The rest I will not speak about!"

The last words came out with passion and brought me half to my feet. I hardly recognized him in the blazing, bitter wreck before me. He thrust out his hands, which were already malformed, and his gesture embraced the rest of his warped and tortured body.

"You know," he said. "There is no more for me to tell you about that. You are a doctor. You can comprehend something of that imprisonment."

I said the one thing that I could say to that: "Are you sure?"

"Sure it was she? Sure it was done for money and to get rid of me? Yes." It was final, a very softly spoken word.

As I looked at him I knew what had happened to him. He was the ash of hatred. It had got him and poisoned him and made him mad.

He went on talking quietly again now, and almost pleasantly: "I could not face discomfort and hideousness again. I could not risk any kind of imprisonment, anything ugly or terrible. I had to find a way to punish her that for me was quite safe. I had to have help. So when that other woman in Barton Square, who has always watched my affairs so carefully, showed me a cutting from a magazine which she had saved and I found out that there was another person who had cause to hate Francia as much as I did——"

"No!" The word was jerked out of me and it sounded frightened.

He went on as if I had not spoken, "When I discovered that not only did such a person exist but that she was a doctor, someone in the ideal position to make what I had to do perfectly simple and perfectly safe, then I felt that there was justice in the world, and I . . . came here to Mapleford to find you."

"Yes," I said cautiously. "But when you saw me didn't you realize that it wouldn't work?"

"When I saw you," he said contentedly, "I recognized you, or rather I recognized something in you. You were drowning yourself in work, hiding in it, but you were not quite escaping, were you? I saw that if I put the idea to you, you would do your best to have me certified insane; but I guessed that if the *fait accompli* were presented to you suddenly, I should get my way and you would help me." He threw the butt of his cigarette into the fire. "And I was right," he said.

"No." I spoke as quietly as he had done. He had ceased to terrify me. "You're making a mistake."

"I don't think so. You have imagination. You know what will

Continued on following page

Read this and cry.

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happen to you if you do not do your part. There are too many coincidences for you to explain in any police inquiry. Besides, this is the woman who stole your man. Since then you have not even considered anyone else. Your neighbors have noticed it. 'The little doctor has taken a knock. She hasn't forgotten it.' Isn't that what they say?"

"Don't you see," I said gently, "all this happened some years ago? If I was upset then, I did nothing about it. Why should anyone believe that I should seek out Francia Forde now?"

I saw the doubt creeping over him. His own hatred had been kept alive so long by his sufferings, he had identified mine with it.

"But you stayed tonight."

"I hope to save her."

"You won't." It was as though he knew something I didn't. For a second he had me off balance. "You decided tonight," he said. "That was why you sent for the nurse you felt you could trust. I could tell from the way you spoke to her that you were certain she would never give you away. Perhaps she is too stupid, or too dependent on you. It is one or the other."

"You're wrong." Now it was my words which were convincing. There was triumph in them; I couldn't keep it out. "I chose Nurse Tooley because I trust her more than I do myself. She's my sheet anchor." That was the first time I frightened him. He understood exactly what I meant, as I had known he would.

"You wouldn't have dared." He was appealing, he was hoping, not accusing, and he went on talking, still with the trace of uncertainty. "It was the only thing which made me wait so long. You give this profession of yours the passion you ought to give a lover. It is a religion with you. Yet you'll ruin your career if you don't go through with this."

"Should the patient die I shall have to take that chance."

He lay back in the chair and stared at me. There was astonishment there—that and chagrin. And at that precise instant something happened which defeated me. It was the unkindest trick pure chance ever played. The telephone bell began to ring.

Gastineau was between me and the instrument, and he took up the receiver.

"Yes. Yes, I will tell her; she is here. Who shall I say is calling?"

I was watching him and I saw the change in his face. The blood raced into its grayness and his eyes grew bright. He turned to me with a smile of victory.

"It is for you. Dr. John Linnett."

It was nearly half a minute before I took the receiver. My first impulse had been not to take it at all. When I did, my hand shook and I held my elbow to keep it still.

John's voice came through, strong and natural and faintly apologetic, "Ann, this is to warn you. I'm running down to say good night."

"Oh, no," I said firmly; "no, I shouldn't do that."

"Why not?" I knew that tone of John's. I had heard it a thousand times, from nursery days on. It meant he was going to have his own way. "I shan't keep you a minute," he said. "I'll be at the front door in something under a quarter of an hour. I shall ring the bell like a proper little practitioner and ask for you, and you're to come out. Do you hear? Got that? Just say 'Yes,' and tell whoever's listening it's the Ministry of Health."

"No," I said again, but he hung up.

I looked up at last to find Gastineau considering me speculatively. I said nothing. Presently I turned and went out of the room.

As I reached the doorway, he said, "At any rate, we know each other a little better, doctor."

I left him sitting there and went up the stairs again and across the deserted upper hall. From the grandfather clock in the corner I saw that I had not been away more than 20 minutes. I could have believed it 20 years.

Nurse Tooley had got the door locked, and she arrived in something of a flutter in answer to my tap.

"Oh, it's you, praise be," she said. "I was wondering if I'd call you."

I looked at the bed eagerly, but she shook her head. "No change at all, poor soul. The heart's keeping up, though."

"Thank God," I said fervently. There was not a lot more I could do. While her heart remained strong and there was no sign of lung trouble, it was best to let the body do what it could for itself.

Nurse Tooley kept her bright eyes on my face. She was more flushed than usual and there was a hint of defiance in her which was new to me.

"Will you look here, doctor?" She pointed to something on the dressing table and we went over toward it together. It was the green plastic envelope which I had found in the bathroom and had

Continued on page 96

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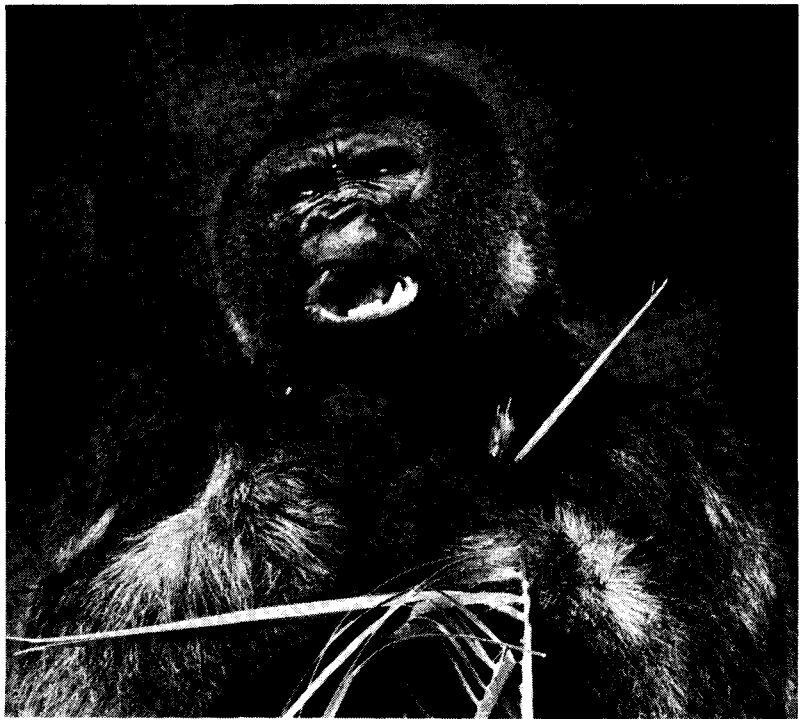
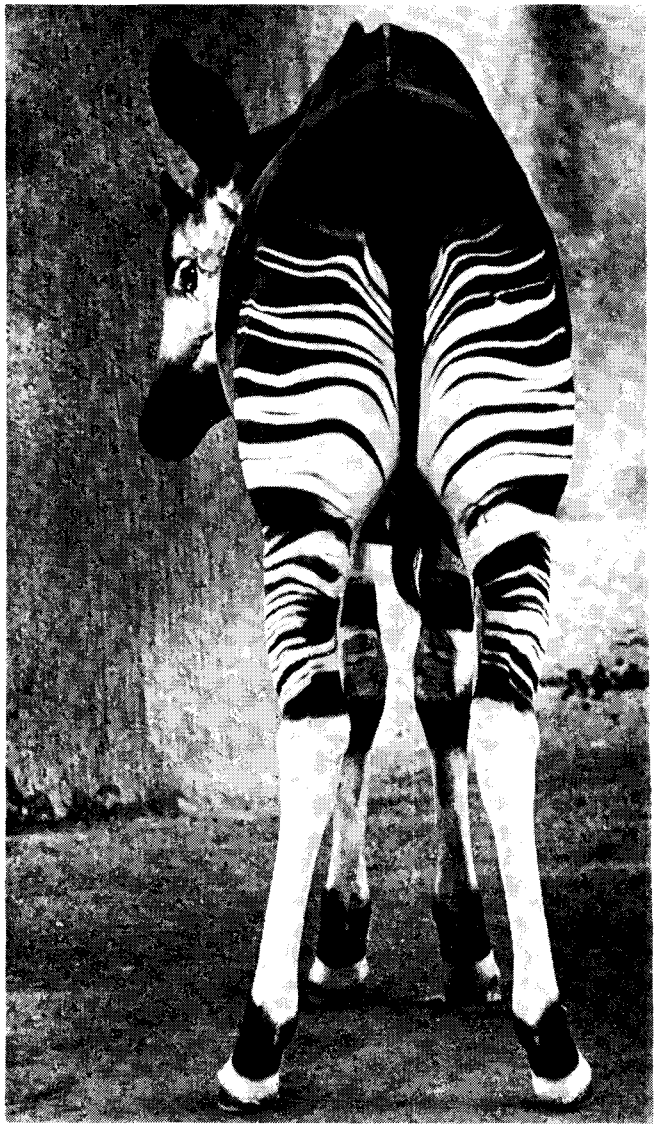
CRITTERS' ISMS

What's gnu in the zoo—
with comments from Howard Gazelle
and the gang.

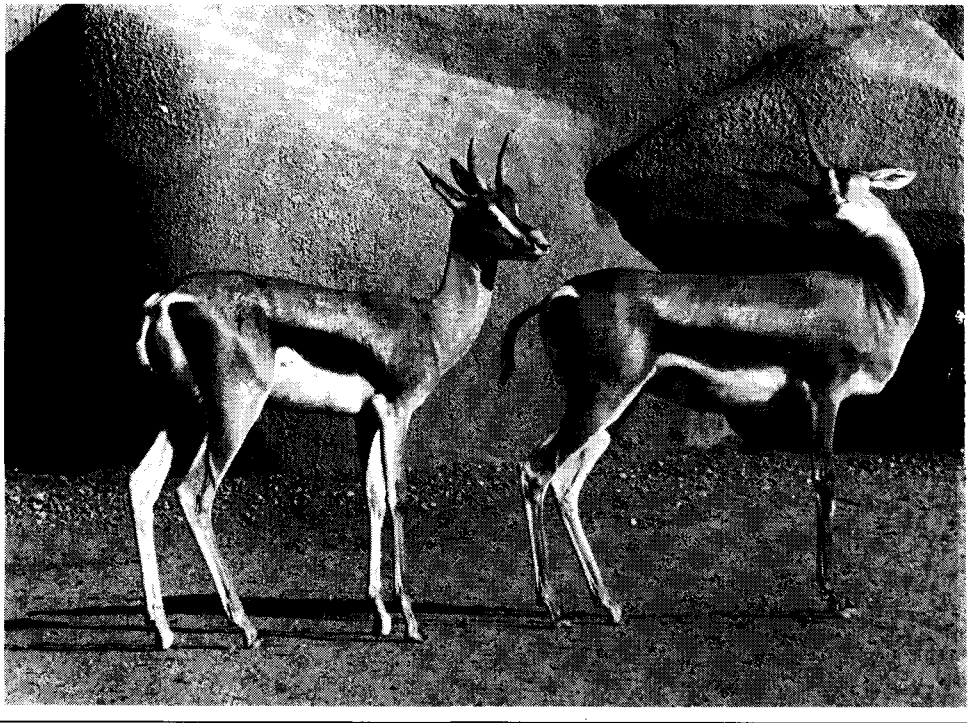
Photography by Dick Swift



"Macramé? Never tried it. I'm into rattan."



"No, I really think I prefer the herringbone."



"If you're going to sulk about it, you can just stay home the next time."

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"I know, Estelle, that you don't want to make another move, but the Omaha office is a big step for me."

"Maybe if I parted it on the right, they wouldn't be quite so obvious."

"Would you believe? Ben Franklin wanted the Turkey *to be the National Bird!"*

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RELIGION

GOSPEL ON THE GRIDIRON

The Evangel Crusaders are equally at home on the football field and in the pulpit.

by Ted Kreiter

In the beginning there were basketball, baseball, volleyball, and intramural sports at the modest little, church-affiliated Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri; the people looked around at what had been created and thought, "This is good." But there was still an unsettling void, and everyone knew in his heart what was missing—football. After all, an American college without football is like a pizza without cheese.

Such was the unfulfilled state of affairs until 1976 when suddenly dynamic forces were set in motion, and by the 1977 season Evangel was the proud owner of a coach, a team, and a nine-game schedule with the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics. And it wasn't just good; it was very good. In fact, Evangel could not have hoped for more had the Almighty Himself filled its personal order. Not only was the snappy young coach a high-scoring pro and ex-collegiate quarterback hero, he was also a minister of the Gospel; and the hustling freshman team was composed of all born-again Christians from helmet to cleat, as zealous to bring a soul to Jesus as they were gung ho to tackle the opposing team's defensive line. On top of that, they doubled and tripled as a male choral group, a squad of practicing faith healers, and a top-notch evangelistic missionary force.

The fact was, Evangel, in its first season, had one of the most remarkable football teams yet to huddle on an American gridiron, a distinction underscored by the club's nationwide syndicated "game highlights" show, one of the few such college programs in the country.

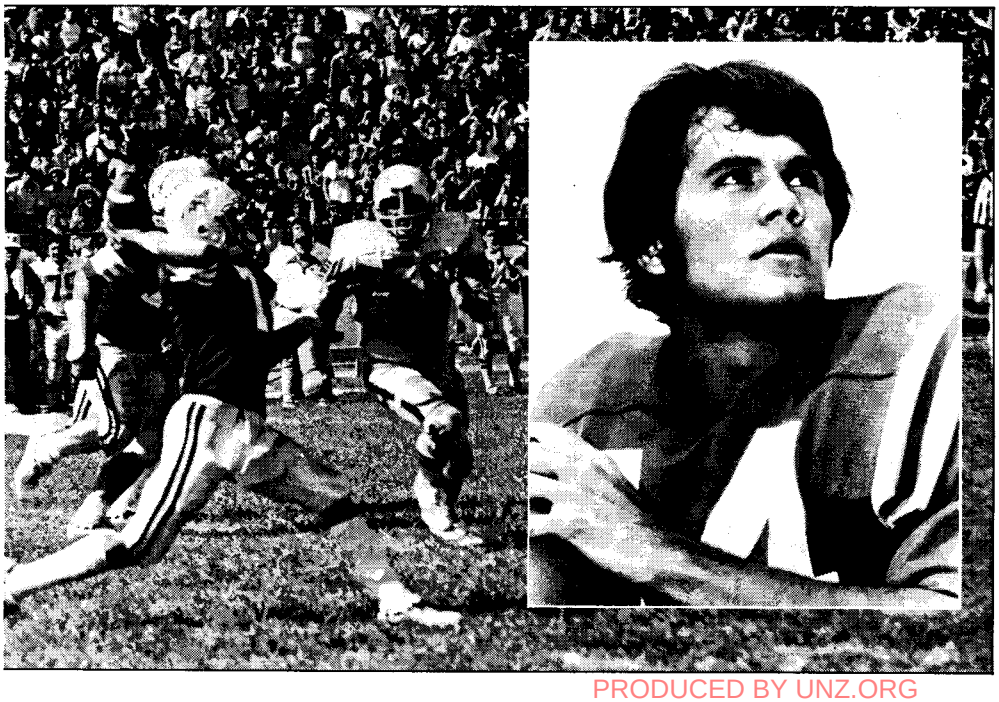
The administrators and patrons of this small liberal arts institution like to think of their football phenomenon as a kind of minor miracle, and their affiliation with the Assembly of God, an evangelical denomination with fundamentalist beliefs, makes them pretty much at home with miracles and other manifestations of the spiritual in the secular world. Evangel's gridiron ministers are out to save souls and, as 19th-century abolitionist Gamaliel Bailey declared, "Every believer is God's miracle."

Many of the Evangel players (nicknamed the Crusaders) left burgeoning careers at other schools for a football discipleship at Springfield. Intrigued at the prospect of combining their athletic and missionary talents, 25 players transferred immediately to Evangel when they heard a team was in the making. The Crusaders try to take God with them even into the fury of the scrimmage, a place where a turn-the-other-cheek philosophy seems somehow ill-advised. As a "spiritual warm-up," they pray before, after, and during the game. Out of town, they disperse to teach Sunday-school classes at area churches. Sometimes they even deliver the morning sermon.

In addition to their game schedule, the team conducts a series of "Alive" rallies, full-scale evangelistic affairs where they sing, accompanied by the Evangel College band, and give testimony. During their first season 2,000 religious fans turned out for a rally in St. Louis and 1,500 for a gathering in Kansas City.

But to bring the Word to a couple of thousand here and there was not enough for Evangel, and so the team has turned to television—with unexpected success.

Continued on following page



Evangel players give 100 percent on the field, says Coach Duron. (Right) Duron in his playing days at Louisiana Tech.

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WARNING!!!

THE CRASH IS COMING...AND SO ARE RUNAWAY INFLATION AND CIVIL TURMOIL! WILL A DICTATORSHIP AND GUN CONFISCATION BE NEXT?

"Historically, other nations have followed this pattern! America is rapidly heading the same way. What makes us believe that we can escape?" . . . NOW cautions international lecturer-consultant and economist Hans J. Schneider in his new 288 page book, TIMELY AND PROFITABLE HELP FOR TROUBLED AMERICANS. Written by one who has personally gone through all of this before, it is the RIGHT book at the RIGHT time—a lifesaver for the American people in this hour. In addition to his writings, many speeches in almost 100 countries as well as radio and television appearances have already stirred millions around the world.

How would you like to live in a nation where: A wheelbarrow of money barely buys a loaf of bread and prices on restaurant menus are meaningless because they jump higher while one is eating the meal.

Mr. Schneider comes from a country which, not long ago, experienced this economic nightmare of runaway inflation.

We are NOW facing worse times in America. Unfortunately, most people aren't ready. The dollar has been devalued somewhere between 75% and 90% since 1940. Inflation and taxes already consume most of your income. U.S. *taxpayers are now on the hook for at least* $7.5 trillion. Your personal share exceeds $150,000. Add to this a heavily margined stock market and a loan/deposit ratio in our banks at a similar level to the one just before the Great Depression, and you will see why we are living on borrowed time. But are YOU primed for what's ahead???

TIMELY AND PROFITABLE HELP FOR TROUBLED AMERICANS hits the bull's-eye! In it survival expert Hans J. Schneider reveals his proven plan for YOUR freedom and survival in the midst of economic and civil turmoil.

An extraordinary life uniquely qualified Hans to write it JUST FOR TIMES LIKE THESE! He endured much physical suffering and privation under two dictatorships, including 5 years under Communism. As his country struggled through another economic and political crash, a serious illness almost took his life. His father, a former industrialist, lost about $10 million overnight, was imprisoned and told that he would be shot the next day.

As thousands of a disarmed populace were murdered, conditions were so severe that they had to arrive at ingenious ways to survive, and solve food and clothing problems . . . let Mr. Schneider tell you about it.

Having survived terribly adverse circumstances many times, **he knows first hand what worked and what did not.** Why endure like hardships if you can learn from a man of such caliber? This invaluable knowledge will help you in similar times ahead.

Chapter 19, "Emergency Short-Term Survival," alone can save the lives of you and your loved ones. It is a crash course in the most essential areas if time is of the essence and things are caving in around you. In it the author gives you the best food tests derived from his own experience and in-depth research of various survival manuals. Knowledge of these tests is a MUST. The same lifesaving chapter will show you what to do when you get lost in the wild country, or if you were relocated from where you NOW live, and how to provide almost instant shelter and heat. You will receive vital information on **survival hunting, unusual remedies, first aid,** and **orientation.** Lists of essential items for the survival kit (most of which can be obtained locally and easily carried with you in times of emergency) are included.

Now discover how you can:

* Protect and increase your savings by inflation/depression-proof investments.
* Choose an exciting occupation **least** vulnerable to unemployment.
* Live simply for LESS and enjoy it MORE.
* Locate your place of refuge (things to look for, what to avoid).
* Be completely independent when energy sources give out by producing your own electricity without gasoline 5 different ways.
* Get in top physical condition with the right type of diet for your geographical location and lifestyle.
* Protect yourself from auto repair gimmicks and skyrocketing crime.
* Give your children a meaningful, thorough education in 2 hours a day without exposing them to dope, delinquency, racial problems and bad teachings.

. . . and **much,** MUCH more.

DO YOU KNOW??? What essential provisions to store, and how some can be used for barter? . . . What weed has a tremendous healing action for wounds and sores (page 45)? . . . Which animals are the most productive, *economical and easiest to care for?* . . . What advantages the Southern Hemisphere has to offer? . . . Why Hitler's onrushing military might never invaded Switzerland? . . . Why big cities will be places of increased terror in the coming years? . . . What usually follows gun registration? . . . Which investments will be a disaster in the near future? (Believe it or not, but the funds of many Americans are tied up in these.) . . . Why your savings accounts could be wiped out overnight?

Find the answers in **180** different concise sections. You will also read about **alternate lifestyles, weaponry,** and **defense tactics;** 6 simple, inexpensive ways to preserve your own food (one using just a needle and string! page 47); **and what is even more important for your physical survival than merely storing food** (see pages 214 and 248-249!).

Are you sick of it all? The rat race, pressures of modern-day living? Do you ever long for independence, your own home in the country with peace and quiet? THIS IS THE BOOK FOR YOU!

You'll learn how you can wisely select the right place to live in the stormy times ahead, **using the 3 "acid tests," his own unique, proven approach**—just like Mr. Schneider did! He lives in a beautiful place situated in the mountains by a spring-fed creek without utility bills, polluted air, chemicalized food, and noise.

Ever considered moving to another land? The author, who has lived abroad and travelled in nearly 100 countries, gives you the facts you need to know before incurring the formidable expense and effort of emigrating. He even explores yachting as a means of survival and **a way to see and live all over the world.**

In short, you'll discover in this book how to live better today and be more prepared for tomorrow.

NEWSPAPER AND READER COMMENTS

* "Sympathy and concern for an American populace headed toward what he feels is another period of 'hard times' prompted Hans J. Schneider to write **Timely and Profitable Help for Troubled Americans."—The Mail Tribune,** Medford, OR.

* "It is the best book I have read on the subject."—Dr. Marjorie Fry, Editor, Castle Rock, CO.

© 1978 WWPC

The amazing Hans J. Schneider sets out on another hunt in the "backyard" of his mountain hideaway.

* **"Timely** . . . is a good prescription for those of us who no longer expect any help from the failing institutions of this world and recognize that we must work out our own salvation—physical, mental and spiritual."—Dr. John R. Andrews, M.D., Ellijay, GA.

No wonder, the 1st edition enjoyed such an overwhelming demand from across the nation that it sold out within a matter of months. Now the 2nd, enlarged edition also features "Recipes from Our Mountain Home" and "Health Hints" which helped his wife, in the terminal stage of cancer 6 years ago, to *survive and enjoy life today.*

For just $6.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling, it can be yours—truly a bargain if you consider that this book was the result of 2 years of hard work and Mr. Schneider's hourly consultation fee is in the 3 figure bracket. (People around the world seek his advice on a wide range of subjects—should you desire to set up personal consultations with him, contact us.)

You may also wish Mr. Schneider's other books. **FLYING TO BE FREE,** "one of the most daring, exciting and life-changing **true** air adventure stories ever written," has a full-color cover, over 100 photos/illustrations, 256 pages and sells for $9.95. Hans was among the first German pilots licensed after WWII, trained by famous air aces. In this book he recounts his early barnstorming days, a very dangerous aviation mission through war-torn Europe into Africa, and some highlights of his world travels.

MASTERS OF LEGALIZED CONFUSION AND THEIR PUPPETS, an undisputed eye-opener written without compromise for only $1.45, completes the set. **All 3 books can now be obtained for only $17.95 postpaid** (you save $2.65!) **by taking advantage of this special offer.** Prompt shipment guaranteed.

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Neil Eskelin, Director of Development, and Evangel President Robert Spence conceived the TV idea while driving between Indianapolis and Flint in 1976. At that time the football team was still only a pipe dream, but at Evangel, dreams have a way of turning into realities.

"Evangel College Football" now originates at KMTC-TV studios in Springfield in a 60-minute format that includes films of the game and inspirational interviews with the coach and team. In its first season eight over-the-air and 200 cable stations in 14 states broadcast "Evangel College Football." Program administrators were forced to turn down requests from 50 independent cable operators because of insufficient manpower to duplicate and distribute tapes.

It's a great leap from obscurity to the limelight of the national TV screen but no one waved a magic wand and said, "Let there be football." Money played a decisive role. In fact, few had thought seriously of starting a team until a donor pledged a sizable amount and stipulated it must all go for a football team.

Of equal importance to the tithes, however, was the acquisition of Denny Duron as coach. A clean-talking, clean-living, mean-playing good guy, son of a Shreveport, Louisiana, pastor, in earlier days Duron was a star quarterback for Louisiana Tech, where he passed for 4,600 yards to lead Tech to a 24-1 record and two championships in the National Collegiate Athletic Association. But Duron considered his real victory at Tech the conversion to Christ of 45 of his football friends, a task he performed by personal example.

Duron, who co-hosts Evangel's media ministry, believes most people tune in to hear the testimonies of the players, like that of fullback Keith Barefield, who experienced a miraculous healing that allowed him to play in the first game of the season.

Early evidence that the team had faith-healing power came during spring practice when Del Ray Guynes' knee snapped out of place and the doctor diagnosed it as torn cartilage. The Crusaders gathered around the 20-year-old freshman and prayed for a healing. Later, the doctor examined him and found no evidence of cartilage damage and Guynes returned to play after two days.

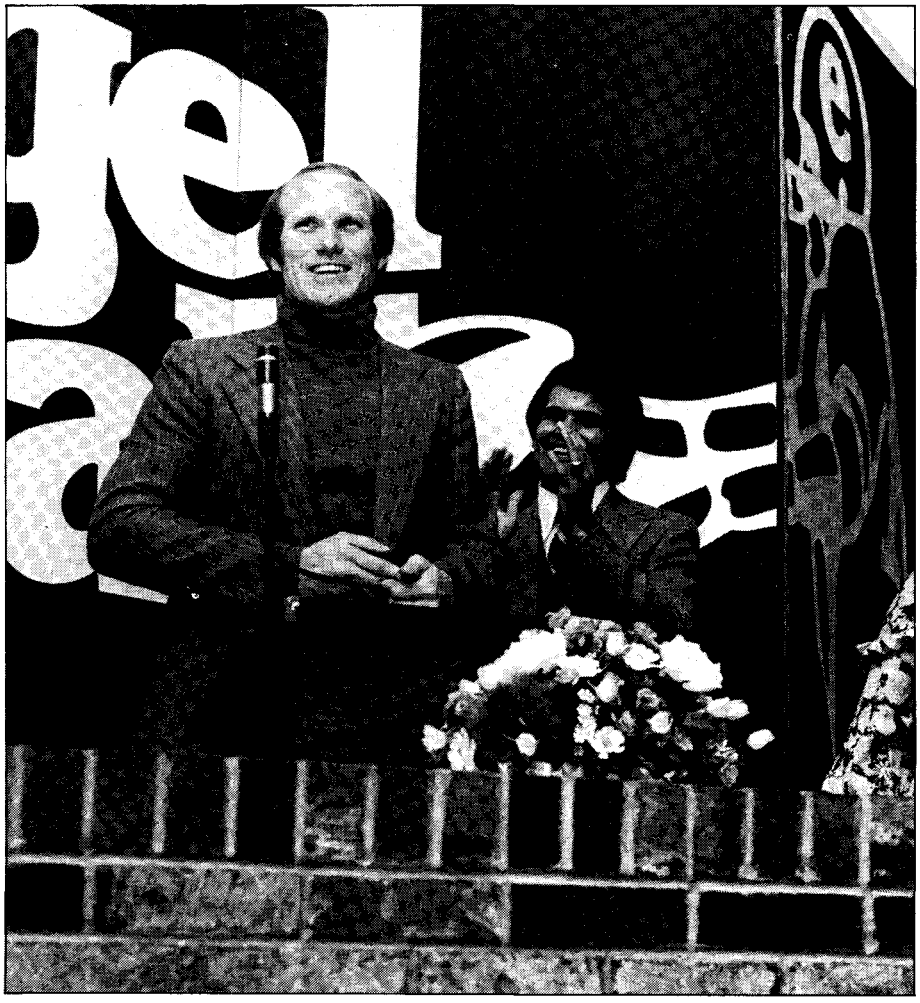
But the Crusaders are aiming mainly at spiritual cures, the kind that turn misdirected lives back to God, and television testimonies by coaches and players, they hope, will arouse renewed faith somewhere in the audience.

Fan mail for "Evangel College Football" is decidedly supportive, most of it coming from already devoted Christians; but now and then there's evidence of a newcomer to the fold, such as the Louisiana viewer who writes, "I love football and I never knew that Christianity went that far. I was really amazed. I really want to find out more. Maybe it just could be the answer."

Those in the know about Christian athletics find the Evangel phenomenon extraordinary. "There are quite a few schools that have basketball programs that do that kind of thing [evangelize]," says Skip Stogsdill, editor of the FCA magazine, *The Christian Athlete* "but for a little school like that to suddenly undertake a fairly significant football program—I would say that puts them in a new category."

Evangel College administrators give their new team at least partial credit for a sizable upsurge in enrollment at the school and are envisioning the day when the talent and enthusiasm may gel into a powerhouse squad. Meanwhile, Coach Duron is not at all chagrined that his team's early record shows a better aptitude for capturing souls than goals. "Win, lose, or draw," he says, "we are all victors with Him." Winning games and even championships may be only a matter of time for the Crusaders; but their other goal, to round up converts for God, will probably occupy them for a long time to come. ☆

Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback, Terry Bradshaw, will fund Evangel's quarterback scholarship for the next four years.



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SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ANCHORWOMAN!

Sure, a TV reporter signs autographs and says "cheese" to the camera. But she also chases after stories, writes scripts, edits film . . . .

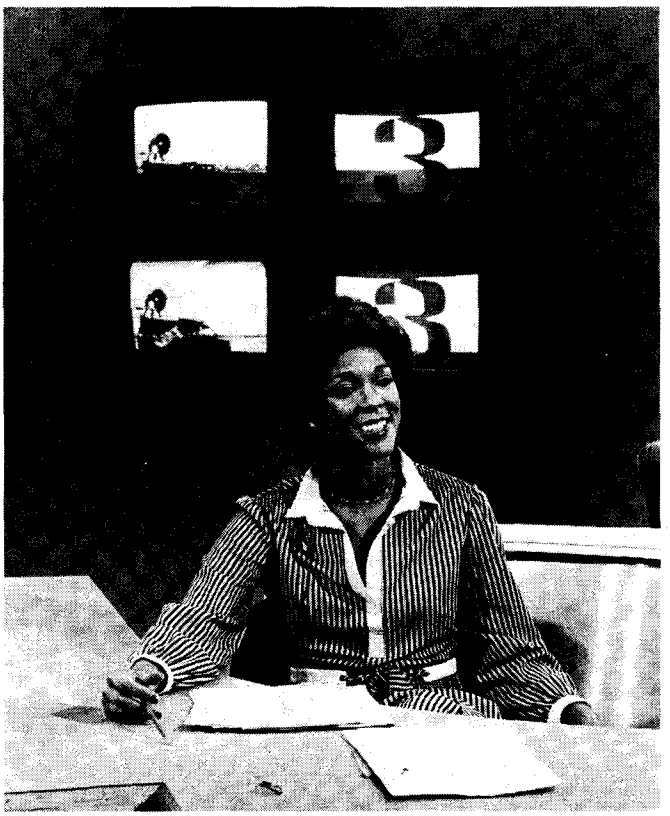
by Dolly Berry

Photography by Joan Ruggles

There was a time when every young American girl worth her sugar and spice coveted dreams of becoming a nurse, teacher, or homemaker. But dreams change, and some career-minded coeds are bypassing the hospital, classroom, and kitchen in favor of the bright lights of the television studio. Their goal? Anchorwoman. Just how glamorous such a profession is, seems to depend on from which side of the camera you're looking at it. For an inside peek, the Post *spent a day looking over the shoulder of Philadelphia's Beverly Williams.*

10:30 a.m.

The banner on the wall asks "Where will the Instant Eye take you tonight?" Beverly Williams smiles when she sees it, then grimaces as she approaches her paper-laden desk. As she gulps a cup of coffee from a Styrofoam cup and munches a bite of stale Danish, the telephone announces the first of many calls. Lifting the receiver to her ear, Beverly assumes an aura of professionalism. At 30, she is one of the envied elite in America . . . an anchorperson and reporter. For the last four years, her home away from home has been station KYW-TV in Philadelphia.



Bev Williams came to Philadelphia from Oregon, where she was co-anchor for a Portland TV newscast. She launched her career as a general assignment reporter at a radio station.

11:00 a.m.

To prepare herself for the noon news broadcast, Beverly must familiarize herself with the stories that were "hot" last night and which must be updated for today's first telecast. The phone hardly leaves her hand as she asks, "How many men were involved in the corruption scandal? When will the blockade be lifted from the radical headquarters? Is that warehouse fire believed to be arson?" Her fingers crouch over her typewriter keys as she begins preparing her script for the noon news.

Producer Don Shoultz motions for Bev to join him and co-anchorperson Roy Weissinger at the assignment board. The three of them decide which story will fit best into which segment of the news, where live minicam shots should be used, whether an auto accident is too gory to be shown, whether the Ben Vereen tape can be edited in time to make the 12:25 segment.

11:15 a.m.

Pushing the cold dregs of her coffee out of the way, Bev resumes the writing of her script. Within seconds of the completion of her first story, her script is made obsolete by the clattering teletype. Bev just shrugs as she aims the crumpled yellow sheet of copy at the wastebasket. It's happened many times before . . . on to the next one.

11:40 a.m.

With only 20 minutes left before going on the air, Beverly dashes to the dressing table to apply "television makeup." As she deftly puts on theatrical pancake, her mind is racing ahead to her opening segment. Blusher and eyeshadow are brushed on almost unconsciously as she concentrates on her script. A final fluff to her curls, a misting of hair spray, and it's eight minutes to air time. Lipstick in hand, she rushes for the elevator.

12:01 p.m.

There are three cameras focusing on Beverly as she reads her script from the teleprompter. She must be alert to every signal from the floor manager—as the red light comes on atop camera number two, Bev must turn toward that camera. She can relax for 30 seconds while Roy reads the next story, but must be ready with the following one as soon as he finishes.

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12:25 p.m.

The floor manager points a finger at Bev—her cue to wrap up the noon news. She tells the story of a little boy who was born with his heart outside his body. Surgeons at Philadelphia's Children's Hospital were confident that the baby would soon be able to go home for the first time in his two and a half years of life. On that upbeat note, Bev signs off for Roy and herself. The noon news is over . . . time now to get ready for 6:00.

12:40 p.m.

The assignment editor doesn't have a story for her yet, so Bev decides to attempt having lunch. Most days she doesn't have time, but maybe today she'll be lucky.

Homemade chili has always been one of her favorite foods, and the smell of it attracts her to the production department.

Just as she is about to bite into a piece of chili-soaked bread, she notices John Terenzio coming into the room. She takes one more fast slurp of fruit punch, and is discarding the rest of her chili even before John says anything. She knows she has to go. Another missed meal is no calamity.

1:05 p.m.

There's been a bank robbery in a wealthy Philadelphia suburb. The robber has been wounded by police gunfire. Bev grabs her tape recorder and notebook and runs for the elevator. The Instant Eye van, with camera crew aboard, is already waiting for her on the corner.

2:00 p.m.

After maneuvering through heavy traffic, the Instant Eye finally pulls up in front of the bank. Bev is puzzled by the lack of activity. When she attempts to open the bank's front door she finds that it's locked. A small handwritten note taped to the window says: "Bank closed due to robbery. Please use one of our other branches!" A white chalk outline on the sidewalk gives mute testimony—this is where the bank robber fell. An eyewitness gives Bev a brief account of the holdup. The cameramen film the blood spots near the chalk outline.

3:45 p.m.

Back in the Instant Eye van, Bev monitors the police radio. Suddenly she hears a bulletin: A child has fallen onto the railroad tracks and is injured. Bev hears the police calling for an ambulance. The Instant Eye is only a mile from the scene.

Beverly hangs on as the cameraman twists in and out of traffic. She jumps down from the van even before it comes to a full stop at the scene of the accident. She spots a little boy crying in the arms of a policeman.

3:55 p.m.

While paramedics hurry the child into the ambulance, Beverly questions the good samaritan who found the frightened boy and summoned aid for him.

As the paramedics cut the shirt from the child's chest, Beverly listens to find out what happened. The sobbing little boy tells her that he was playing about a block from there near the railroad tracks. He lost his balance, falling onto a live track.

4:35 p.m.

The Instant Eye speeds back toward the studio. It's going to be really tight. Bev wants the story to make the 6:00 news.

She sprints into the Eyewitness newsroom with a hurried wave to her colleagues, and heads for the editing booth.

5:15 p.m.

Scenes of the good samaritan, the little boy in the ambulance, and the railroad tracks flash before Bev's eyes as the videotape is run in slow motion. She cuts here, does a voiceover there . . . but she's still not satisfied with the result.

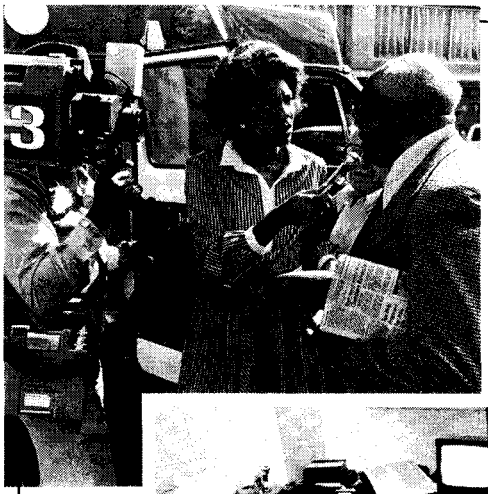
With minutes to go before air time, Bev gives the tape to the producer. After padding back to her desk in her bare feet, she watches herself on the 6:00 news and notices that she was given credit for securing an exclusive.

7:00 p.m.

Beverly Williams has finished most of her paperwork. She's returned most of the calls that came in while she was out on the street. She's made an attempt to answer most of her mail. Soon the air will heat up again in preparation for the 11:00 news. But for now, Bev can go home.

7:05 p.m.

The banner on the wall asks "Where will the Instant Eye take you tonight?" Beverly Williams knows the answer . . . she's been there.



Beverly knows all facets of her trade, from field reporting to film editing. Her story assignments have included such hard-hitting topics as an examination of the Women's Correctional Institute in Salem, Oregon, an investigation into the crime of child beating, and an investigative report on police brutality in the Philadelphia Police Department.

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DILEMMA IN DETROIT

Top automotive executives describe the problem of marketing to meet the law as the industry faces governmental regulation.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

The manufacture of automobiles has always had, by the nature of its tradition, an aura of excitement and creative daring to it.

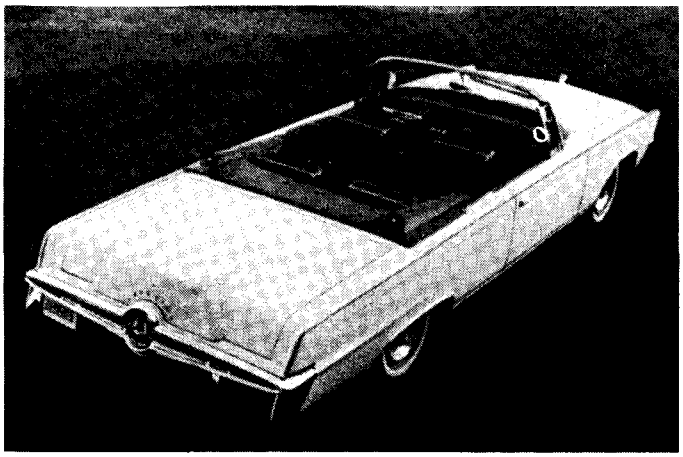
Several thousands of makes have come and gone since the turn of the century. Some of them even today—nonexistent as they are—cause strong men at the very mention of their names to blanch and shed a tear into their beer—Locomobile, Winton, Marmon, Auburn, Cord, Duesenberg. Others are as dead and even more forgotten than the dodo—names like Imp, Kiblinger, and Rauch-Lang.

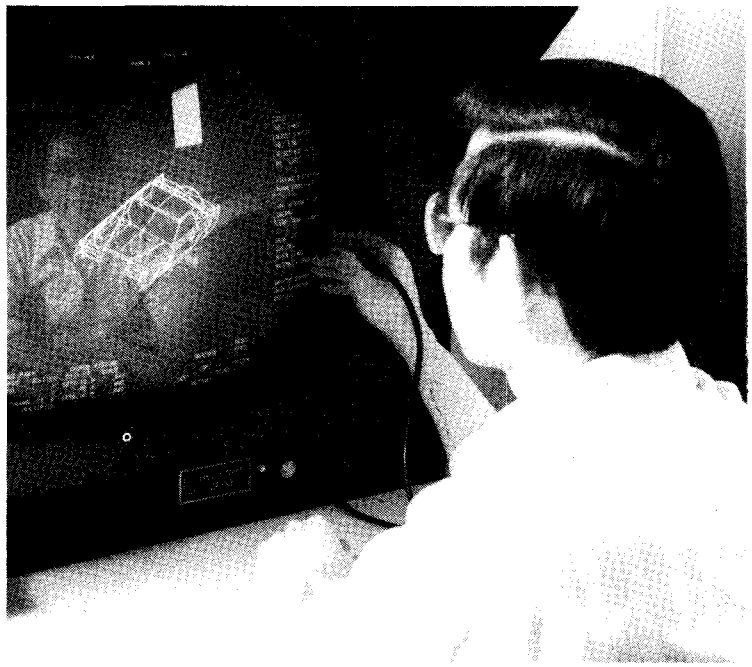
Yet the excitement of the early days still lingers in Detroit. Consider the facts of the industry's growth for just a moment: There was a time, as was recently noted during the 75th anniversary of the Ford Motor Company, when that company faced a serious cash flow crisis. Its bank balance stood at a shaky $233.64 and was only stabilized by the check for $850.00 from Chicago dentist Ernst Pfennig, the very first person to buy a Ford. Now, the same company has a fair share of the 1978 market of an approximate 11.2 million cars and a record 4 million trucks sold, all of which will bring the total of automotive sales to a pretty pfennig.

Meanwhile, the number of car manufacturers has shrunk from those thousands, as one automobile executive says, to a situation where the Big Three—or Four—have subtly become the Big Five, Six, Seven, or Eight. (Numbers five through eight are importers.) And these vehicles tool about 1.3 trillion miles per year over the public highways of the United States.

The enormous progress of the industry, to the point where the automobile now ranks as a part of the family beyond its being merely the favorite transportation, has amplified the color of the first days. Our cities of America can be categorized, if you like to dabble in oversimplification, in a number of ways. San Francisco: seafood and Golden Gate; Chicago: big conventions and modern architecture; Boston: baked beans and culture; New Orleans: jazz and jambalaya. But only two cities, Washington and Detroit, have emerged as such distinct personalities that they *speak* for an entire entity. Washington *is* government. "Washington says . . ." notes the newspaper, and we know exactly what the subject is. And Detroit *is* automobiles. "Detroit says . . ." notes the newspaper, and we know immediately that it is, in effect, the automobile speaking. These are the words of wheels.

Detroit assumes this. The local newspaper does not fool around with lesser subjects such as minor wars in faraway places. The subject is here and now and the automobile industry. In my Detroit newspaper this morning is a report on the 10-day and 20-day current sales of General Motors Corpora-





(Above) A 1965 Chrysler Imperial, one of the last models produced without reference to government regulations. (Right) In the struggle to maintain creative design in the face of federal restrictions, Ford uses computer graphics to select design options.

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tion, Ford Motor Company, Chrylser Corporation, and American Motors Corporation, and a total for all U.S. industry car sales. Avis claims it is Number One in car rentals; a Hertz spokesman is not inclined to agree. There is a car test on a new recreational vehicle by Harvester. There is a feature on the Clennet automobile, a $55,000 handcrafted roadster which sports "teakwood accents" on the body and a passel of other elegant touches.

But in Detroit this is strictly breakfast table talk, something to savor and mutter over along with the breakfast coffee. The real dialogue is between the two city personalities I mentioned earlier. Washington is talking to Detroit: The subject is law and the wheel.

"How can you make an automobile with a social conscience?" asks a top executive who probably would rather not be credited for a quip which strikes mighty close to the nerve. Because that is the something intermixed with the excitement of making automobiles these days—the perplexity of trying to put out cars that will conform to the relatively new and rigorous government standards, and still appeal to the public with all the beauty and engineering savvy of the good old days. "The good old days" is my own designation—no one in Detroit that I heard speak on the subject of regulation voices anything but a determination to sell cars and stay within the law at the same time, no matter what he might like to say about the situation in private. The prevailing note is one of determination.

The automobile industry demonstrates its own stature by such reactions to what the government has placed in its way. I have in my hand as I write, for example, a prickly little devil of a booklet, entitled *Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards* (revised, 1977) which reaches Standard No. 302 on page 18: "Flammability of Interior Materials—Passenger Cars, Multipurpose Passenger Vehicles, Trucks, and Buses."

But the world, in truth, has changed for Detroit. "Howya gonna keep 'em back on the farm after they've seen Paree?" is now translated as "Howya gonna sell 'em cars the way they want 'em when you can't make 'em the way they want 'em?"

American automobile manufacturers have always been very proud. From the outset, they strove to combine what the customer wanted with everything on the engineering side which could provide safety as well as performance. There was no holding back—there could not be—in such a competitive market. And, justifiably, they felt that they were doing a good job at it. But the lack of definite accident data to help them make judgements and pursue new lines of research was a problem. Safety researchers of the 1930s, '40s, and even the '50s tended to view accidents as primarily a driver behavioral problem. In highway research, confusion existed over what constituted safe roadway design; and virtually no research had been conducted to establish any links between vehicle causation factors and accidents.

Mr. Sydney L. Terry, vice-president of Public Responsibility and Consumer Affairs at Chrysler Corporation, personifies somewhat in his own career what has happened on the safety scene. His current title has a contemporary ring. In the past, Mr. Terry has been immersed in automobile design, engineering, and marketing, and this has made something of a philosopher out of him as well as an executive who is well out in the midst of current responsibilities for his company in matters of public safety.

"During the early days after World War II, we at Chrysler had to figure out a better way to incorporate our engineering know-how and expertise into a product that still had the styling and other attractive features in which the customer was most interested. They were interested in engineering excellence, but by that time it was *expected* of the manufacturer—it was no longer enough to have a reputation for engineering

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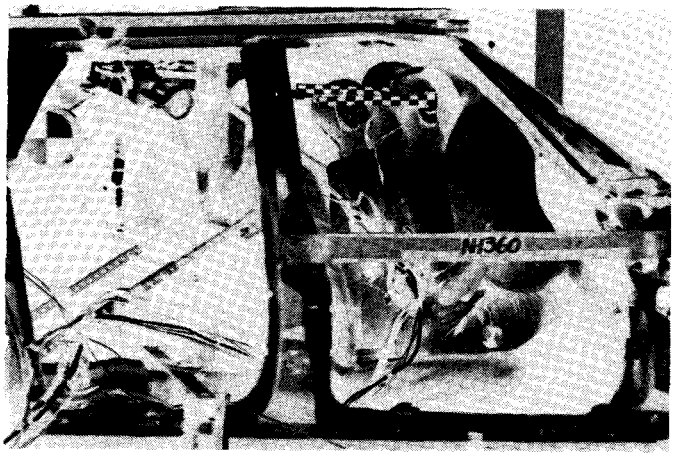

(Above) In a rigidly controlled crash sequence involving dummies as passengers, the General Motors air cushion restraint system is tested. (Right) Living passengers are protected by inflated cushions of air which emerge from steering wheel hub and instrument panel.

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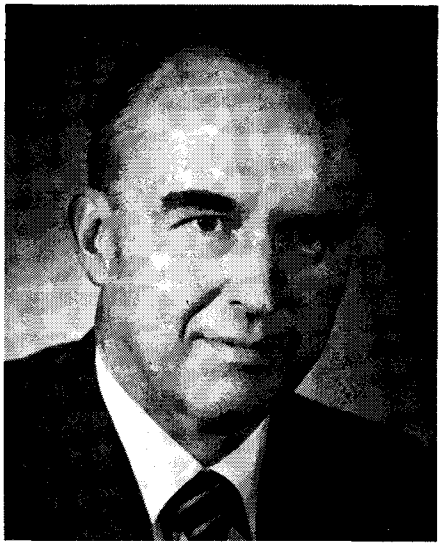

S. L. Terry, Chrysler: "Product planning consists of trade offs for most value."

William O. Bourke, Ford: "We are responding to social needs as best we can."

Louis C. Lundstrom, GM: "The car that we're driving today is extremely safe."

alone. In the early '50s, when we first started to bring out new cars after the war shortages, cars were pretty stodgy. We were struggling to make our cars more attractive styling-wise and market-wise, and yet keep our engineering sound. In the process we moved into several levels of emphasis: first on styling itself, then into product planning—being a more rational way of combining all the factors that cause cars to appeal to people—to evaluate all the things which make them feel they're getting the most for their money.

"Product planning is really a business of trade offs, hopefully winding up with the trade off which gives the customer most of what he wants for his dollar. We had it down to a science even in those days. We would take a given improvement and compare the cost of that improvement with the extra dollars of service which the customer might expect to get out of it, and establish a ratio from our findings. If the ratio was three to one, in favor of putting the thing in (in the customer's favor), then we would do it; but if it was only two to one, we'd concentrate on something else.

"There was no use in putting a whole lot of features on a car and ending up with a price which was higher than the customer could afford. We were using market surveys at that time and were using them in a pretty scientific way. But we found out pretty early that we could not discover what a customer wanted just by asking him. The minute you ask somebody what he wants, he becomes an expert and will tell you not what he wants but what he thinks he *should* want or what society *expects* him to want. People will do this when they're asked questions about almost anything. But there are a number of ways to find out what they really think.

"What it all boiled down to in the business of selling cars, however, was that, although you could go ahead with all of the marketing research devices that you could think of, the manufacturer actually had to prove his leadership by getting out there with the ideas that the customer would like, at the time he would like them. The automobile business—above and beyond the underlying requirements of sound engineering and attractive styling—has to make some daring assumptions as to what the public will like.

"That's the way it was, at least until the middle of the 1960s. The automobile business was trying to put out attractive, yet safe, cars as its normal procedure. But then the subject of environment began to attract more attention. In California, terrain, atmospheric conditions, and an expanding automobile population combined to dramatize engine emissions in terms of air pollution and health. It became a matter for societal consideration as to what kind of an automobile was being built in an effort to control this emission factor. So the government stepped in, and, ultimately, we had regulations controlling emissions not only in California but throughout the country.

"There followed a new consciousness of what safety factors could prevent automobile accidents and minimize damage when one occurred. The time had arrived when it was thought desirable for government and the automobile industry to have to work together to find the answers to these problems. That turning point was in 1965. The old days, when all we had to do was engineer a car soundly and make it attractive enough to sell, were over. We had still to accomplish all these things, but now we had to do it under legislation which affected how we did them."

Over at the General Motors offices in Detroit, the story continues with Mr. Louis C. Lundstrom, Executive Director of the Environmental Activities Staff.

"By 1965 the auto industry had already made many improvements in cars. For competitive reasons they came out with innovations, whether for safety or comfort or convenience, to give the customer a choice of factors and make him come back for another car. But in the mid-1960s the government decided that it should have something more to say about the automobile and highway safety, so legislation was passed to put our industry under more control than we had ever been in the past. One of the first things they did was to recognize the standards that exist-

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FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S MASTERPIECE

Fallingwater, just a two-hour drive from Pittsburgh, was once derided as a dream on the verge of collapse.

by David L. McKown

Born in the valley of a rushing mountain stream in the softwood forests of western Pennsylvania's Laurel Highlands, a product of the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright, it clung to the rocky cliff and was nourished by native sandstone and timber. Sons of the rugged mountains fed it, tended it, and shaped its development until it reached adulthood. It still lives deep in that valley, cooled by the mist from the waterfall, and is acknowledged as one of the greatest architectural achievements of modern man. Its name is Fallingwater, and it is among the world's best known private residences.

Wright's Tokyo hotel withstood the shock of earthquakes. Here the challenge was esthetic—to fuse the character of a private residence with its natural surroundings. Result: a home admired by all. It is a triumph of function expressed in space and form.

For many years, Fallingwater was the weekend and summer home of Edgar J. Kaufmann, owner of a successful Pittsburgh department store. Since 1963, its hospitality has been extended to visitors from around the globe.

The beauty and significance of Fallingwater can best be appreciated by knowing the three unique elements which converged to create it: the personalities of Edgar J. Kaufmann and Frank Lloyd Wright, and the era of the Great Depression. In the '20s, the Kaufmann store purchased 1,600 acres in the Highlands for use as an employee recreation complex. Mr. Kaufmann built a small cabin there for his family's use.

The Depression soon made the difficult five-hour journey from Pittsburgh impractical and the complex was closed. With the future in mind, Edgar Kaufmann purchased the land himself, and as the hard times came to an end and the Highlands became more and more developed, he decided to abandon his original cabin and build another further back in the forest.

The Depression also had had its effects on Frank Lloyd Wright. In Spring Green, Wisconsin, the man many Europeans considered this country's greatest architect was without a commission. For the past several years, the combination of economic conditions and Wright's unconventional lifestyle had prevented all but two of his designs from being realized in stone and mortar.

In order to maintain financial solvency and to teach others his bold, inspiring architectural concepts, Wright opened a fellowship school in his home. Here he taught the mastery of space and form and the utility of function. Here he taught that a building should belong to the land, rather than intrude upon it.

His teachings made such an impression on one of his students that, when his father's business required the services of an architect, Edgar J. Kaufmann, Jr., introduced the two. The relationship between architect and client, between artist and businessman, grew into one of friendship and mutual trust. It became only natural, then, that Frank Lloyd Wright was asked to design the new forest home.

The site the Kaufmanns had selected provided a lovely view of the Bear Run waterfall, deep in a highland valley. Wright, however, had another idea. He saw "a beautiful forest, a solid rock ledge rising beside a waterfall. . . . The natural thing seemed to be to cantilever the house from that rock bank over the falling water." In Wright's vision, there would be only the continuous sound of their rushing flow to indicate the presence of the falls since there would be no view of them from the house. The home would grow out from the cliff, be composed of horizontal shapes, and blend into and become part of the natural forms of the forest.

It took a client of remarkable foresight and artistic sense, as well as a confidence in his own place in the world, to accept a design so radically different from his own initial desires and clearly foreign to conventional thought. Indeed, after prospective contractors reviewed the plans, they assured Mr. Kaufmann that the design was totally inadequate and the house had virtually no chance of stand-

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ing on its own.

Wright's response was characteristic. When construction was completed in 1936 and the last brace was removed, not only did the pillars not topple, not only did the trays not crash into the valley, but one living room wall was particularly noteworthy in its upright stance. It contained, like an Egyptian tomb, the ceremoniously interred remains of all those contractors' unfavorable reports.

The lines of Wright's habitat harmonize with the surrounding forest, reflecting his lifelong conviction that architecture should not intrude upon the environment. The interior has no walls as such, creating an effect of total openness in unity with the forest.

A visit to Fallingwater begins with a walk along a gravel path down into the Bear Run valley. The way descends gently and tall maple, oak, and elm tower above. The rush of the falls can be heard as the path approaches the house. Suddenly, Fallingwater appears. Its massive apricot-colored decks seem to float in space over the falls, as their cantilevered construction requires no supports. Three great trays of reinforced concrete, stacked one above the other, are separated by layered pillars of gray-tan Pennsylvania sandstone from a nearby quarry. There are no walls as such. Rather, the spaces between the sandstone supports are filled with glass, held in place by the minimum number of venetian-red metal frames. The effect is one of total openness, and a unity with the forest.

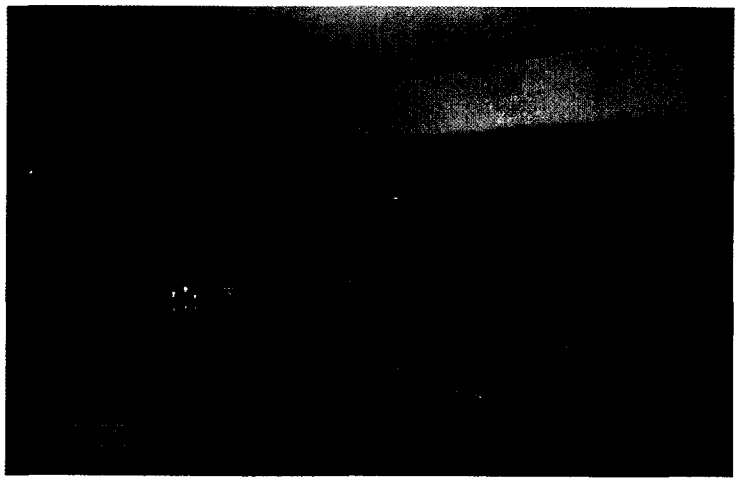
The falls are directly under the main deck, which constitutes the first level of the house. Supports extend back over the drive and are anchored in the solid rock cliff behind. From this level, stairs descend into a pool of mountain water, protected from the flow of the run. When it was time to remove the wooden bracing which had been supporting this massive overhang during construction, the contractor refused, certain that his men would be crushed in the ensuing collapse. Wright, then nearly 70 years old, marched down into the valley and, by standing next to the workman who destroyed the supports, reaffirmed his design. Over the years, the deck has shown no signs of instability, although it has witnessed several floods and must withstand the weight of heavy snow each winter.

A short bridge provides access to the entrance of the house. The entranceway is rather dark and narrow, in contrast to the breathtaking expanse of light and space encountered next. This is the main living area of the home. There are no walls dividing it into small, neat functional spaces. This is one of the essentials of Wright's work: architecture based on space rather than substance. He disliked the confinement of walls that made "little boxes" of a building. Consequently, two locations in the area are furnished with comfortable couches and chairs, a desk occupies another space, the dining area occupies another, and a music center yet another. The open spaces between them allow activity to move freely.

The focus of the whole is the magnificent fireplace. Its hearth is a living boulder of the cliff, left in place as an integral part of the design. The waxed flagstone floor is set slightly beneath the level of this primal surface, and extends from it toward all the other centers of activity.

The majority of the exterior walls are of glass and metal. So strict was Wright about avoiding the suggestion of a box, that there is no framing of the corners. Here, glass meets glass, giving the impression of there being no corner at all.

Most of the furniture in the house was designed by Wright. It is built-in where possible and maintains the horizontal orientation of the whole structure. Near the dining table, stairs lead to the upper levels of the house. There the bedrooms, studies, and baths occupy two additional cantilevered decks, stacked on top of each other and positioned progressively toward the cliff as their weight counters that of the great first-level patios overhanging the falls. Each bedroom has its own terrace, again an extension of the concrete tray. A huge fireplace graces one wall of the master bedroom.



Perhaps in response to the pervasive claustrophobic aura of the Great Depression, Wright designed the living area of Fallingwater with space in mind. No walls divide it into cubicles.

Everywhere can be seen traces of Wright's obsession with openness. The one exception seems to be the low ceiling height, which sometimes crowds visitors. But this, too, was part of Wright's overall scheme of architecture. He was determined to make his buildings "human scale." Of course to Wright this meant scaled to 5 feet 8 inches—*his* height. Had he been 6 feet 2 inches, Fallingwater would certainly not look the same.

Leading from the sec-

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John Connally, standing high in government, business, and the law, often says with a touch of wistfulness: "I could be a pretty good full-time rancher." He proves his point part of the time at his 9,000-acre Picosa Ranch southeast of San Antonio.

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THE RISING STAR OF JOHN CONNALLY

There's a tide running in favor of the former Cabinet member and Governor of Texas which could carry him as far as the White House in 1980.

by Paul Rosenfield

A mild South Texas breeze eased through the open ranch wagon, leaving wisps of the driver's silvery hair in disarray. Almost with a single motion, he raised his broad-brimmed hat with one hand and brushed back the unaligned strands around his right temple.

A corral reflex? Cowboys do that when they get thrown in a rodeo or when they have trouble calming a stallion.

But the driver showing off the land of his ancestors is the suave and handsome statesman, John Bowden Connally, and comparing him with the men who tamed the West stops here. He has, in his 61 years, nurtured the stamina, the fortitude, and the vision that could easily have placed him in those ranks. Predictably, the land is the source of his wealth—not modest, yet not awesome in Texas. He often observes that he could have been "a pretty good full-time rancher."

John and Nellie Connally, campus sweethearts at the University of Texas 40 years ago, save a few hours for themselves in their Houston home in River Oaks. She understands and has always known that she married "a very public man who will never retire."

Along the way, however, John Connally gave up the sandy countryside of his beloved Wilson County in favor of law and leadership in Texas and in the nation's capital. The choice augured well for the lanky Connally, even at the University of Texas at Austin late in the Depression years. President of the student body, aid to Lyndon B. Johnson as Congressman and as U.S. Senator, Secretary of the Navy under John F. Kennedy, three-time Governor of Texas, and Secretary of the Treasury for Richard M. Nixon—those are the Connally milestones; yet on weekends and rare vacations as he wheels around the dusty streets of Floresville (population 4,000), 50 miles southeast of San Antonio, there persists the unfounded feeling that John Connally is a Texas rancher and nothing more—despite the fact that his interests and career have almost as many facets as Texas has counties.

Connally is plateaus removed from his old mentor, LBJ. He is as conversant on gemstones and antiques as on wines and music. Others might detect it, but Texans hear no vestige of Connally's Texas accent. When he was Governor (1962-1968), a comment often made was, "He just looks like a governor." He dislikes gimmickry and must have winced when LBJ, the man to whom he owes much of his career, showed photographers an operation scar or lifted a dog by its ears.

Connally's world travels for business and pleasure have reinforced an already sturdy platform for his image and respect. His connections and friends in both major political parties form solid stepping-stones for whatever Connally wants to step to, including the presidency. For years a Democrat and, since May of 1973, a Republican, Connally has friends who say he has kept ajar all the doors and perhaps a window or two to the White House.

People believe John Connally and that is a major source of his strength. He insists he doesn't know if he will seek the Republican nomination. "I'm not going to approach a decision until after the November elections this year. If I decide which way to go, then I'll announce my decision in 1979; and if I decide to seek the nomination, I'll get after it." Connally's voice is firm, the rhetoric rolling out in the manner of John F. Kennedy.

Many who have basked in the Connally aura through the years are convinced the GOP must have him to win in 1980. Federal District Judge John Singleton of Houston, a Connally intimate for

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42 years in political wars on the campus and throughout the nation, never minces words: "He's a dynamic leader, the strongest man for the presidency."

But the Connally of today reiterates a statement he made in 1976: "The White House need never get any closer."

During the week Connally is the essence of a confident corporate lawyer officing in Houston's First City National Bank building on Main Street. His suits, which he selects himself, are conservatively apropos and not overpriced (rarely more than $250). If he wears a hat to the office, it is Madison Avenue snap brim, not Western. He is equally at ease in a tuxedo or ranch attire. His power is felt on all eight floors occupied by the 280-attorney firm of Vinson & Elkins, the second largest law assemblage in the nation and known simply as V-E. Here, Connally is a senior partner, serves on the nine-member executive committee, and his associates openly wonder at the accounts brought in by his name alone.

His nine-year-old Mercedes cuts a familiar swath in the morning haze through Houston's stacked traffic, as it meanders the miles downtown from Connally's home in River Oaks, the city's fanciest enclave. The house is comfortable, yet not massive compared to some of the neighbors'.

Often, Connally's office lights burn late because of days filled

John Connally is never more content than when he is surveying his ranch domain on horseback. This is Texas peanut country, but the Connally acres have been greened-up to support livestock and peach orchards.

The Connally profile comes clear at Picosa. The "look of eagles" was a phrase coined for him to describe his direct gaze, his air of leadership under any condition.

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with executive meetings and telephone calls from all over the world—the Caribbean, South America, Saudi Arabia, Chicago, New York, the West Coast. A cordon of secretaries tries to structure his work days but usually fails, making nine o'clock dinners the norm for John and Nellie Connally, the campus sweetheart he married 38 years ago.

Weekends are special for Connally, mainly because he can sever himself from law, politics, and business, where friends and would-be friends are legion. He often muses, "It's nice to be wanted, but sometimes. . . ."

These saved and uncluttered hours are usually spent at the 9,000-acre Connally spread seven miles west of Floresville—Picosa Ranch—not alone, but with Nellie, the three children, their spouses, and seven grandchildren. Connally refuses to be an absentee rancher, and at Picosa he dons jeans and cowboy boots, keeps his wide-brimmed hat handy, and is fully his own man, the relaxed land and cattle baron of Wilson County, the patriarch who makes most big decisions about the ranch. The acreage is worth several millions but has never been a big money-maker.

A son-in-law, Robert C. Ammann III, who married Sharon Connally, 28, is ranch manager. He gets help when he needs it from Mark Connally, 26, executive vice-president of the First National City Bank of Floresville.

At last year's Western Heritage Sale in Houston, a Connally Santa Gertrudis bull, John B., brought $33,000. Left to right: Nellie and John Connally, Anne and Mark Connally, John B. Connally III and his wife, Tracy, Sharon Connally Ammann, and Robert C. Ammann III.

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The other Connally son, John B. III, 31, is a Houston attorney, but not with his father's firm. When Connally can, he shepherds the entire group to the ranch.

At Christmas, the family opens presents around the 15-foot tree in Picosa's two-story beamed living room and den. In summer, the Connallys play around the 25-foot backyard pool, a showplace in the peanut country of Wilson County. Sometimes, the family piles into a ranch wagon or two, or the adults might mount horses to check out the livestock, the stands of coastal Bermuda grass, some of the 3,000 peach trees, or perhaps the flowers and shrubs Nellie has planted. Unlike his neighbors, Connally does not plant his acreage in peanuts. Pecan and live oak trees, many of them centuries old, canopy the ranch house backyard, protecting the group from the searing Texas sun. When the spirit moves her, Nellie Connally prepares hamburgers and a family (and Texas) favorite, refried beans, for lunch. The ranch has no full-time servants.

Massive trees at the Connally boyhood home in Floresville frame a nostalgic setting for Nellie and John Connally. Here, John and the other Connally children ran the few steps to the street to wave to their father on his bus route from San Antonio to the Rio Grande Valley during the Depression years.

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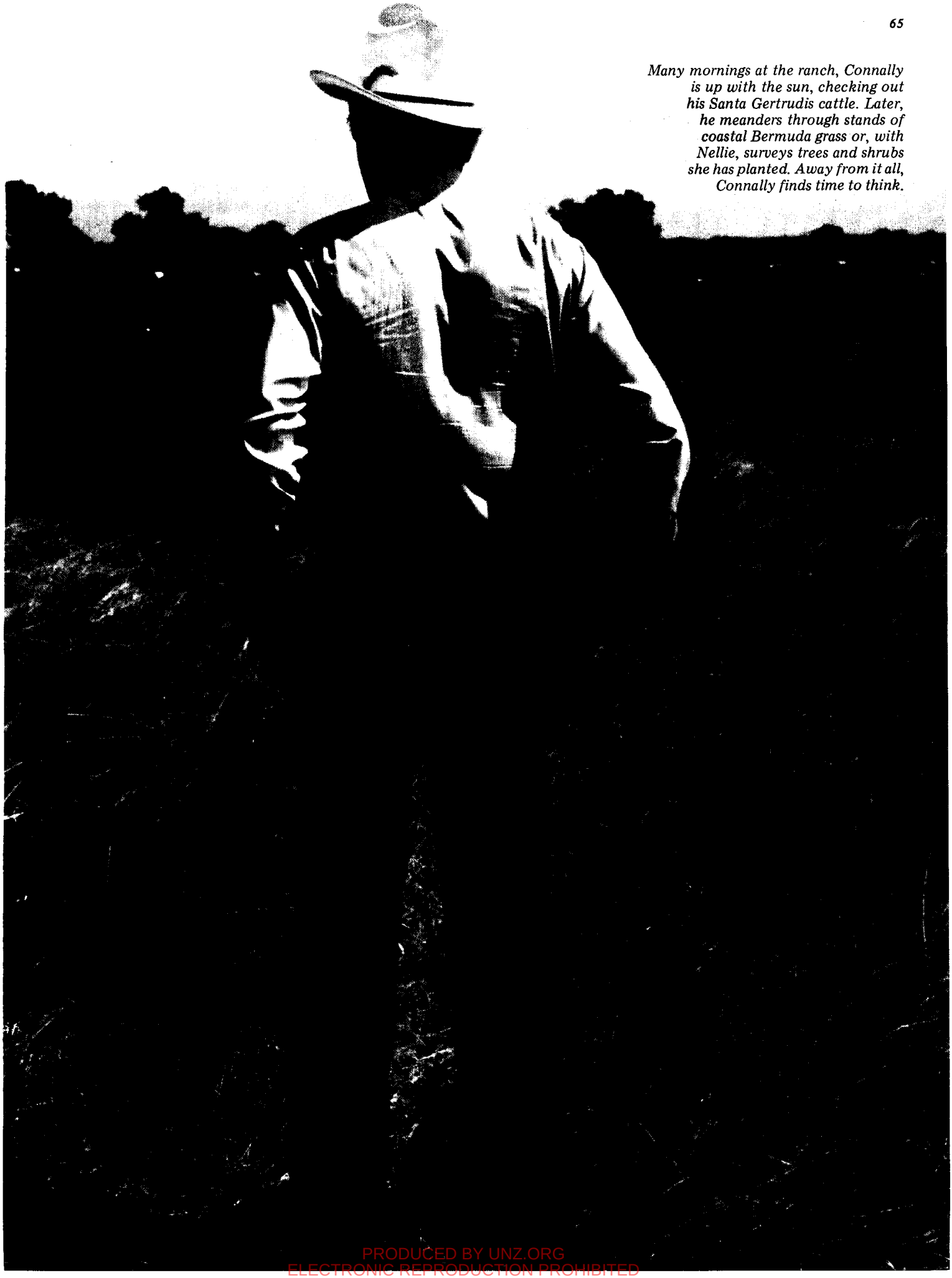

Many mornings at the ranch, Connally is up with the sun, checking out his Santa Gertrudis cattle. Later, he meanders through stands of coastal Bermuda grass or, with Nellie, surveys trees and shrubs she has planted. Away from it all, Connally finds time to think.

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but a secretary is there to answer telephones.

Picosa visitors occupy the comfortable guest house near the pool and may get Connally's guided tour of Floresville in a ranch wagon. He points out every house his parents lived in, especially the small frame place where he and the others stood to wave to their father, John, Sr., as he drove his bus from San Antonio to the Rio Grande Valley, Texas' verdant citrus and vegetable region near the Mexican border. Besides John, there were Stanford, Carmen, Golfrey, Merrill, Wayne, Blanche, and their mother, Lela Connally.

"That one-bus outfit made money in those years," Connally recalls. "It was before the Depression, but even when the Depression came, people here didn't especially feel it. This town had been poor forever."

Connally stops the car at a frame house built almost on the street. "This is my great-grandfather's place, the Haddox place on my mother's side of the family. He was the only grandfather I ever knew because both of my real grandfathers died when they were young men. My dad used to sit on this porch and talk to him, and I just wish I had sat there and listened more instead of going out somewhere and doing the things youngsters do."

In downtown Floresville, another stop, this time in front of a giant plaster peanut, a chamber of commerce tribute to the county's main crop. Connally grins, the magnetic smile flashing across his tanned face and making him look younger.

"Not many people remember that I was King Reboog the First. That's 'goober' spelled backwards, and it was in 1938, the year of the county's first peanut festival."

Often visitors do not know how to answer that one, so it's back to the two-story, matched-stone ranch house, worlds from anything his parents imagined. Not until John Connally was a senior at the University of Texas did they have electric lights. A heart attack claimed his father in 1950 at the age of 62, and Lela Connally, his 88-year-old mother, is a resident of a rest home operated by Connally's sister, Mrs. Carmen Hicks, at Bandera in the Texas hill country.

Everything about Picosa relaxes and appeals to Connally, and the family may soon start spending even more time there. Earlier this year, the four-bedroom Connally home on Montego Bay in Jamaica was sold because the family rarely used it. The Picosa herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle has been cut in half (to 750) and Connally likes what he has heard about real estate prices in New England. He also is eyeing the ranch country of the Far West and British countryside estates, but feels they are all "so far away."

Picosa can't really be a hideaway; everybody in Wilson County knows when the Connally clan is there. For one thing, the airplane is parked on the landing strip several hundred yards from the house. That is the best way to get there from Houston.

But few intrude on the area's favorite son, and the solitude gives Connally time to think. The result is ideas of his future and how it might be tied to the nation's. Many Texas Democrats avow, whether asked or not, that had Connally not switched parties to become a Republican, he would be in the White House today. Connally calls that idea "dead wrong" and doesn't listen to it.

"It's immaterial which party I'm in because I never played my cards for personal advancement politically," he says. "I have responded solely to my own philosophy in my career. The point was, and is, that the Democrats and their leadership are on a program of more spending, deficit spending, and more government controls. Bureaucracy is wrong and I wouldn't want to be President and have to advocate any program like that. That is why I quit the Democrats."

Even so, Connally feels his friendship with LBJ would have endured had he lived and Connally continues a warm relationship with Lady Bird.

Every potential president has uttered Connally's thoughts about seeking the job, but most do so without benefit of his flourish.

"I have never had Potomac fever and I do not have it now. It just has nothing to do with personal ambitions; but it would be foolish for any individual not to recognize the power of the office," Connally says. "The opportunity for service and the opportunity to give a degree of leader-

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The man on horseback takes to the air in his private plane. Once as a guest in a friend's plane buffeted by dangerous weather, Connally sat quietly reading his paper while the others quivered. Asked later about how he felt during the storm, the former aircraft officer in World War II and ex-Secretary of the Navy quietly replied: "Scared to death."

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John Connally's tough-minded, outspoken championing of national integrity has won him widespread respect among those who want strong Presidential leadership. They credit him with strength of purpose, clarity of vision, and courage to deal decisively with inflation at home and communism abroad. To growing numbers of Americans, he seems the man most capable of restoring greatness to the White House.

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NEW MECCA FOR FACE-LIFTS

Need a nose-bob? Tummy-tuck? Hip-hike? The coconut grapevine touts the talents of a snip-and-stitch expert located in beautiful downtown Tahiti.

by Norma Lee Browning

Move over, dear Ivo. A transplanted Pygmalion from Paris is stealing your sags, bags, and bodyworks in a posh new face-lift and rejuvenation clinic in—of all places—downtown Papeete, Tahiti, now the "in" place for the Beautiful People hell-bent on staying forever young.

Ponce de Leon would have been green with envy. And Rio's Dr. Ivo Pitanguy (pronounced Pee-tang-ee), known to one and all as "dear Ivo," socialite superstar of plastic surgeons who has an international reputation and clientele to match (he's most famous for bottoms, bellies, and breast reduction), may soon have a lot more time to spend skiing in Gstaad.

Until recently all the best people were making the Rio connection for the "Pitanguy Look" in everything from nose-bobs to trimmed derrieres. Today they're making the pilgrimage to Papeete for the "Lintilhac Lift," performed by a darkly handsome, 59-year-old refugee from outrageous taxes and too much work at his clinics in Cannes and Paris. Dr. Jean-Paul Lintilhac is no newcomer to cosmetic surgery. Society columnist Suzy Knickerbocker has accorded him superstar status on her list of eight of the world's top plastic surgeons to the Beautiful People. (Others: Rio's Dr. Pitanguy; London's Dr. Robin Beare; New York's Drs. David Ju, Thomas Rees, John Converse; Miami's Dr. Ralph Millard; and Dr. Franklyn Ashley of Beverly Hills who did Phyllis Diller's much-publicized new face.)

The coconut grapevine, which operates as a news media with astonishing speed and accuracy throughout the South Sea Islands (far superior to U.S. gossip columns), reports that two of Europe's top film beauties have had touch-ups—or Lintilhac lifts—in various sagging places.

"Is it true you've done Sophia Loren and Catherine Deneuve?" I asked Dr. Lintilhac, who replied discreetly in soft-spoken, near-perfect English: "I do not discuss with anyone my patients."

But experienced people-watchers know that Jackie Onassis doesn't go to Rio just for the scenery. And nobody is going to believe that Sophia Loren jets to Tahiti just to see Marlon Brando. Besides, Brando doesn't live there anymore.

Unlike some BP plastic surgeons whose flamboyance and lack of reticence in blowing their own horns have contributed to their success (in Los Angeles there's even a self-proclaimed "King of Plastic Surgery"), Dr. Lintilhac is a low-profile practictioner totally dedicated to his work without the happy-time hoopla (he doesn't even own a yacht): an unpompous, scholarly, quietly reserved man of few words and exquisite esthetic tastes.

His current (and perennial) "Exhibit A" is Simone Lintilhac, his wife of nearly 30 years, who still looks as young and beautiful as she did at 25 when he married her.

"I am keeping her the way I want her to be. Why not? She is my wife," he says proudly.

He's done her face twice, and everything else—almost.

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"Here and here and here, all over, everywhere," Simone says, gracefully patting her face and fanny, eyes, thighs, tummy, and chest. In a lyrical melange of groping English and French, she admits with wondrous wide-eyed (her husband's handiwork) candor, "I am 54. My husband, he ees very artiste, non? Oui. I close my eyes and say, 'Operate me.' *Voilà*!"

Voilà! At 54, Simone is a bedazzling, walking testimonial for the Lintilhac lift in all of its varied anatomical locations. The only untouched appendage is her nose.

"Her nose doesn't need changing," says Dr. Lintilhac. "It's fine the way it is. Besides, we have more problems psychologically with noses."

Ironically, he's had a booming business in nose-bobs since moving to Tahiti—from nationals who want a nose like Simone's.

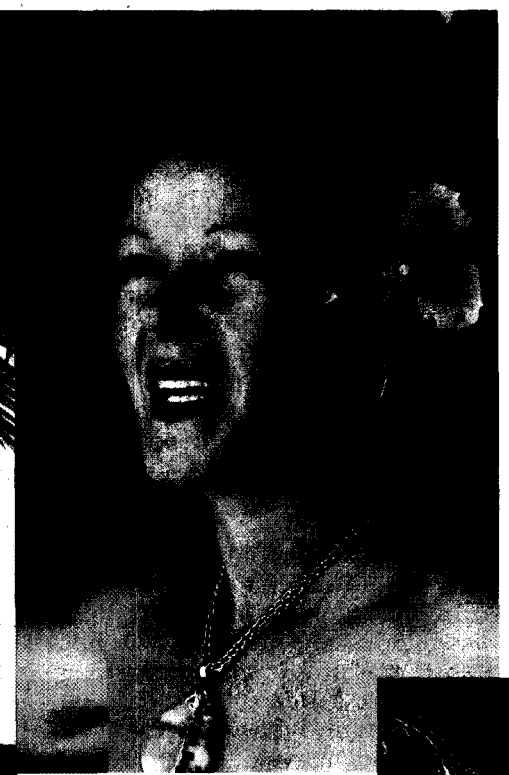
While it's the trendy thing for many cosmetic-esthetic (the words are interchangeable in their business) plastic surgeons to marry their ladies, make them over, and then turn them in on a new model, Dr. Lintilhac is content with his resculptured original, whose two face-lifts and assorted body-contouring jobs have transformed her into the sylphlike vision of beauty and eternal youth that usually is but a figment of Madison Avenue's imagination on the drawing boards.

Before all you ladies out there start hopping the next plane to Tahiti, let's clarify one point up front: Don't expect to come back looking like Simone. She had a lot going for her in the first place. A former fashion model in Paris, her natural endowments have required only minimal remolding.

It's just that she believes in having a little tuck here and a pleat there as needed, and with a live-in snip-and-stitch artist to accommodate her, why not? She doesn't have to go through that dreadful dilemma most women must wrestle with: how to choose a doctor.

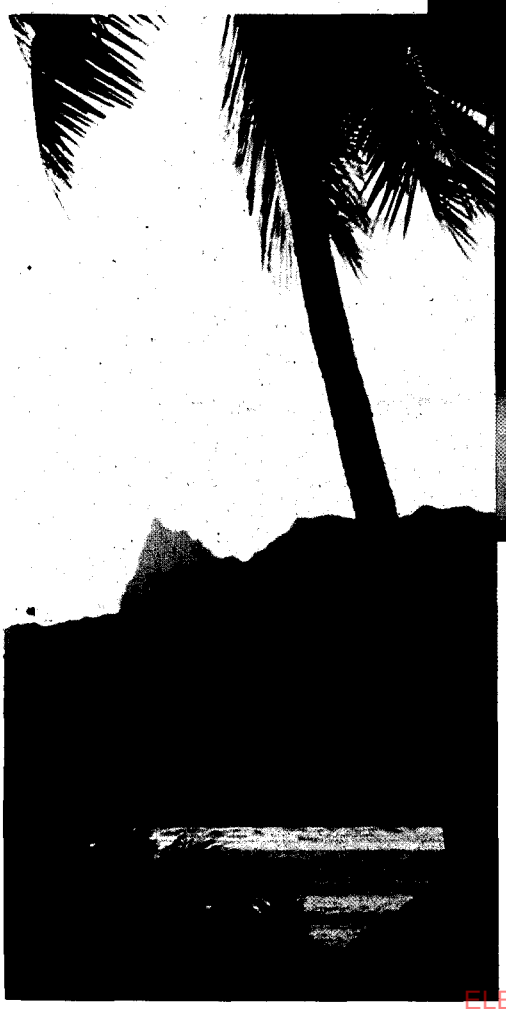
Simone is the first to tell you, quite frankly, that her husband is a genius. (With her around he doesn't need a press agent.) A man of extraordinary modesty for the type of business he's in, Dr. Lintilhac disclaims any special prowess with the scalpel, which has become the new magic wand

Continued on page 102



A former fashion model, Simone Lintilhac is a frequent visitor to Paris, where her husband still supervises a clinic. Often she brings fabric from the islands to be made into gowns.

The clinic's nurse is Marianne Amerise, a one-time Chicago resident, now married to a Tahitian architect. She is shown here with Dr. Lintilhac.



Located in the central South Pacific, Tahiti is one of many exotic sunspots noted for cosmetic surgery clinics. In the U.S., some 1,500 plastic surgeons are board-certified.

The Lintilhacs' mountaintop estate overlooks Papeete and the South Pacific. Simone supervises the poolside flower gardens.

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PAPA TAKES THE WHEEL

To understand Papa's psychic relationship with his car, which was somewhat akin to love, you must know his secret —to him it was a horse with wheels.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

In our family, like Mama, Papa was actually a generation behind the times.

Even just before World War I, when it was already the fashion for most men to strive for a youthful look—oldsters died with their sports clothes on—Papa still clung to the Victorian idea that maturity is the prime masculine accomplishment.

Around the turn of the century, bankers, railroaders, and other mainstays of the Republican Party set the style by looking substantial. A portly figure indicated that you could afford the 12-course dinners fashionable in the great restaurants here and abroad, and dignity went with portliness. A youth could hardly wait to don the accoutrements of the middle-aged patriarch—the heavy dark clothes that made every man look like an undertaker, the sagging gold watch chain over the well-filled vest, the cane, the moustache or beard or both. It was a hirsute, mirthless era: too much laughter was undignified.

Papa was that dignified figure out of the past. But happily, he had the personality to leaven the somewhat forbidding gravity of the Victorian "gentleman."

A gentleman he was. You could see that at a glance—the dark clothes were there; he was not portly but he was ramrod-straight and he walked as if leading a procession of cavaliers; his moustaches were imperial and his beard was a luxuriant goatee. He held his head as though he owned every step of the ground he walked on, and he had an eye like an eagle. He was about six feet, and looked taller.

All this melted away into the pleasant paradoxes of his personality. He was as dignified as Charles Evans Hughes, and he matched him in courtliness. But Papa had the charm of an old Southern colonel asking you to stop by the plantation to share a mint julep, and he had the mischievous, complex soul of a George Bernard Shaw—a man who could afford to be an abstainer in so many ways because he had so many riches of his own to start with.

Even his children found him everlastingly intriguing and everlastingly hard to anticipate. We never knew, quite, whether we were dealing with a judge, a pixie, or a boon companion—or combinations of that inexplicable triangle.

Other people rarely learned the secret of his personality and it took me so long to discover it that it never did me any good at all as a child. Papa's formula was quite simple. He was a man who lived with infuriating dependence upon a rigid set of rules and habits—and derived his greatest pleasure from breaking them.

Take, for example, what he did with the automobile.

In our family, the automobile was a prize and a pet. It was not transportation. It was something you "took a ride in." It was one of the family. It was an adventurous and marvelous treasure we never tired of dusting and oiling and polishing. We literally loved it.

Papa went even further than the rest of us. Quite characteristically, he regarded the automobile as a mechanical horse. Like the first automobile manufacturers who were mostly carriage makers and still crafted their car bodies with a socket for the whip, Papa had not quite made the jump from the stable into the garage.

His car was to him a horse with wheels, a balky creature with a will of its own, ready to lay back its ears and take the bit in its teeth any time he let it take advantage of him. He referred to his car with words of a groom. He kept it "under control." On cool mornings he reported that it was frisky or, in a long drive, he might point out that it was giving forth with good "response"—as if he feared it might

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momentarily be expected to stray off the road in search of some sweet alfalfa, in rebellion against the hard pavement.

The facets of his personality were never more clear than when he mounted his "machine" and "took the wheel." In our family, you never *steered* a car or drove it: you took the wheel.

Once having taken the wheel, Papa had no intention of plunging headlong into motion. Perhaps he was rushing a guest to the station with only seconds to spare. No matter. There was an inflexible ritual to be followed before the wheel ever turned.

After cranking the car, which he did with precise muscularity, he took his seat behind the wheel, put on his silk shantung "driving cap," and carefully checked its angle in the rearview mirror. The result was always jaunty but slightly askew, since he put the cap on straight but had his head turned to look in the mirror. Then, summer or winter, he would put on his "driving gloves." These were a pair of blackened horrors stored on the car seat, which were bent into a permanent set of claws from clutching innumerable steering wheels. A few seconds' flexing were necessary before Papa decided they were softened enough for safe driving.

You were by no means on your way—not quite yet. Papa now looked about him for a last-minute check-up. Fenders all on? Windows clear? Roof secure? Then, he would release the handbrake at last. But not start the car, of course. Not before he had studied with maddening deliberation water temperature, oil pressure, rate of electrical charge, and gas supply. Then he would look out over the hood, for a long, thoughtful several minutes, gently revving the motor.

He was ready, then—and only then—to take the wheel in earnest, and start moving the car.

You will excuse him for missing the train, perhaps, when you understand all of the details of the Great Automobile Rebellion. His struggle against the unpredictable beasts brought out all of the mercurial elements in his personality. Even Mama could never quite get used to that elusive bit of quicksilver in Papa. In most of their activities, Papa was a sort of Jehovah in house slippers, and Mama was his prophet. So that when we got our first car and Papa announced that only an idiot would drive one of those contraptions over 25 miles an hour, Mama was greatly pleased.

But not for long. Papa was always doing about 40. Taxed with this, he patiently explained the whole thing to Mama: 25 miles an hour was his *average* speed. "Getting a run for a hill" or "coasting with the downgrade," however, were exceptions that any good driver would follow. Mama would understand this if only she drove a car.

These exceptions served Papa well, but it was not too long before Mama began to notice that they were applied many times without so much as an anthill in sight. Mama said nothing, of course, although she often wondered what Papa would say in defense.

But came an irresistible moment one fine day as they drove along Indiana's flat tableland, when Mama believed that her hour of triumph had drawn near.

"Papa," she cried. "You're doing 42 and you just can't sit there and tell me it has anything to do with a run for a hill or coasting down the other side. Because this road is absolutely level."

"True, my dear," said Papa, preparing to pass a rival who dared to share the road with him.

"Well, then," cried Mama, rushing headlong to her doom, "what excuse have you for going over 25 miles an hour?"

His Studebaker often "got out of control," but Papa praised the "response" of his Oldsmobile.

Continued on page 104

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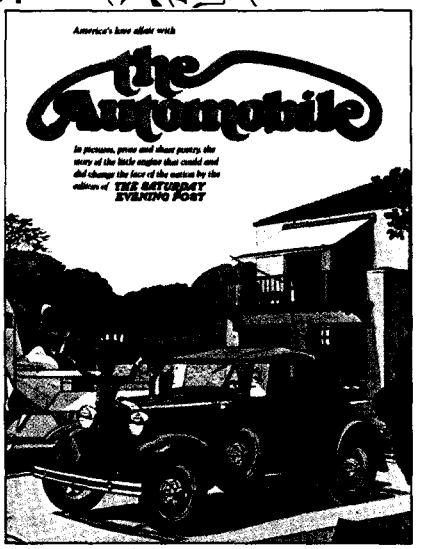
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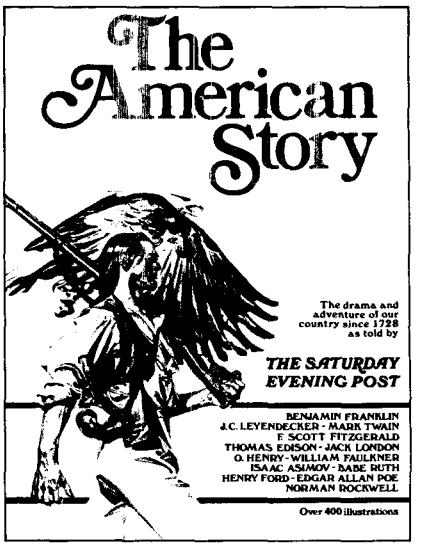
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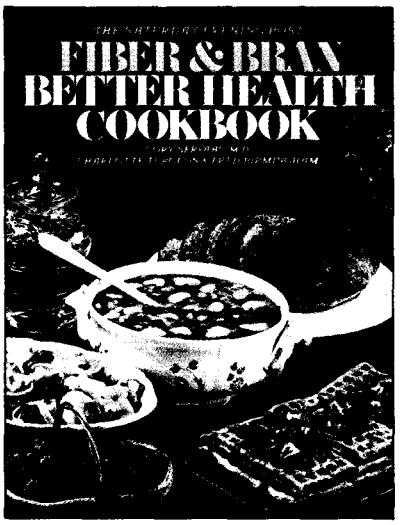

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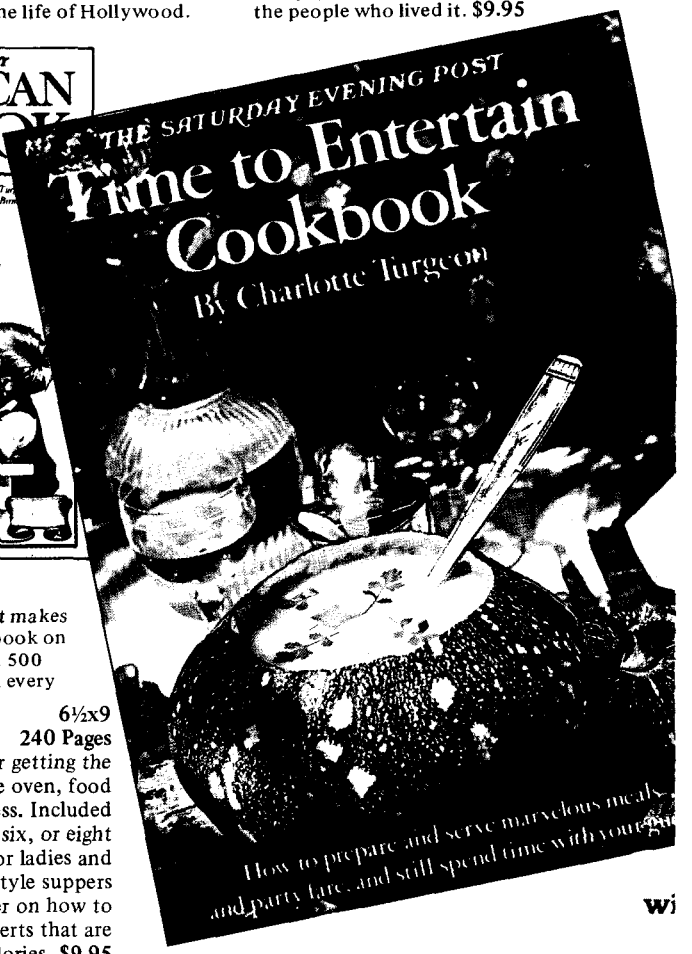
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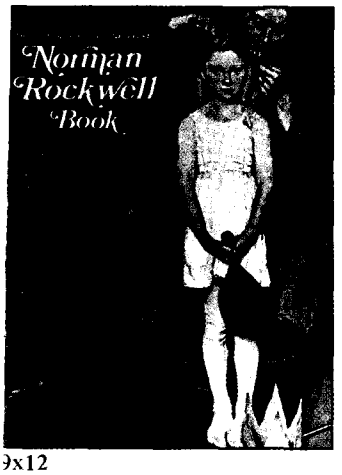

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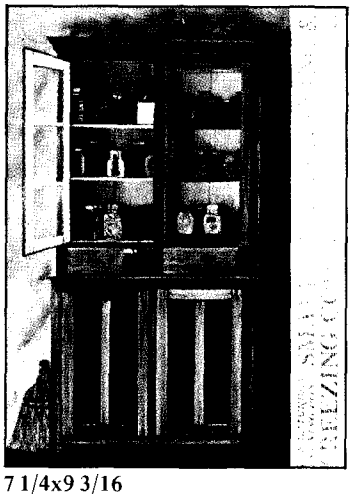

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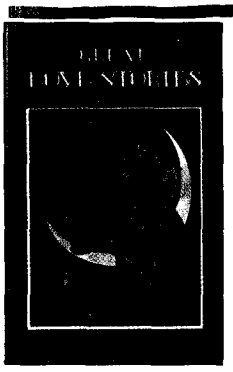

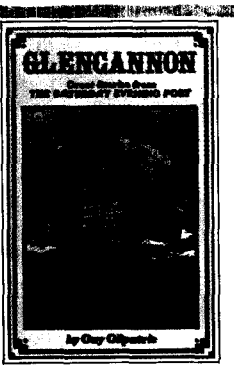

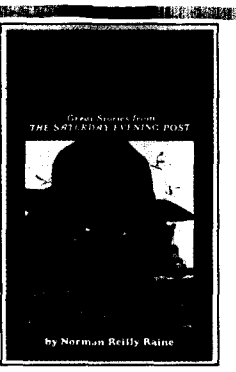

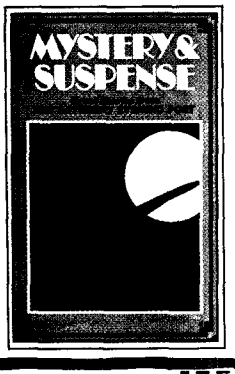

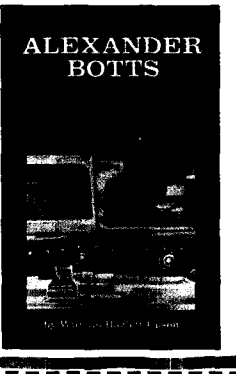

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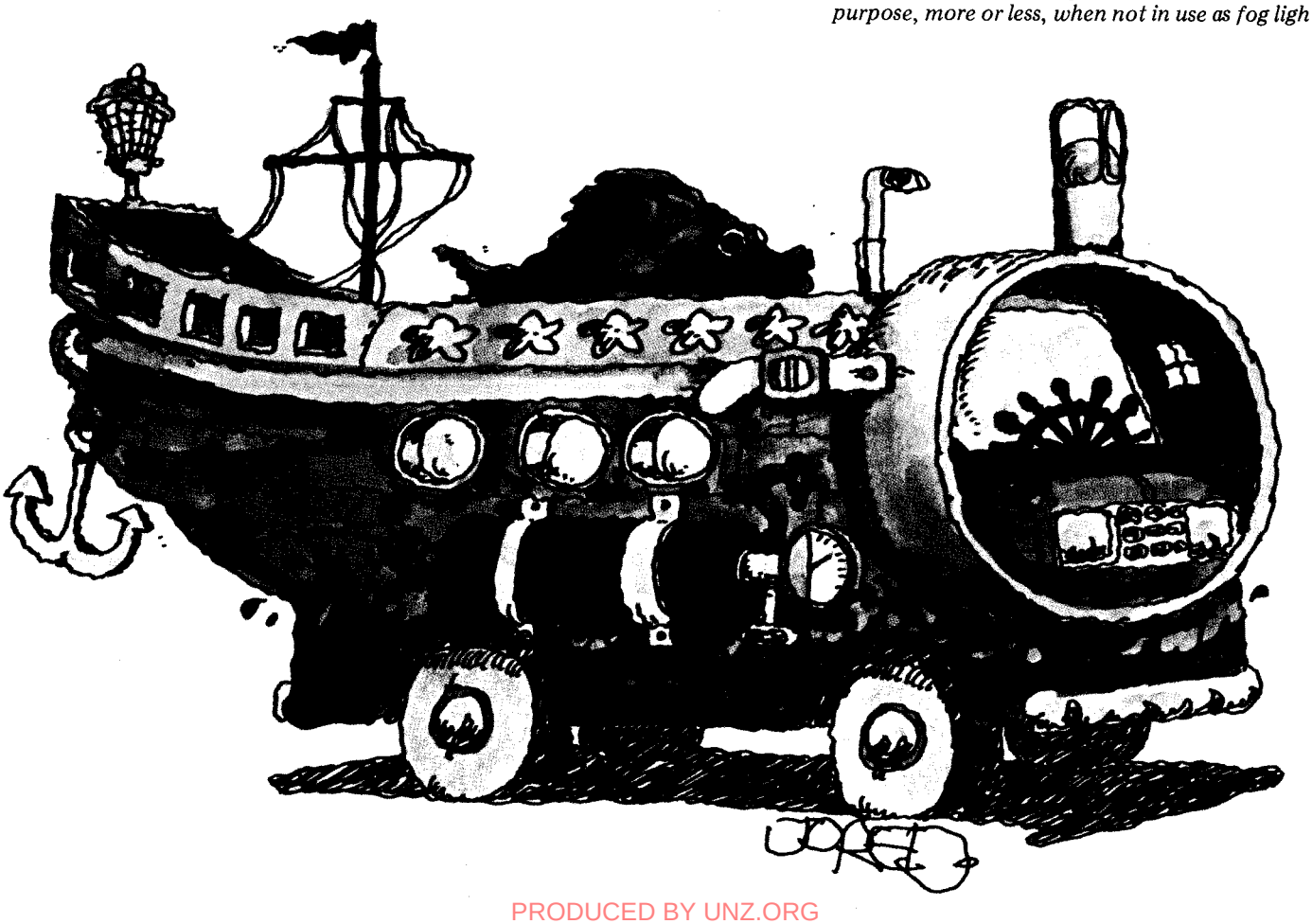
STAR TRACKS

A van does not live by tread alone.

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Le Sedan Cousteau (below), with rear-mounted Auxilliary Retard System (ARS). The Ralph Nader-inspired FISH (For Insuring Sound Health) is to test air quality: Should it experience difficulty in breathing the polluted air, the driver is warned to switch to the Gas-free Air Support Pod (GASP).

The Nilemobile (above) lends new meaning to the phrase "Taylor-made." According to an itinerant sandalmaker, Liz' head ornament was once used to pierce men's soles in ancient Egypt. Her eyes serve the same purpose, more or less, when not in use as fog lights.



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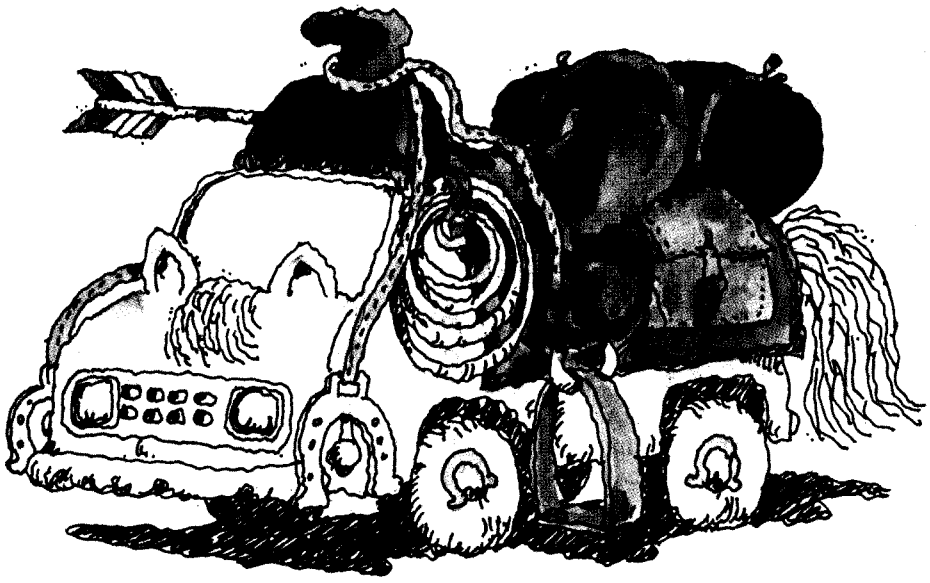
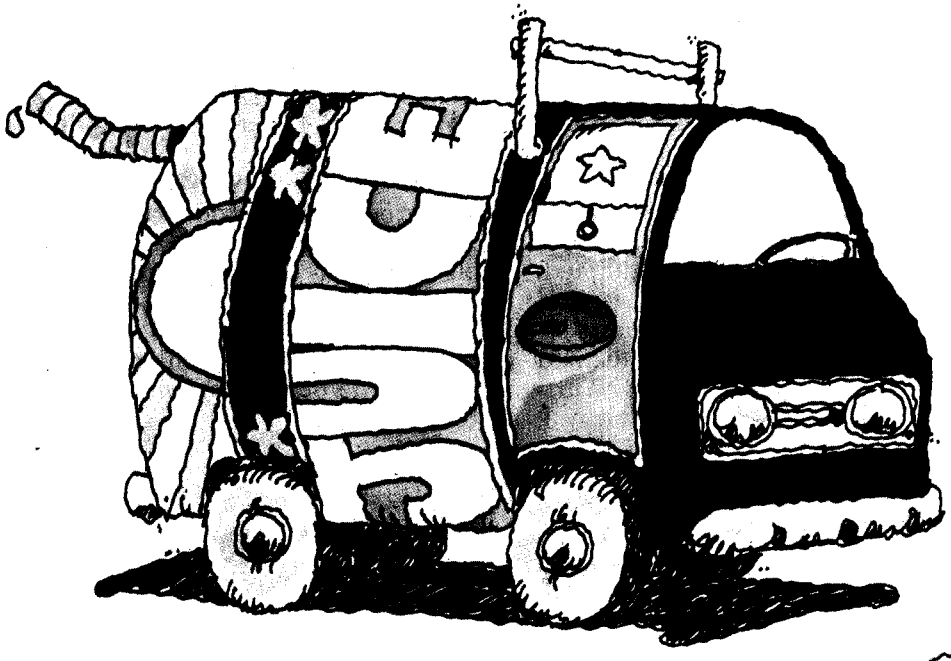


The 109,000 hp Duke Coupe is a perennial favorite with van buffs. It can, amazingly, sustain the heaviest damage from crashes and still manage to go on. It can also shoot right through traffic, often completely unscathed, and never needs refilling. On the negative side, it seems to attract a lot of barbed comments.



Sales for the Simpson Coach have been undermined by its tendency to weave erratically in traffic. Moreover, the Simpson Coach is not available for some seasons, and purchase orders must be renegotiated periodically. It has, however, attracted the plaudits of conservationists, since it runs on grass.

First-time observers of the Dollywagon are struck by the inflatable Elongated Impact Protectors. These are actually detachable, and may also be used as tents, diving bells, etc. Hunters like to drive the Dollywagon in reverse, deflating the Impact Protectors so that they can erase their tracks.

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NIGHT FLIGHT VIOLATOR

His pilot's instinct told him to turn back. An illegal flight through banks of black clouds invited disaster. Then, with a loud metallic clang, the nightmare began.

by Desmond M. Chorley

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

Moon, you're a magnificent sight tonight, I murmured as I broke through on top of cloud. Just feet below, tufted and inviting, was my own private ocean of cotton fluff, moonlit and silent and soft, endless to the horizon and beyond.

After leveling off and trimming the single engine airplane for hands-off flight, I checked all instruments and switches, an eradicable discipline dating back to shortly before the Second World War when I learned to fly the Royal Air Force way.

Hart, m'boy, this isn't a smart thing you're doing, I gently chastised myself. Remember, no one knows you're up here; this is an illegal flight. You're a violator. Stars glittered knowingly. They and the moon shared the secret of my illicit altitude, 14,500 feet.

Turn around, head back to Wiarton. You can go to Wurtsmith tomorrow after this fast-moving, claggy weather has cleared out of the Great Lakes.

It was late fall, 1972. Just before leaving Wiarton, heavy frost glistened on the Cessna Skyknight's wing struts. How many of the deadly little ice crystals had also attached themselves to the wings' surfaces—enough to mar their lifting ability? I got a broom from the aeradio office and brushed the wings clean.

Wiarton's little-used airfield snuggles at the inland end of Colpoys Bay on Bruce Peninsula, a rocky promontory of Ontario that stabs into Lake Huron.

"Wiarton radio, Double Xray off at 8:20," I reported in clipped radiotelephone patter. "Activate flight plan to Wurtsmith, Michigan. Climbing for height heading 180 degrees. Intend crossing west shoreline of peninsula at 4,000 feet, changing course to 265, continuing climb to 8,000 to cross Lake Huron."

"Double Xray, Wiarton. Roger."

Passing through 4,000 feet I looked down at the Sauble River emptying into Lake Huron, picked up the 265-degree radial of the Wiarton omnidirectional radio beam, and continued climbing. The Cessna was happy to be flying; its 230-horsepower Continental nattered throatily; and I hummed a few bars from *Fiddler on the Roof*. Properly trimmed, the four-seat airplane flew itself along the invisible radio beam taking me directly to the United States Air Force Base at Wurtsmith and to Colonel Harry J. Aaronsberg.

I flew Lancasters out of Lincolnshire with "Blink" Aaronsberg during that long-ago war. Flight Lieutenant "Blink" Aaronsberg, D.F.C. and Bar, D.F.M., finally transferred to the famous U.S. Eighth Army Air Force in late 1944 because, at 98 missions, the RAF permanently grounded their Yank hero. . . .

A wall of cloud was leaning toward me from the marble-black lake surface to far above my altitude, a solid mess of weather obviously moving in fast from the north and west.

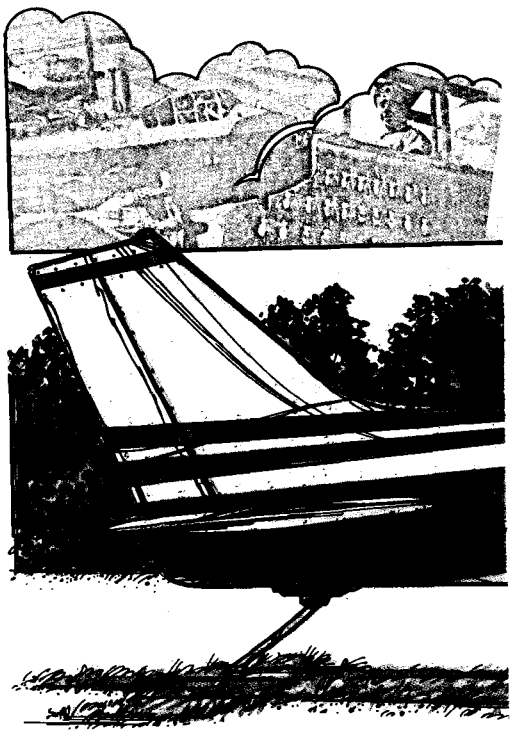
I'll ask Wiarton for an en route weather update.

No. My broadcast would be automatically taped, recording that conditions don't look favorable for continuing under visual flight rules; and that's what I'd filed my flight plan for, VFR—I was supposed to fly clear of cloud and in visual reference to the surface. To press on will be in violation of air regulations. My log books show an honest 8,000 bush and 3,500 wartime hours of flying, so why earn a violation?

In perverse answer, I leaned the fuel mixture and let Double Xray continue her climb up the omni beam. . . .

The last time I'd seen Blink was in September 1945, near Naples, at Pomigliano, a dusty field at the foot of Vesuvius. Lounging in the shade of the Lancaster's wing, I watched a Flying Fortress land, blow a tire, whirl into a stupendous ground loop, and break off its starboard wing tip. Choking volcanic dust clouds blossomed. The *Mae Wested* crew fled. No fire broke out and I moved behind the pilot who stood there blinking.

"What d'you expect when you



With 11,500 flying hours to his credit, why was he taking a chance?

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fly those overupholstered air-buses," I chided.

Perspiration beaded his openly handsome, fine Jewish features: dark hair streaked with puce dust.

"Hart!" he hooted. "Why you old no-good beautiful son-of-a-pink-nosed-bitch! What the devil're you doing here?"

"No need to ask *you* what you're *supposed* to be doing; never could land an airplane, not even an ever-forgiving lady like a Lanc, could you?"

"Hart, I thought you Canadians had been shipped home as soon as the V-E Day wingdings were over."

"Yeah," I replied. "And I thought you'd be soloing a desk stateside after you left the RAF; never dreamed you'd aviate again."

After our reunion in Italy we lost touch, the grapevine telling me he'd gained a permanent commission. But the peacetime RAF wasn't right for me and I'd been in it too long (ever since finishing high school) to consider transferring to the RCAF. I returned to Canada a civilian.

A glorious summer was idled away in 1946 amid the beauty and quietude surrounding my parents' water-edge home on Lake Muskoka, 100 miles north of Toronto. It made up for the years of separation.

On the beach one day I watched a bush pilot having difficulty on a neighboring beach. I swam over.

"Give you a hand?"

"Thanks," he said. He was about 60 years old, straight, tanned, supple.

We cupped our hands under the nose of a float each, lifted slightly, and strained, pushing hard. There was a pleasant gritty noise as the floats slid over the sand.

"Thanks again," he smiled. "Like to take a hop over to Gull Lake while I pick up some lumber?"

We soon were airborne.

"Okay," the gray-haired pilot said, "you've got her."

I gave him a quick, quizzical look. The controls felt good. Truly this is what my being lived to be . . . to be the thinking and initiating part of the controls of an airplane and to make them pulse.

"Isn't the first time you've handled an aircraft," he said as he

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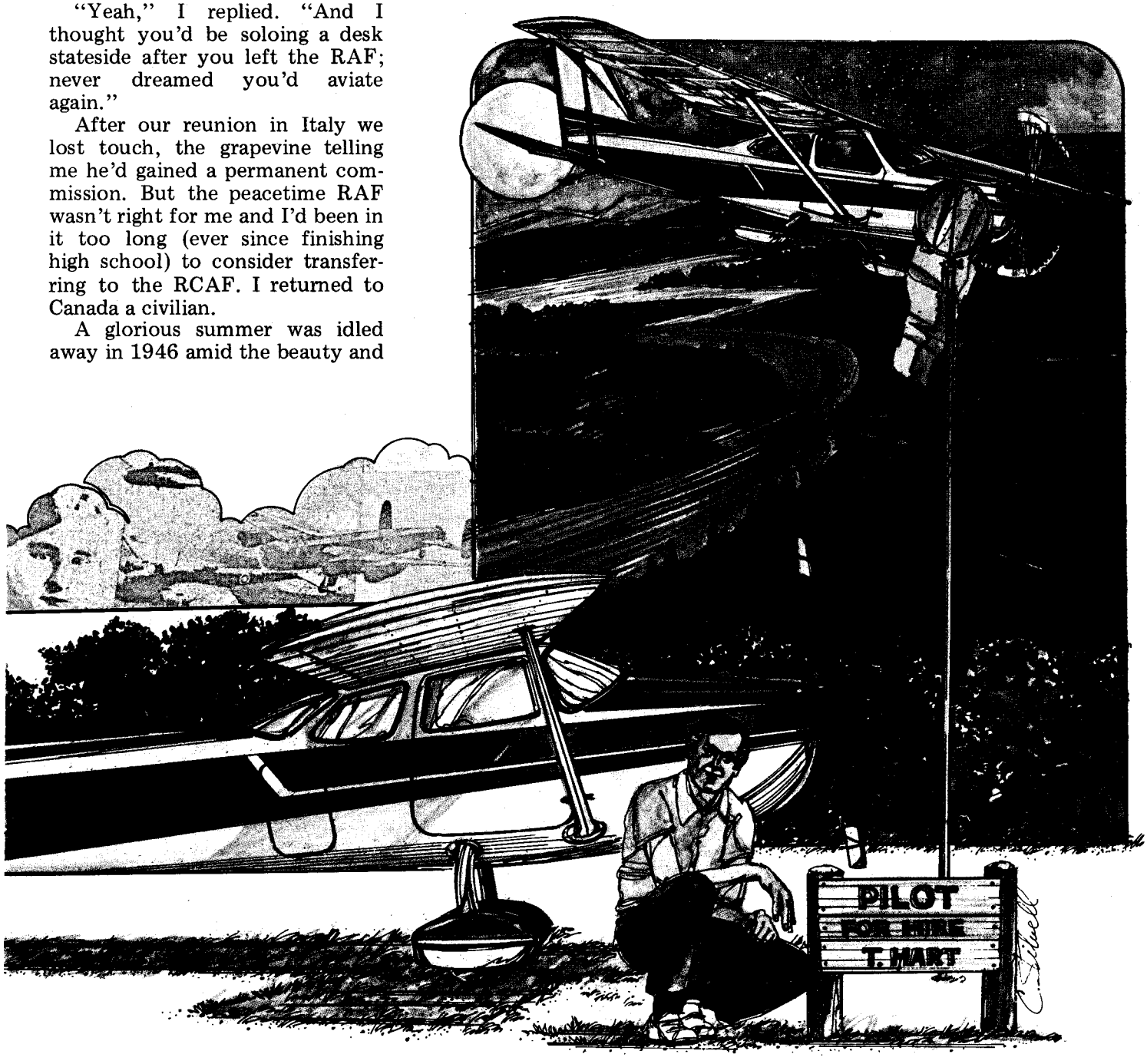

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GREENFIELD VILLAGE

Henry Ford didn't grow up in the same town with Thomas Edison and Noah Webster, so he made the town grow up around him.

by Bruce Kinnaird

Before Thomas Edison invented the light bulb, how did cartoonists show their characters getting an idea? Did a candle miraculously appear over their heads? How about a flaming torch? These somehow don't have the punch of the old incandescent bulb. So cartoonists, at least, should doff their collective hats in respect to Edison next year on the 100th anniversary of the invention of the light bulb.

An appropriate place to go would be the Menlo Park Laboratory in New Jersey where the Wizard made most of his discoveries in his golden years. But don't bother. The laboratory is gone. Henry Ford took it.

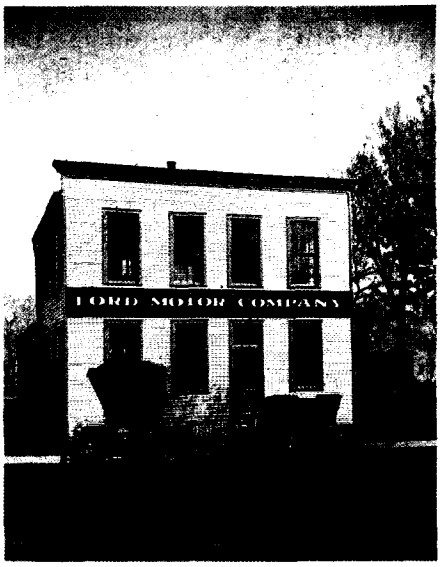
And if librarians around the world want to visit Noah Webster's home in New Haven, Connecticut, for a little lexicographical inspiration, they can save themselves the trip. Henry Ford took that one, too.

He also took the Wright Brothers' house, Luther Burbank's, H.J. Heinz' (for variety), and, just to be fair, he took his own house, too.

But don't despair. Ford had a great idea. He put them all back, in mint condition—but not where he found them.

Now these structures are neatly included among more than 100 other structures moved by Ford to Greenfield Village, a 260-acre tract along the banks of the Rouge River in Dearborn, Michigan. Ford purchased the land for the village after his interest in preserving American landmarks was sparked by the painstaking renovation of his own birthplace, begun in 1919.

In 1929, he founded the Edison Institute as a tribute to his close friend. The institute, conceived to be primarily educational in nature, is comprised of the Greenfield Village complex and the Henry Ford Museum (no connection with the Ford Motor Company).



Automobiles mass-produced in Ford's Mack Avenue plant (four times the size of this Village replica) took the horse from the carriage and motorized America.

The 14-acre Henry Ford Museum stands adjacent to the Greenfield Village complex. You can't miss it; the entrance facade is a replica of Independence Hall. Inside are eight acres of hand-set teak flooring. The museum is divided into two main sections—the Decorative Arts Gallery and the Hall of Technology.

October 1979 will mark the completion of the redesigned Hall of Technology, the largest such project ever attempted within an existing museum. Although the hall also offers displays on communication and lighting, agriculture, power machinery, and home arts, it is best known for its transportation collection, one of the best in the world. Extensive firefighting equipment, 35 of the most representative antique bicycles ever made, and a gigantic 600-ton 1941 Allegheny steam locomotive demonstrate the wide range of exhibits.

The Hall of Technology boasts the nation's most comprehensive collection of piston-engine civilian aircraft, including eight of the twelve selected by Gen. James Dolittle as being the most significant of all time. Igor Sikorsky's first practical helicopter is on display, as is the plane flown by Antarctic explorer Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

Strolling past the sleighs, broughams, and Conestogas in the horse-drawn vehicle exhibition, one arrives at the automotive collection.

An 1865 Roper Steam Carriage, one of the oldest existing fully operative cars in the U.S., contrasts sharply with the 1955 Mercedes-Benz 300 SLR driven to a world championship by Sterling Moss. The first automobile offered for public sale, an 1896 Duryea motor wagon, and Henry Ford's first vehicle, the Quadricycle, are perhaps not so glamorous as the 1931 Bugatti Royale (designed to be one of the largest and most luxurious cars ever built) and a beautiful 1931 Duesenberg cabriolet.

Cars with political connections include President Taft's Baker Electric, and FDR's "Sunshine Special" Lincoln.

The Decorative Arts Gallery completes the museum with exhibits in folk art, jewelry, musical instruments, silver and pewter, clocks, ceramics, furniture, textiles, painting, prints, and sculpture.

Henry Ford envisioned the Edison Institute as an educational mecca for America's youth, but you don't have to be young to enjoy its treasures. An interest in our common past will do just fine.

As Henry said, "When we are through, we shall have reproduced American life as lived; and that, I think, is the best way of preserving at least a part of our history." ☐

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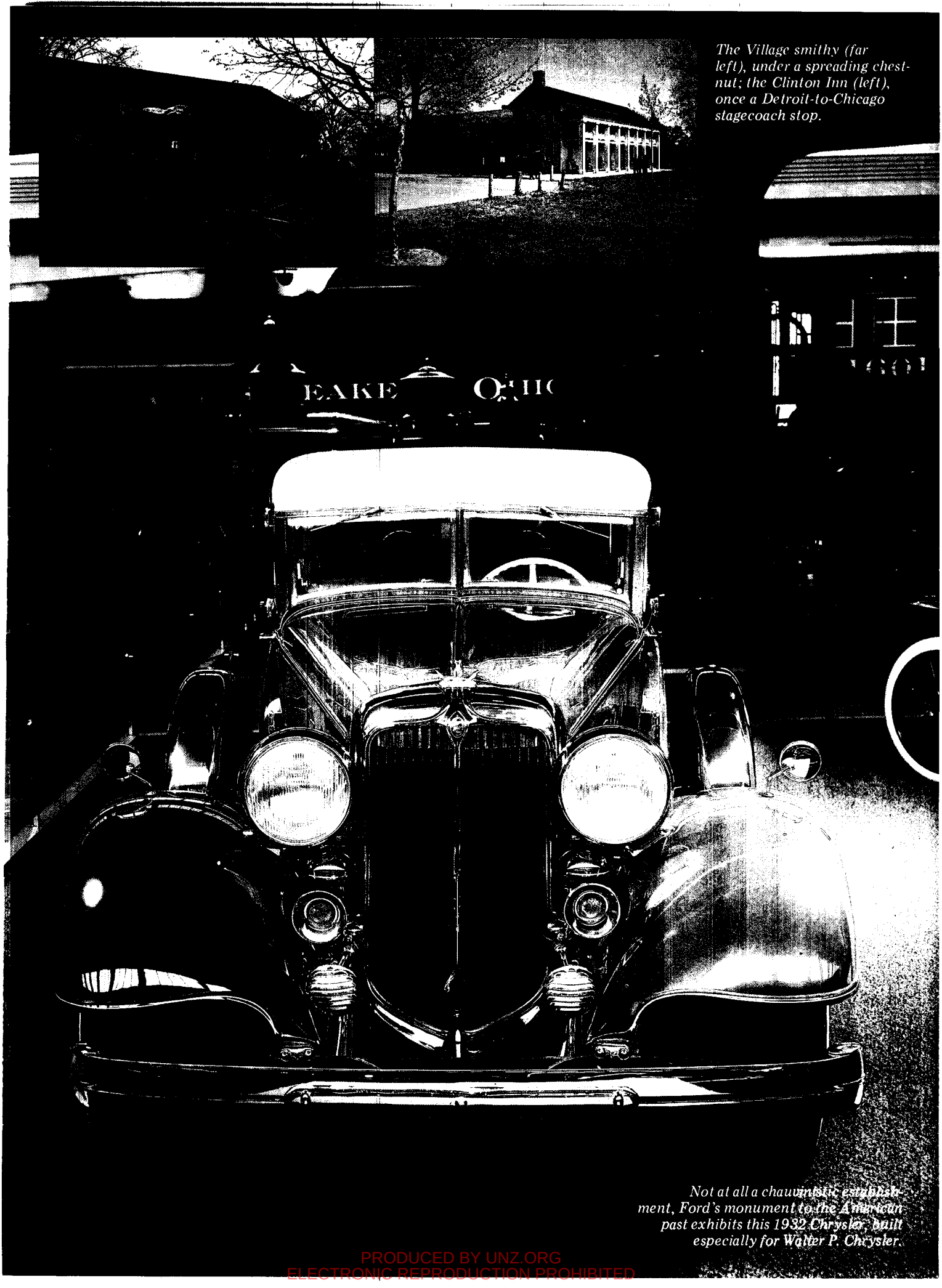

The Village smithy (far left), under a spreading chestnut; the Clinton Inn (left), once a Detroit-to-Chicago stagecoach stop.

Not at all a chauvinistic establishment, Ford's monument to the American past exhibits this 1932 Chrysler, built especially for Walter P. Chrysler.

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CAYMAN ISLANDS: BRITAIN'S BOOMING OUTPOST

Free enterprise blossoms in this sunny colonial paradise where there's a chicken in every pot and a bank on every corner.

by John Phillips

Tucked between Cuba and Central America lies an anachronism in a developing world gripped by shrill independence groups and ironclad socialism. The Grand Cayman Islands not only revel in their colonial status but stridently proclaim a primitive form of free enterprise.

By rational standards, the small islands should not exist. The population stands at perhaps no more than 14,000, and hard exports are few. There is no income, corporation, or capital gains tax, and the final $1 million loan from England ends in 1980. But colonial status likely will continue.

Caymanians first tasted freedom 20 years ago when London's Colonial Office midwifed an independent British West Indies. Their three islands, Grand Cayman, Little Cayman, and Cayman Brac, were viewed as part of Jamaica, 160 miles to the southwest; 300 years of tradition, having its genesis in Caribbean buccaneering, were ignored by officials.

As Jamaican mandarins issued their decrees, freedom assumed the characteristics of Orwell's *Animal Farm*. There was to be a welfare state, a concept still viewed with horror by ruggedly independent islanders, and the new lords brought with them an ill-concealed racism.

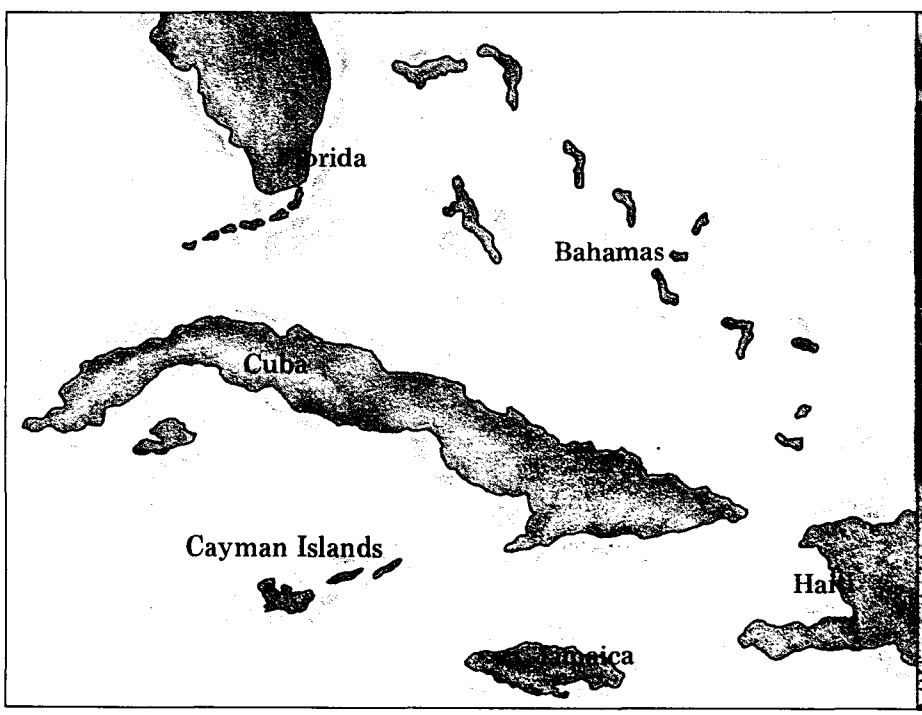
Caymanians seethed, a natural reaction for descendants of deserters from Oliver Cromwell's army which took Jamaica from the Spanish in 1655. And for those who boast of no Roundhead forebears, there are the claimed descendants of Sir Henry Morgan's plunderers and Edward ("Blackbeard") Teach's freebooters.

Such a genetic mixture leaves little fertile ground for womb-to-the-tomb paternalism and state autocracy! The detestation reached the point where Britain was prodded into sponsoring a plebiscite. So in 1962 the Grand Caymans severed links with Jamaica.

"We weren't going to put up with any more bloody nonsense," reflects James Bodden, 47, a hazel-eyed, burly businessman turned top politician. With three other Caymanians, Bodden is elected to a seven-man Executive Council or Cabinet by the Georgetown-based Legislature. A fierce nationalist, Bodden says his people have escaped "the curse of racism found in other Caribbean countries."

Around 30 percent of the popu-

After discovering the islands in 1503, Columbus dubbed them Las Tortugas *because of their abundant turtles.*



Colorful birds and lizards flourish on the low, coral terrain. Lobsters are trapped daily to delight gourmands.

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lation is white, 30 percent "colored" or mixed blood, and 40 percent Negro—a potentially explosive mixture almost anywhere. But there has been no spontaneous combustion. Why? Cayman Islands Governor Thomas Russell, a British government appointee, gives one reason: "There's never been a plantocracy—no sugar or pineapple plantations. So a master-servant relationship has never really existed."

And in this polyglot society, free enterprise has blossomed. Part of this is due to Cayman isolation: Circumstances have forced people to do everything for themselves. And Governor Russell feels there is another ingredient. "They're dynamic people, but they also blame all the troubles in the other Caribbean islands on too much political 'freedom' and socialism. So there's a natural reaction because of previous experiences and some healthy bloody-mindedness."

Whites, as in Cuba and other Latin American countries, have tended to surface near the top of Cayman business and economic life. At the same time, there are hundreds of coloreds and blacks running fishing boats, small stores, hotels, and other family enterprises. And the government sees its main role as buttressing the small business.

Visiting Australian businessman John McKenna notes, "It's family, family, and family. They all seem to know each other. They all help each other, and blood is much thicker than politics." Cayman leader Bodden is even more explicit: "Look, I like businesses employing not more than 10 to 15 people. A company is human and understanding up to that point."

Large corporations are viewed suspiciously, as is Big Government. "They're big and so powerful," says Bodden, "that you have difficulty in controlling them." However, invariably there is the exception that proves the rule, and with Cayman Islanders it is the world's banking fraternity.

In Georgetown, the capital city of 2,000, can be found 237 banks from across North America and Western Europe. Here they offer numbered accounts plus the rigid secrecy usually associated with the Swiss system. Most alluring for bankers themselves is the freedom from taxation on their profits, other than a yearly fee ranging between $5,000 and $15,000, depending on a bank's capitalization—peanuts compared with penal corporate taxes paid in most countries.

Turning the Caymans into a tax haven goes back to meetings of local businessmen during the early 1960s. "We had little going for us in those days," comments Bodden, who now heads the government's Commerce, Tourism, and Natural Resources portfolio. "So we felt a completely private enterprise society would be a magnet for world businessmen and finance our growth at the same time."

The resulting 1966 Banking Act triggered an overnight boom. Not only did world bankers flock to the three specks of coral glittering in a bright blue tropical sea, but corporation legal-eagles perceived immediate tax advantages for other forms of business.

Today more than 7,500 companies have registered offices there, each paying up to $250 a year in registration fees. But the executive suite, despite an exotic address, usually is little more than a brass plate on a lawyer's wall. The real business still goes on in Paris, Frankfurt, Johannesburg, New York, or Toronto.

And 207 of the 237 licensed banks function in the same way as the tax-shy corporations. Known as "B" banks, they handle only their own business or funnel offshore money by way of paper transactions. On the other hand, Georgetown's 30 "A" banks operate in spacious concrete-and-glass, air-conditioned buildings. Citibank of New York, Barclays of

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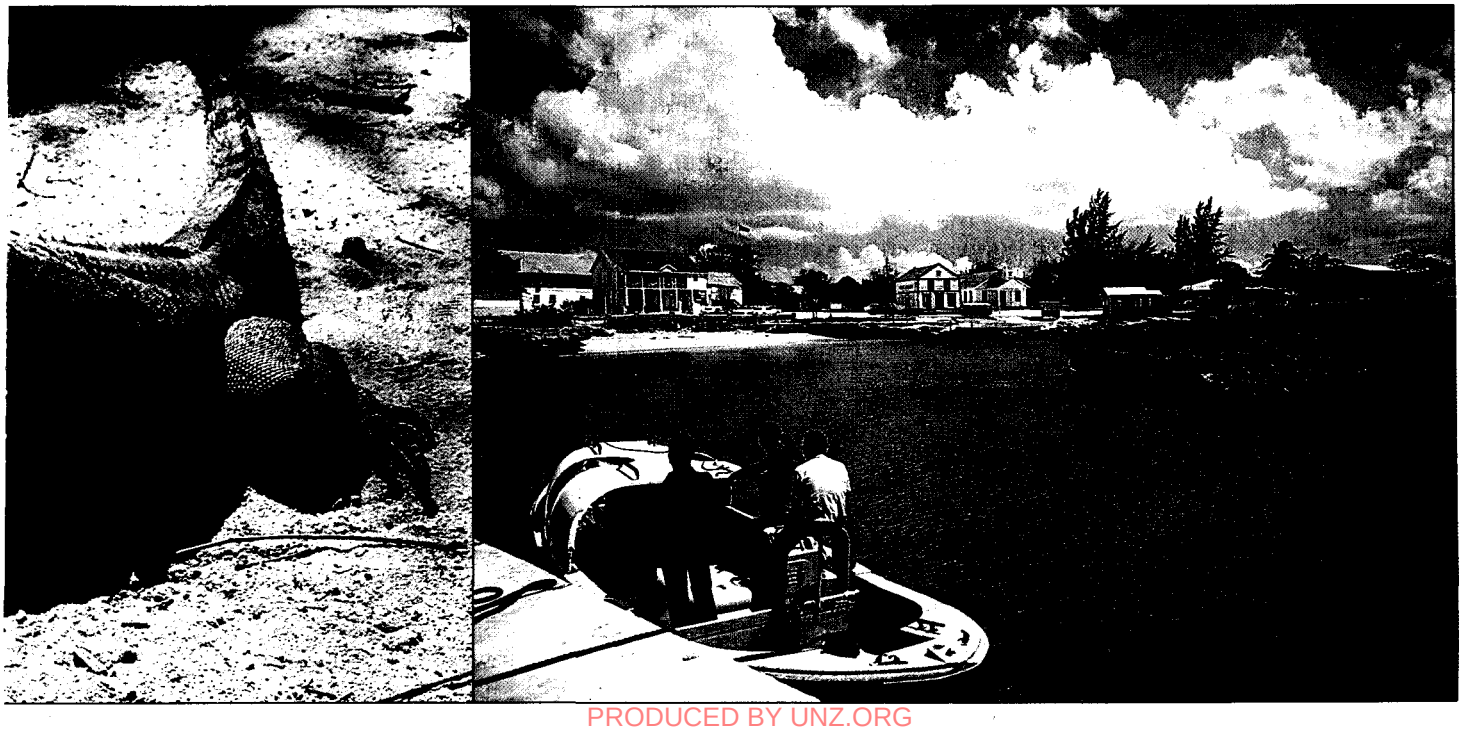

Spectacular underwater reefs and numerous sunken ships lure skin divers to the rocky coasts of the Caymans.

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THE MOUSE MIMES THE MASTERS

Mickey, who brought us the talkies 50 years ago, now brings a Golden Anniversary reminiscence of the great comedians of his day.

by Mickey Mouse

During World War II, the Nazis called me "the most miserable ideal ever created. Mice are dirty." That hurt.

But even a remark like that can't keep a naturally happy character like me down forever. I'm always animated, you might say. Besides, when the troops hit the beaches of France on D-Day, the code word for the entire Allied operation was "Mickey Mouse." And that settled that.

I don't want to be an immodest mouse, but maybe I should tell you something about myself. But first, a few words about someone very special to me.

Walt Disney was born in Chicago on December 5, 1901, the next to youngest of five children. In Missouri, Walt showed his talent at an early age; he began drawing pictures of barnyard animals on the side of his father's barn.

When he was 13, his father allowed him to enroll in Saturday morning art classes at the Kansas City Art Institute. Soon after, his father purchased part interest in a Chicago jelly factory and moved back to manage it. Walt stayed behind in Missouri long enough to finish the school term, then joined his family in Chicago where he began attending art classes three nights a week at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1923, Walt, with his brother Roy, bought a lot on Hyperion Avenue in Hollywood, and founded the Walt Disney Studio. In 1927, Walt began producing the "Oswald the Rabbit" cartoons—until the distributor who owned the rights to the successful character offered him the choice of accepting a new contract at a lower price, or losing the character altogether. Walt chose the latter, and began thinking of a new character.

So I was born in 1928. Walt wanted to call me Mortimer, but his wife Lillian persuaded him to name me Mickey.

Walt used to say of himself that "there's a lot of the Mouse in me," and to return the compliment, I wouldn't be where I am if it weren't for Walt. As a matter of fact, he did all my talking for me for nearly 20 years.

I grew up fast. I made my first cartoon in 1928, called "Plane Crazy," costarring the one love of my life, Minnie. (There was a time when I'd receive a thousand marriage proposals a day in the mail, but there never was and never will be another girl quite like Minnie.) In spite of the title, the picture didn't exactly take off. Things were touch and go there for a while, until Walt drew me into "Steamboat Willie," in 1928. That was my first release—in fact, the first synchronized sound cartoon in the world. The audiences loved it, the critics applauded it, and my career was established. In the years to come, I would play everything from a whaler to a tailor; I was an inventor, sailor, hunter, gaucho, teamster—just about everything Walt could think of.

Looking back at my career, I think of great comedians who were contemporaries of mine. In "Plane Crazy" I did a skit in which I pretended to be Charles Lindbergh. In later films I was too busy being myself to imitate others, but an anniversary calls for something special. So in return for the tribute to me, I'd like to remember them.

Some of you may recall one of my early efforts, "Mickey's Orphans," in which I play caretaker to a hoard of mischievous kittens (1931). That same year, a different sort of devilry was being perpetrated by Groucho and his brothers in *Monkey Business*.

In 1932, Laurel and Hardy were hits at the box office with *The Music Box*, for which they received an Oscar. Were I to play Hardy, who else but Dippy Dawg could play Laurel? (Dippy is more familiarly known as Goofy these days.) 1932 was a high point for Walt, also. The Academy awarded him an Oscar for thinking of me.

W. C. Fields is another of my favorites. Not always a temperate man, his heart was in the right place, as he demonstrated in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man* (1939). A year later, I swept them off their feet as the Sorcerer's Apprentice in *Fantasia*.

I made my last film in 1953, "The Simple Things," in which Pluto and I go on vacation to relax from the pressures of city living.

The film business was good to me: My pictures were nominated for five Oscars. Still, I needed time to help Walt host the Disneyland show (now called the "Wonderful World of Disney"), and to act as emcee on my own program, "The Mickey Mouse Club." Today the show is as popular with the children of the '70s as it was with the kids of the '50s. That says something about the enduring qualities of good-natured humor.

Well, kids—oops, I just can't call you all kids, can I?

As I was going to say, I guess it's time to go, like Charlie Chaplin always went, with a grin and a wave and a belief in the basic good nature of people everywhere. ☒

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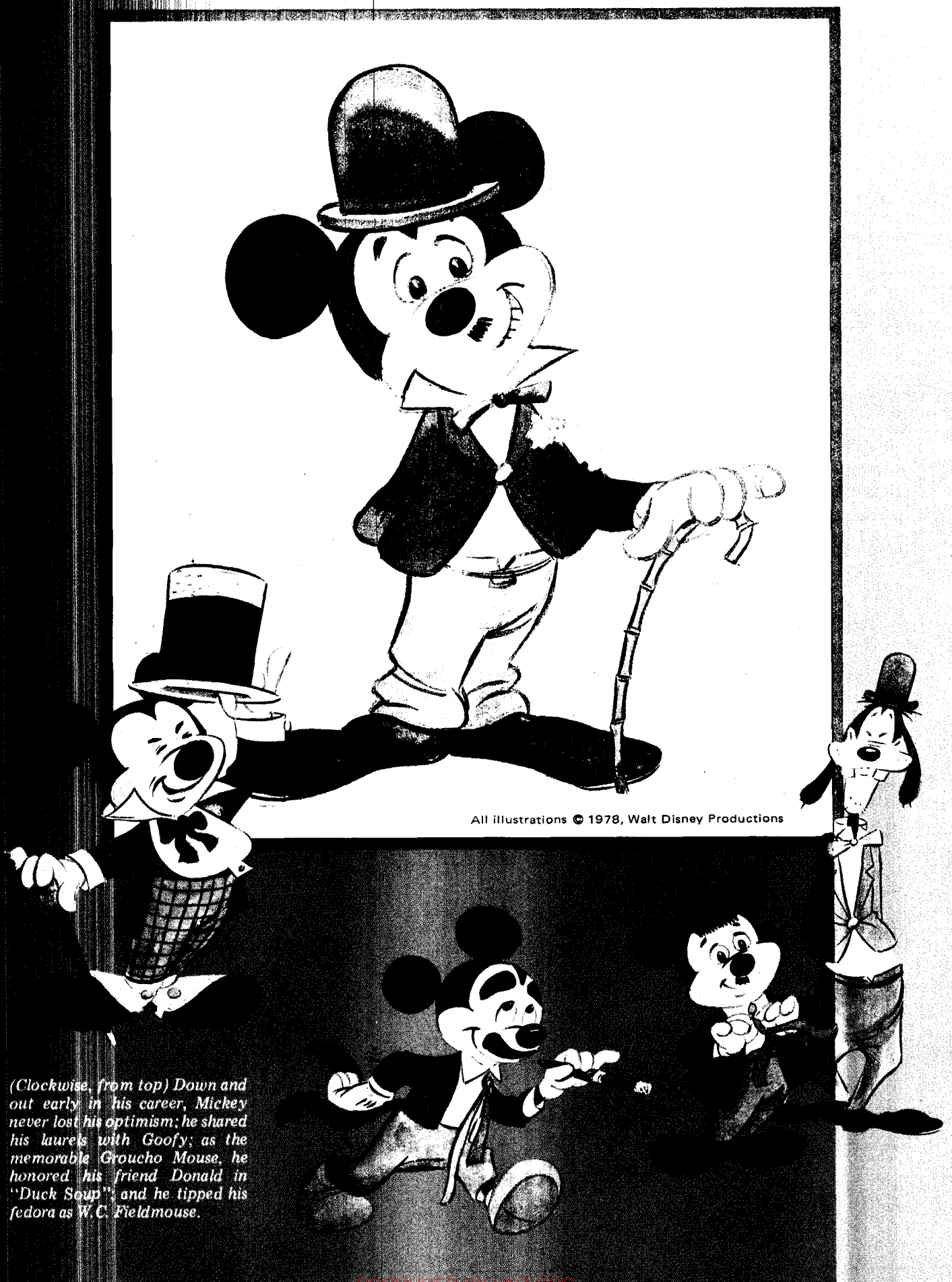

All illustrations © 1978, Walt Disney Productions

(Clockwise, from top) Down and out early in his career, Mickey never lost his optimism; he shared his laurels with Goofy; as the memorable Groucho Mouse, he honored his friend Donald in "Duck Soup" and he tipped his fedora as W.C. Fieldmouse.

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POST SCRIPTS

Questionable Queries

If Wags got all muddy and dried off on the carpet, would you still love him?

If a person swallowed a marble, would that person have to go to the doctor?

Did that Chinese vase in the living room cost more than my allowance?

What would happen to a person if he poured a little detergent in the washing machine and it made a few bubbles spill out all over the floor?

How many allowances would it take to pay for the bedspread that used to be great-grandma's?

If a person ran out of bubble bath and used another person's shampoo instead, would that first person be in trouble?

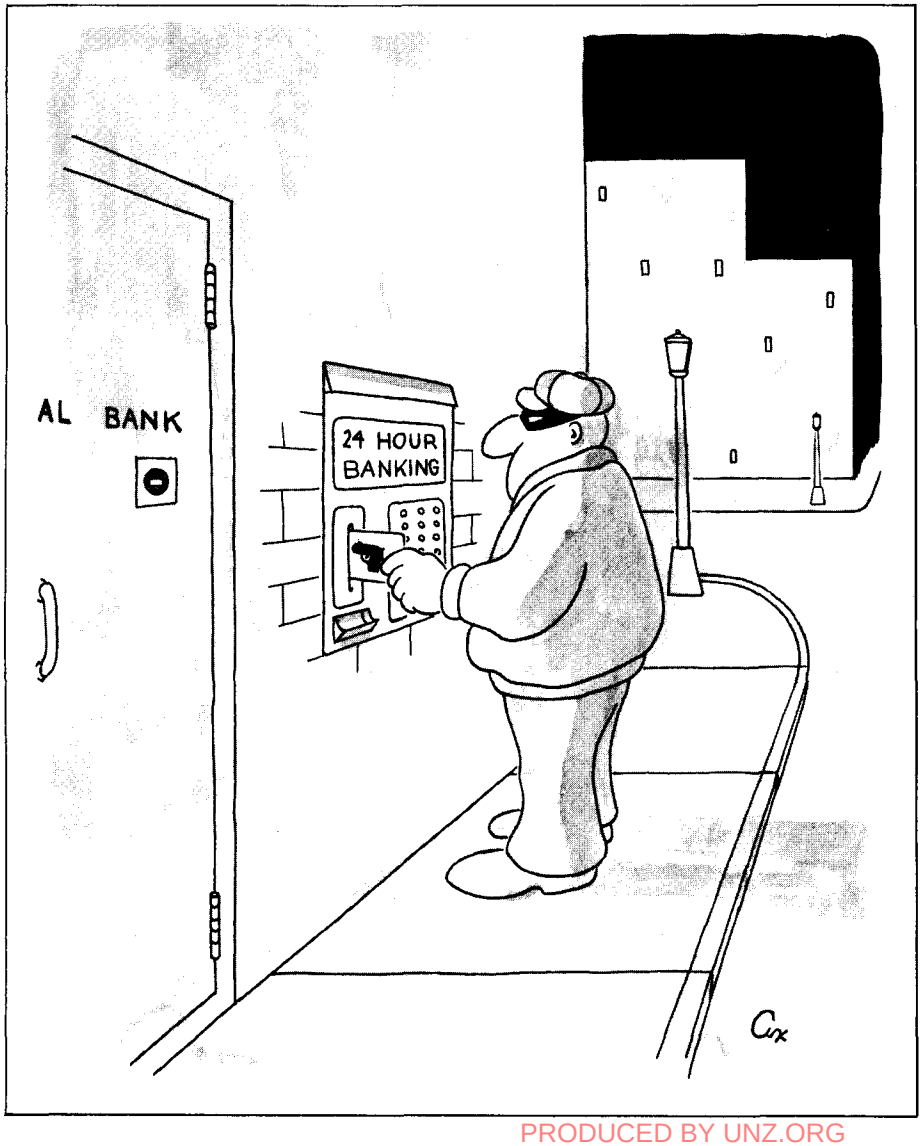
How long could Daddy's pocket watch stay at the bottom of the toilet tank before it got all rusty?

Would you still think Betsy was cute if she cut off half her hair?

If a person accidentally flushed an apple down the toilet, would it make water go all over the bathroom floor?

If Spot ate a pork chop on your bed, would you be mad at him?

–Peggy Crump



Mobile Miserere

If it's true that misery loves
company—
And miserable I often am—
How come I can't enjoy
Getting caught in a traffic
jam?

–Ruth M. Walsh

Office Overload

When his daddy kept bringing office work home night after night, the first-grader asked him why.

Daddy carefully explained that he had so much to do he couldn't finish it all during the day.

"Well, then," asked the lad, "Why don't they put you in a slower group?"

–Audrey Earle

On and Off Romance

To someone like me, a person
go-gettish,
The way that you lure me is truly
coquettish.
It makes me so angry that you're
such a tease;
You flirt and then hurt with such
consummate ease.

For weeks now, you see, I've
avoided the fact
You'll never be able to change
how you act.
And soon now I'm hoping I'll get
up the nerve
To tell you I'm better than what
you deserve.

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I know that you'll chuckle and
only act worse;
You're proud that I'm gripped by
passion perverse.
In all of our dealings you're
always on top;
You raise up my spirits and then
let me drop.

From far off I see you seductively
green,
The best invitation that ever
I've seen.
The passage you promise is lawful
and easy,
But then your performance is
awful and sleazy.

For just at the point that I'm
feeling most mellow,
My trust is betrayed as you
quickly turn yellow.
My faith in your virture was all a
mistake,
I think, when you're red and I'm
flooring my brake.

I screech to a stop just a few
inches short
Of whacking a woman and going to
court.
But after you halt me with haste
unbecoming,
You stay red so long that it's
utterly numbing.

The cars I watch pass in the other
direction
Provide me with proof of your
fickle affection.
You make me so jealous I'm fit to
be tied,
For they're granted favors that I
am denied.

I slump on the wheel in total
dejection,
Unable to handle your latest
rejection.
I think of endearments I'd love
to impart,
But how can I reach your
computerized heart?

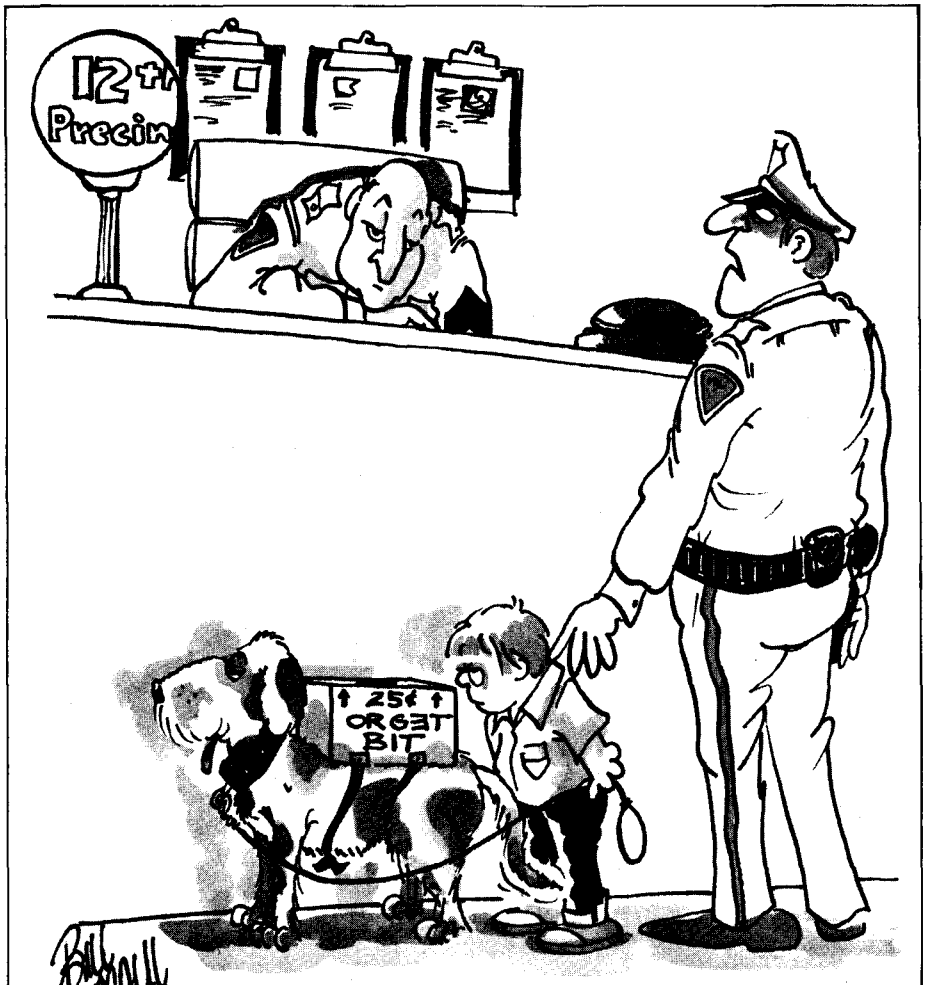
–James Whiting

Tenderizing Touch

"Girls," the manager of the restaurant said, "I want you all to look your very best today.

"Greet every customer with a smile, put on a little extra makeup, and see that your hair is attractive."

"What's up?" one girl asked.



"I've uncovered a vicious neighborhood extortion ring, Sarge."

"Are some big shots coming in today?"

"No," the manager answered. "The beef's tough."

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Please Excuse

Dear Teacher,
John considered it best
To stay home and rest
Since he had a sore throat
And an algebra test.

–Honey Greer

Foto Flattery

A glamorous Hollywood star had her picture taken and was fuming at the terrible results.

"I can't understand it," she said. "The last time I posed for you the photographs were heavenly."

"Ah, yes," the photographer sighed, "but you must remember that I was 10 years younger then."

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Pure Ethics

After some time in therapy, the psychiatrist's patient was so pleased with her progress that she couldn't resist leaning over and purring, "I'm so grateful I could just kiss you."

"Better not," he cautioned. "Actually we shouldn't even be lying here on the couch together."

–John Mason

Rain of Tear

The meek husband had his suspicions. Leaving work early one day, he stealthily entered the house. There in the front hall were a strange hat and umbrella. Even worse, his wife was on the couch in the arms of another man.

Wild for revenge, the cuckolded husband grabbed up the man's umbrella and tore it to shreds.

"There!" he grunted. "Now I hope it rains!"

–Dick Weaver

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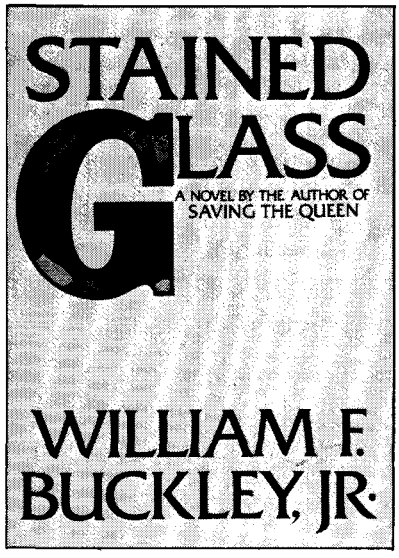
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Stained Glass

by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Doubleday, 232 pages
$8.95

by David Brudnoy

Having saved the Queen and the Free World by dallying with Her Majesty, the hero of *Saving the Queen* returns to active duty with the Central Intelligence Agency, now in the service of some protodetente, or at least an Establishment, conception of harmony between the Soviets and the powerful noncommunist nations. Blackford Oakes comes without the paraphernalia of Major James Bond, but he is as dashing, as irresistible, as cultivated, if not as insufferably stuffy, as the Ian Fleming spy whose exploits and overwhelming sex appeal author William Buckley must on occasion have contemplated.



If Oakes is by no means as renowned as Bond—yet—nor as given to imitating the rabbits, a few more such novels and a slightly less circuitous route into the romantic entanglements could well make of Buckley's alter ego a serious rival to the perennially popular Bond. Nothing more can come from the pen of Bond's creator, but Oakes' is healthy and vigorous and engaged in no less than the activities of two or three busy men. Besides, Buckley appears to be in the process of joyfully liberating himself from the polemical. His most delightful writings during the last few years have been the two Blackford Oakes novels, his recollections of a long sail across the ocean, and a busy week in his life—*Airbone* and *Cruising Speed*, respectively.

But back to Oakes. The time is 1952; the setting, West Germany (primarily); the problem, heading off the coming electoral victory of a unification party headed by another dashing young man with a mission, Count Axel Wintergrin. Stalin lives, the freeze is still on, and *our* side—most decidedly Buckley's side—fears the wrath of the Soviet dictator, fears specifically that Wintergrin's success at the polls (the success of a political movement bent on reunifying East and West Germany) would trigger a Soviet invasion of all of western Europe. Wintergrin doubts that Stalin is more than bluster; Oakes doubts it, too. But American intelligence frets, the Russians fret, and the patriot Oakes finds himself drawn into a joint Russian-American plot to subvert Wintergrin's electoral chances or, failing that, to eliminate Wintergrin himself.

I'm not convinced that Oakes' Russian partner is, as the jacket blurb tells us, the "world's most alluring agent"; the author is far more convincing in selling us Blackford Oakes' charms than in making his lady spy much more than a literary device. Of Erika's charms we are never in doubt, but she is not Buckley transferred to the page, and Oakes is: The author has given his protagonist not only those ideal personal characteristics so useful to the completion of missions requiring utmost tact, learning, bluff, and physical allure; he has also used Oakes to express the Buckleyan disgust with the flaccid policies of the West. That's a tall order for one young spy; but both in *Stained Glass* and in its predecessor, the CIA agent manages to express the enlightened anticommunist message without emerging as a propaganda stick figure.

Save only for some endearing crotchet, some tobacco in the slipper, or an irresistible fondness for some illicit substance, Oakes is by now as fully rounded, as predictably unpredictable, as tormented by the conflict between his sense of duty to higher principles and his sense of duty to the "Company," as any recurring character in modern English fiction. William Buckley had better abandon Blackford Oakes immediately—perish the thought!—or run the risk of winding up reliving the agony of Conan Doyle: wishing to be rid of his compelling hero but unable to do so because of public clamor.

Bill Buckley cannot resist occasional rambles down seemingly irrelevant paths, flipping in little minilectures on Greek philosophy, medieval architecture, American journalism, and German opera (*Parsifal* is the opera that gets underway at 5:30, and three hours later you find that it's 5:45). His is the playful style described by Richard Hofstadter as typical of the intellectual, and some of the fun of reading *Stained Glass* and *Saving the Queen* is in rounding the corner and banging into yet another of these witty asides. Buckley confesses to turning out the first Blackford Oakes adventure story in five weeks (with polishing after that). No doubt similar marathon running produced *Stained Glass*. The books are breezy, unlabored, wry, casual, haphazardly moving on to their concluding pages with, quite obviously, no grand plan in mind as the author sat down to type the first page.

Like its predecessor, *Stained Glass* is very much a modern novel, very much attuned to our lives. Only in the maddening delicacy with which Buckley condescends to describe those requisite sex scenes even a Buckley hero has to pass through, does the book fail to live up (or down) to the contemporary mode. But then, Oakes is young, tireless, and lusty—and Buckley, assuming he gets as much pleasure from writing these tales as the reader gets from reading them, has years to go before Blacky Oakes rests.

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The War Against the Automobile

by B. Bruce-Briggs
E. P. Dutton, 244 pages, $10.95

The American automobile is under attack. It is charged that the auto-highway system discriminates against the poor, minority groups, and the elderly. It is said that highways have destroyed American cities, that cars have created congestion, and that the automobile is unsafe. Beyond this, it has been said that auto exhausts are poisoning us, that Detroit deliberately murdered mass transportation, and that the auto is devouring irreplaceable energy resources.

This is a weighty and largely fallacious indictment. It is used by those who urge the federal government to fund mass transit systems and who have sponsored legislation which alters automobile manufacturing in a number of serious—and expensive—ways. Such critics, if they have their way, would sharply curtail ownership of cars in the United States.

Against this indictment, B. Bruce-Briggs, a historian, urbanologist, and policy analyst who has served with the Hudson Institute has provided a thoughtful response. Beyond this, he counterattacks, arguing that what is at the root of the hostility to the automobile is an elitism which seeks to "rationally" plan the entire American transportation system. The individual charges against the automobile, he declares, are just rationalizations for the real purposes of the assault.

"The war against the automobile," he declares, "and the myths of mass transportation are merely one campaign in an upper-class struggle against the standard of living, individual freedom, and pride of the great mass of the American people."

The reason most Americans use the automobile rather than some other form of transportation is that it best fits their needs. Bruce-Briggs notes that, "the commuter railroad, the elevated railroad, the subway, the trolley, the bicycle, the motorcycle, and the bus all fought in head-to-head competition with the automobile, and all lost. The reason is not at all difficult to understand—the automobile was the superior system. No one planned that the car should dominate. . . . The automobile is, so far, the most perfect method of intra-urban personal transportation yet devised. . . . By the criteria of economy, speed, comfort, convenience, and always most important of all, point-to-point delivery, the automobile was, is, and will be, far superior."

The automobile is popular with Americans because it gives them an opportunity to maximize their own freedom. The author points out that, "you go where you want when you want; you stop when you want; you eat when you want . . . and select your own route. . . . All costs considered, the car is cheaper than train or bus." He argues that, albeit without fanfare, automakers are constantly making their cars safer.

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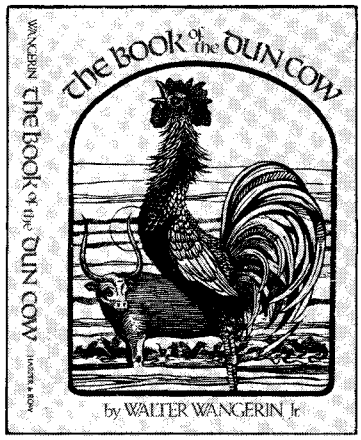
—The Post Recommends—

The Book of the Dun Cow
Walter Wangerin, Jr.
Harper & Row
$7.95

Good and evil were never seen more distinctly nor pitted more ferociously than in this animal fable, reverberating with the righteousness of the Bible or a medieval morality play. On the one side is Chauntecleer, the story's hero, a proud rooster ruling over a land of animals; his beautiful wife Pertelote; his loyal dog Mundo Cani, appealing in spite of a large nose; his valiant warrior John Wesley Weasel. On the other side is Cockatrice (when the good animals speak his name it rhymes with "hiss"), who is half rooster and half reptile and father to a brood of thousands of basilisks, creepy creatures of the river and the living, crawling carriers of Sin. Underneath it all is Wyrm, an unfathomably large monster (the ultimate in worms!) whom God locked into the center of the earth. The animals are his keepers. Over it all is the Dun Cow, God's messenger, she of the liquid, all-understanding eyes whose good ultimately prevails.



Chauntecleer, so powerful and so vain, is ruling an untroubled land until about halfway through the tale, when Cockatrice and his basilisks invade from the river dividing the two animal kingdoms. The resulting battles—army against army and leader against leader—read with all the tension of a well-written military history. Gore is not a sparse commodity. Except for what their actions may at times say of human glories and frailties, the animals are not mere literary symbols but are invested with a humanness all their own.

A Love In Shadow
John R. Boettiger
W. W. Norton & Company
$10.95

Fame's a doubtful gift, feeding the hungry ego but demanding its price. And the price, as John R. Boettiger writes, can be destructively high when wed to a lifelong feeling of emptiness and insecurity. The price paid by the author's father, John Boettiger, husband of Anna Roosevelt, the only daughter of Franklin and Eleanor, was the highest—his own life, by his own hand. For many of his adult years John Boettiger had to face the plain fact of borrowed fame: that he was, first, "the President's son-in-law" and then, only incidentally, a man in his own right.

The younger Boettiger follows the movement of those two "shadows" and shows how they darkened the lives of the celebrated couple; he describes how both Anna and John, fresh from misfired marriages, came to marry; and follows the tortuous, perhaps inevitable, sundering of their bond—a bond they so patiently nurtured and regarded in such misty, mystical terms. Contrasting the Roosevelts' oppressively formal and cold raising of his mother with the warmer, more spontaneous upbringing of his father, the author leads them through the major events in their lives, together and apart, recording their first marriages, John's short but rewarding Chicago newspaper career, and their struggle to run two western newspapers.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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John Bowden Connally

It's time to start thinking about who should be the next President of the United States. These are unusual times which demand an unusual man. Someone is needed who can rise above loyalties to one party, to business, or to government bureaucracy. We need a man who can speak for America and give us confident leadership at home and abroad. Our candidate is John Bowden Connally.

There is something very wrong with America today, and it stems from Washington. Distrust has arisen between the leaders of industry and the leaders of government. The people are being encouraged to distrust government and industry alike. It is apparent now that it just doesn't work to bring in a group of inexperienced outsiders and hand them the reins of the presidency. Our President can't be against government; the United States *is* a government and the President is its chief executive. Certainly, our President can't be against business and free enterprise. We are above all a free enterprise society; indeed, a free economy controlled by the decisions of millions of free individuals is precisely what makes our government different from the stifling government control of the socialist states such as Soviet Russia. Vapid, empty-headed statements about government as good as the people have little meaning. America has thrived because we have had the good sense to elect government leaders who have allowed it to thrive and to prosper.

Our next President must not be indelibly a Democrat or a Republican. He must understand the clear demand of the people for a free society and free enterprise and not for big government. Yet he must comprehend just how intertwined with our society the federal government is. He must have the confidence of men in government and business, and he must be able to interpret both of these institutions to the people. We need a man who is not forever exciting us *against* things but rather one competent to run things for us. Certainly America needs a President again worthy of international respect. The world is in danger of becoming unglued.

Although just 61 years old, John Connally has decades of government experience in Washington. He has served capably now and again since 1939 for Democrats and Republicans alike. As a young man in his 20s he ran Lyndon Johnson's congressional offices. He was John F. Kennedy's capable Secretary of the Navy. He was Secretary of the Treasury for Richard Nixon.

Internationally, John Connally has splendid credentials. He has had top-level experience in the Department of Defense. Among world economists he is credited with directing the effort which averted an international monetary crisis during the Nixon years. Connally has a reputation for being a tough, shrewd international negotiator. John has also had ample executive experience; he served three terms as Governor of Texas.

For all of his experience in state and federal government, John Connally has spent most of his adult life as a businessman. One of his strengths in business has been the ability to meld together the efforts of people, business, and government, and get results.

Connally is a man born with his feet in the soil, as was his father before him. John takes pride in raising Santa Gertrudis cattle on his ranch.

John Connally served in the Nixon administration when his country needed him. Of course, he could not escape the passions of Watergate. Few men have had their pasts investigated more thoroughly—and the investigations were not intended to find something good. Yet, when the chips were down, Texans—Democrats and Republicans, blacks, whites, and Chicanos—stood up for John Connally. No less than Lady Bird Johnson, then Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, and former Secretary of State Dean Rusk spoke up in his defense. He came through

"That concludes my prepared evasions. I will now spontaneously circumvent your questions."

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the investigations and witch-hunts unscathed.

As Connally views his decision to become a Republican, he didn't abandon the Democratic party: The Democrats, by nominating superliberal Senator George McGovern, abandoned him. As a result of liberal policies, he has explained, "more and more concentration of power is occurring in Washington . . . more and more people are gathering there who think that they—and they alone—have the intelligence and the wisdom to make decisions for the American people. Now, as a consequence, the average American is losing freedom every day—*every single day*." There was, quite clearly, no place for a rugged rancher like Connally in a party whose leaders are committed to such nonsense.

That's because Connally, a no-nonsense guy, holds a far different view of America from that which prevails among the incompetent liberals who put Jimmy Carter in the White House, Andy Young at the United Nations, Bert Lance at the Office of Management and Budget, and Peter Bourne in charge of the nation's drug abuse program. His is a different view, too, from that which would appease the Soviets abroad as we rush headlong into a homegrown socialism that Moscow itself might wholeheartedly approve.

Connally looks, instead, to a bold and confident United States, one which commands the respect of its own citizens as well as the rest of the world. It's the kind of vision one might expect of a wealthy corporation lawyer and cattle rancher who rose from humble beginnings in a small Texas town to become the confidante of Presidents. Throughout his career, Connally has, in fact, personified those virtues so often associated with the Old West and all it calls to mind—fierce independence, awesome courage, and a clear sense of individual and national destiny. And these, after all, are the virtues that are looked up to by the great majority of Americans as well as foreign heads of state.

It took a special kind of courage for Connally to leave the Democratic party after 35 years of distinguished service—the kind of courage we believe is needed now more than ever, as America searches for a leader to show us through the challenging years to come. Connally could be, and should be, that leader.

Connally looks like a leader, acts like one, and he thinks before he speaks. We have heard from a variety of sources in both government and business that John Connally was born to take charge. No matter the shape of the furniture, where John Connally sits ends up being the head of the table.

Let's Hear It for Detroit

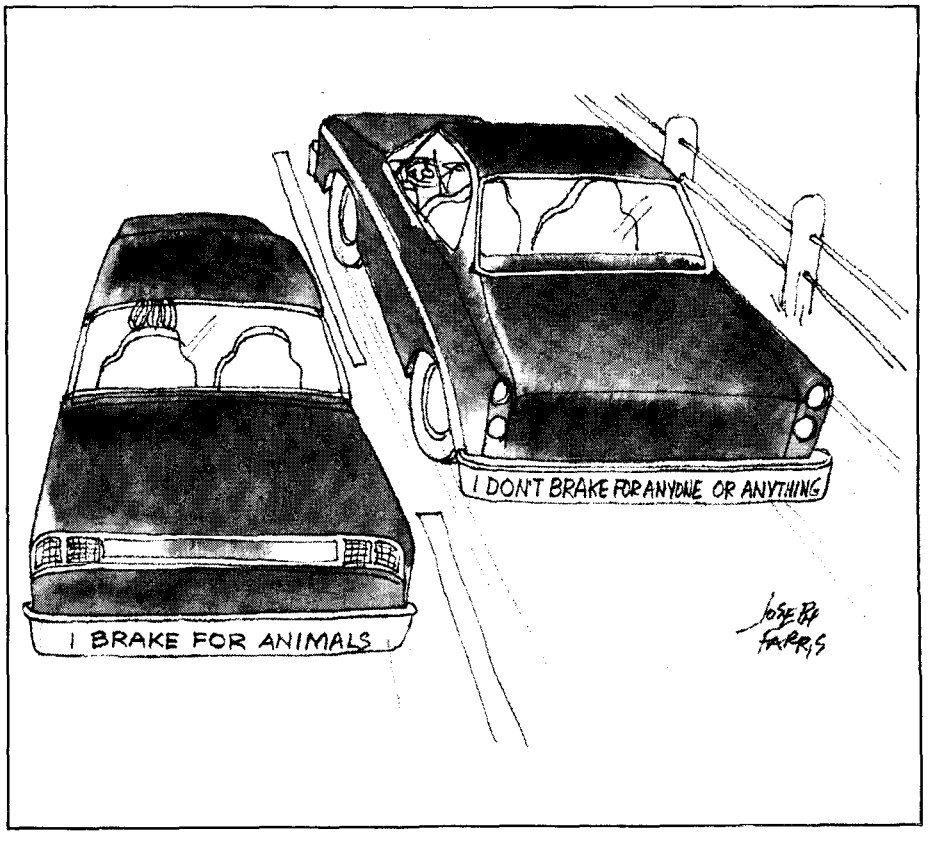
Above everything else, the private automobile means freedom—freedom to go exactly where we want, when we want, and by whatever route we choose. The government elitists may plan systems that save fuel, space, metal, or rubber. The automobile evolved because the Americans who demanded it wanted to save something else altogether—their own time. The automobile freed us from the drafty bus stops and train stations of the world.

We have been free to go where we want, when we want, and—within reason—in whatever we want. We can strive and drive a finer car, or relax and feel sporty in a jalopy. We can refuse to work, live on the public dole, and not own an automobile at all.

Let's not forget what got us here: a free, competitive economy. We have our cars because we liked them better than buggies. Governments did not design automobiles, or toilet tissue, or ballpoint pens. People did, because people wanted them.

Now we will grudgingly admit there's a need for government and social planners. Too many of the wrong kind of automobiles do pollute the air. We must have sensible speed laws. Only governmental organizations can properly plan and lay out highways. Let's keep the laws and regulations simple so that industry can develop what people want.

Let's not lose what we've got. The American automobile and the life it represents are truly grand. It has given us a freedom experienced nowhere else in the world and equaled at no time in history. Compared to that, social planning hasn't shown us much. We can put up with a minimum of government control to keep things orderly and safe. But stuff that equality and "Brave New World" nonsense. Let's hear it for Detroit.



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CHRISTMAS GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE

This year's present may be next year's family heirloom.

"When thou makest presents, let them be of such things that will last long; to the end they may be in some sort immortal, and may frequently refresh the memory of the receiver." Such was the famous English theologian Thomas Fuller's advice on gifts in the early 17th century, and his counsel is probably even more apt today than it was 300 years ago. Nowadays, when almost everything is mass-produced, and anything that isn't is outrageously priced, a durable, handcrafted gift will probably be prized far above a store-bought item.

With Christmas only a page away on the calendar, you might want to make the decision this year to spend somewhat less money and add a little more time and work to make your own gifts for special friends and relatives. Even if you are not the world's most gifted craftsman or most skillful carpenter, it's likely that with the proper tools and a modicum of patience you can produce the following simple but tasteful gifts before the Christmas rush. And while others are out fighting and elbowing through department store aisles, madly seeking the correct size and the right color, you'll be snug at home in your workshop putting the finishing touches on the perfect gift that just fits the order. An added dimension will be the pride and satisfaction of knowing that the gift you give is all yours.

Foursquare Wren House

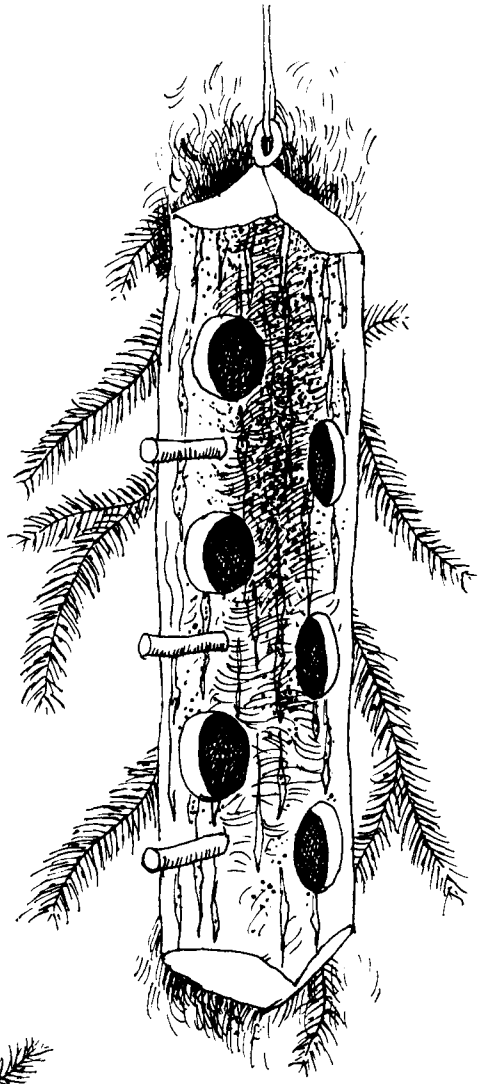
Materials List:

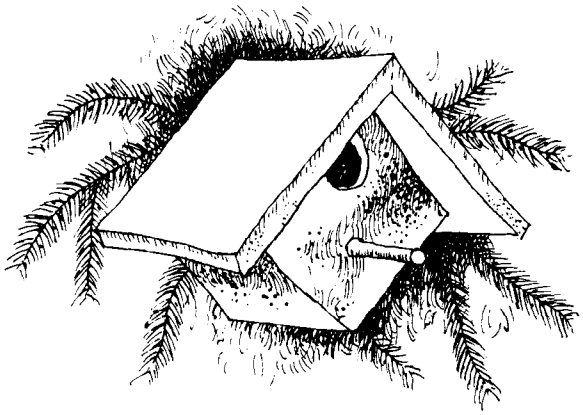
3 4 x 4 x ½-inch boards for ends and side
2 boards 5½ x 6¼ x ½-inch for roof
1 board 3½ x 4 x ½-inch for side
1 2 x ¼-inch dowel
1 1-inch long screw eye

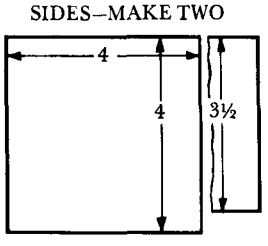
A unique gift that will provide perennial pleasure for years to come is this easily constructed foursquare wren house. Simply cut the four sides and roof out of ½-inch lumber (redwood or cedar for a more natural look, or use plywood and paint). Drill a ¾-inch diameter entrance and ¼-inch perch hole in one end.

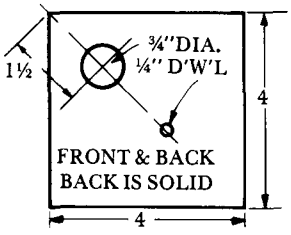
Make two roof boards of equal dimensions and bevel them 45 degrees. Nail together the bottom edge of the sides, then nail the ends and attach the roof. Mount the house on a tree or post with a

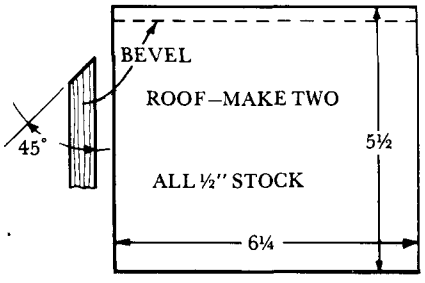
If you offer the neighborhood birds a place to stay and some square meals, they'll gladly serenade your friends and relatives year-round for free.

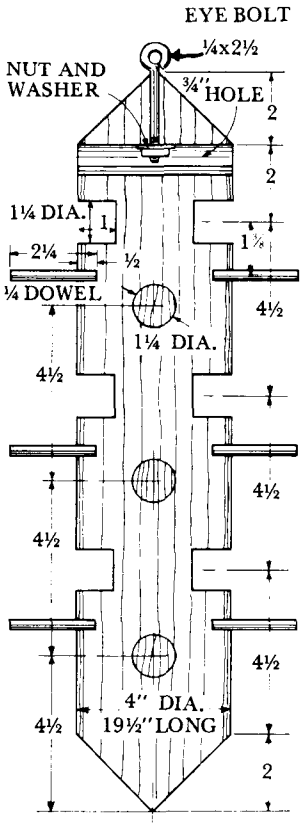












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screw eye. This gift will not only delight its recipient, it will also please many generations of bird families.

Suet Log Feeder

Materials List (makes 10 feeders):

10 logs, 4 inches in diameter and 19½ inches long
6 dowels, ¼ inch in diameter and 2¼ inches long
1 ¼ x ½-inch eyebolt (with nut and washer)

If your friends or relatives enjoy watching birds, here is a gift that will give them pleasure year-round, starting on Christmas morning. Construction is very simple. All you need is a 19½-inch log (preferably hardwood), some ¼-inch doweling, and an eyebolt.

Select any type of wood log approximately 4 inches in diameter. Elm is especially good because of its straightness. Point both ends at about a 45-degree angle and drill a ¾-inch hole just below the bevel for the eyebolt nut. Drill a ¼-inch hole down from the top to accommodate the eyebolt.

Next drill holes 1¼ inches in diameter, 1 inch deep, and approximately 4½ inches apart, along the four sides of the log; drill ¼-inch holes for dowel perches below and opposite the columns of suet holes.

Suspend the feeder vertically on a long wire to keep out marauding squirrels. Fill the holes with a suet and birdseed mixture.

Hobbyhorse

[*For materials list, see caption below.*]

If your gift list includes small children, this hobbyhorse could provide years of easy riding and has potential as a family heirloom that could be handed down to succeeding generations of young buckaroos and cowpokes.

The plans are on a background grid of one square to an inch. The body and legs can be cut from 1-inch pine stock, but the rockers should be made of a hardwood, such as poplar or maple.

Draw the pattern and cut out with a jigsaw or saber saw. The body contains three pieces which are glued together. The legs may be joined to the body with pegs or countersink screws. Screw holes can be covered with plastic wood.

The head can be sawn from a 1 x 10 if placed at an angle to the horse's body rather than perpendicular to it. Assemble the entire body and legs before attempting to fasten the base to the rockers.

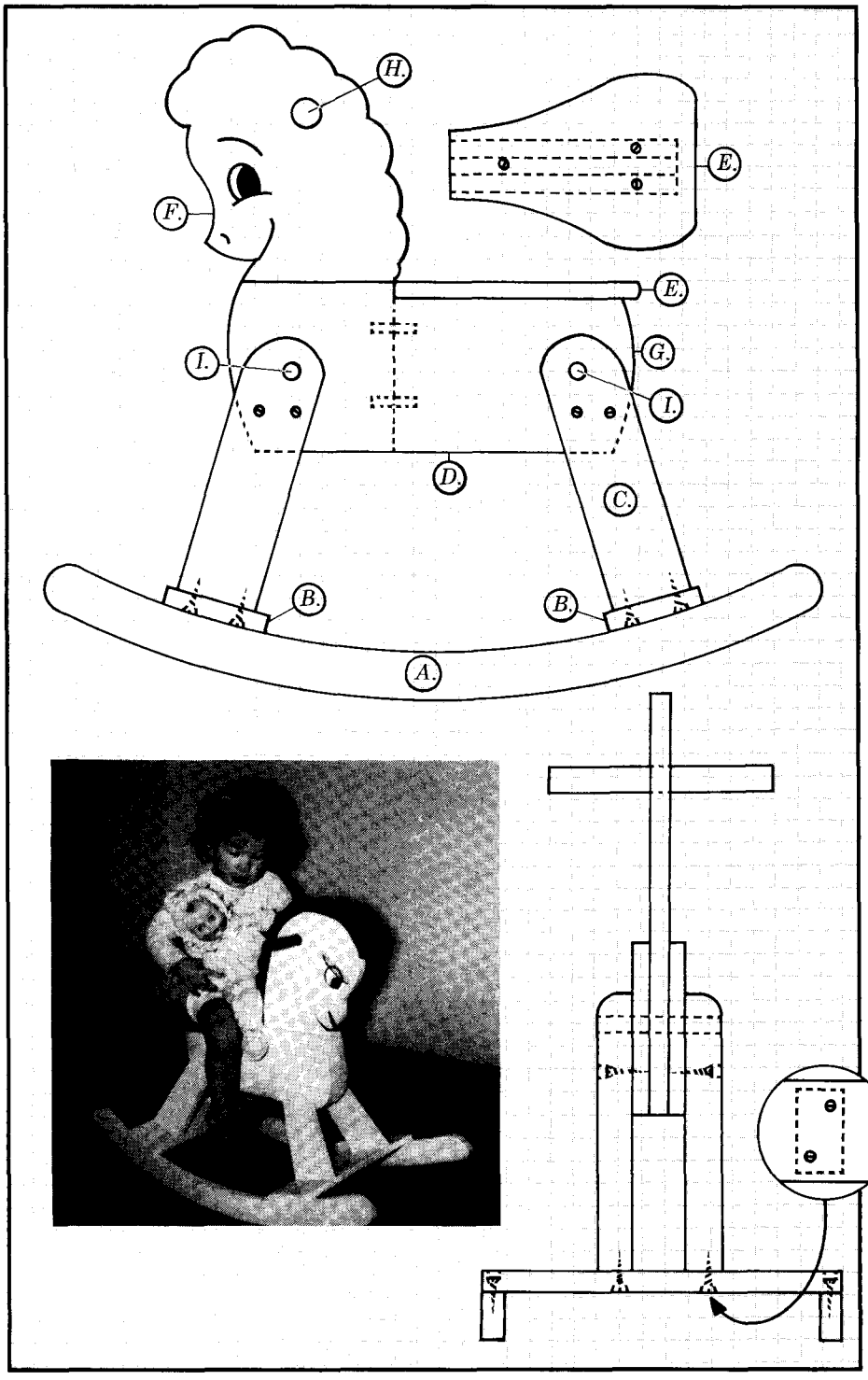
Be sure to sand down all sharp corners. Then paint or stain and varnish, and it's ready to saddle and ride.

In the final step, place the total horse assembly on the rockers and drill pilot holes for the screws.

Continued on following page

Just the steed for budding young equestrians, this gentle mount canters at a good, safe pace. Here's what you'll need:

A. Rockers	*1"x8"x36"*	*2*
B. Base	*1"x5"x16"*	*2*
C. Legs	*2"x4"x12"*	*4*
D. Body	*1"x6"x18"*	*2*
E. Seat	*1"x8"x11"*	*2*
F. Head	*1"x10"x18"*	*1*
G. Body filler	*1"x4¾"x10¾"*	*1*
H. Handle	*1"x10" dowel*	*1*
I. Pegs	*½"x5 5/8" dowel*	*2*
Flat-headed wood screws	*1¾"x#10*	*19*
Flat-headed wood screws	*2½"x#12*	*8*



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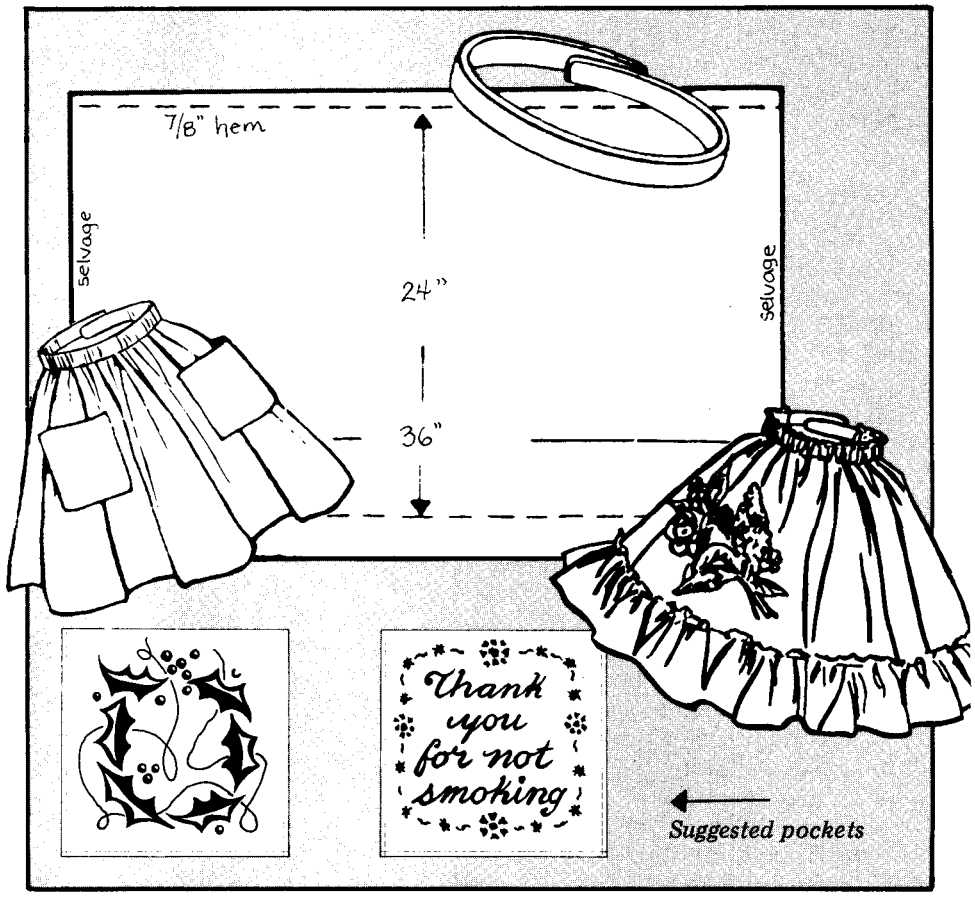
Aprons

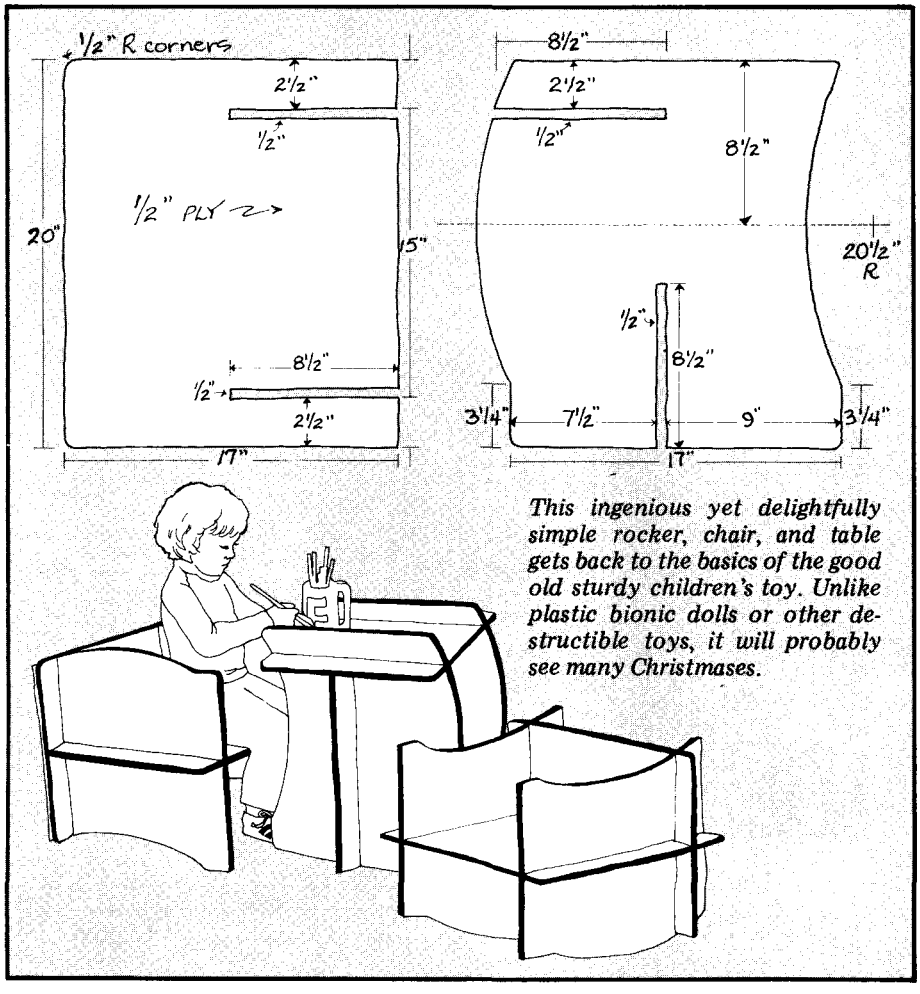
Here's a practical gift that's easy to make yet allows you to display your creativity in the personal, finishing touches you design yourself.

You will need a piece of fabric 22½ inches long. (The width may vary because it will be gathered at the waist.) Turn under the two raw edges at the top and bottom ¼ inch. Make a 2-inch hem at the bottom and a 7/8-inch hem at the top. Add a square patch pocket decorated with your favorite motif or slogan. A cross-stitch message, embroidered flowers, or an applique can express your talents and sentiments. Novice seamstresses might choose ready-made trims such as ball fringe, rickrack, piping, or lace.

For the final step, slip an apron hoop through the top hem and arrange the gathered fabric evenly around the hoop. Special persons on your gift list might be given a "wardrobe" of aprons—an everyday version of gingham or chintz and a party model of organdy or eyelet. The same hoop can be used for all aprons.



Hoops may be ordered for $1 each, in sizes small, medium, or large, from The Country Store, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.



This ingenious yet delightfully simple rocker, chair, and table gets back to the basics of the good old sturdy children's toy. Unlike plastic bionic dolls or other destructible toys, it will probably see many Christmases.

Rocker, Chair, Table

Materials List:

1 ½-inch x 4-foot x 8-foot plywood panel (A-B or A-C grade)
Fine sandpaper
Wood filler
Interior semigloss enamel paint or stain
Eightpenny finishing nails

Here's a three-in-one gift idea that you could probably put together in a single evening, but as a rocker, table, and chair, it will give a child years of hard wear. With only two pattern pieces, this one is so simple to make, you may want to saw out a batch of them and make enough to go around to all your nieces and nephews, or whoever will be the lucky recipients.

Cut all the pieces as shown in the diagram. For the curved section, start by cutting a rectangular piece, then use a cardboard pat-

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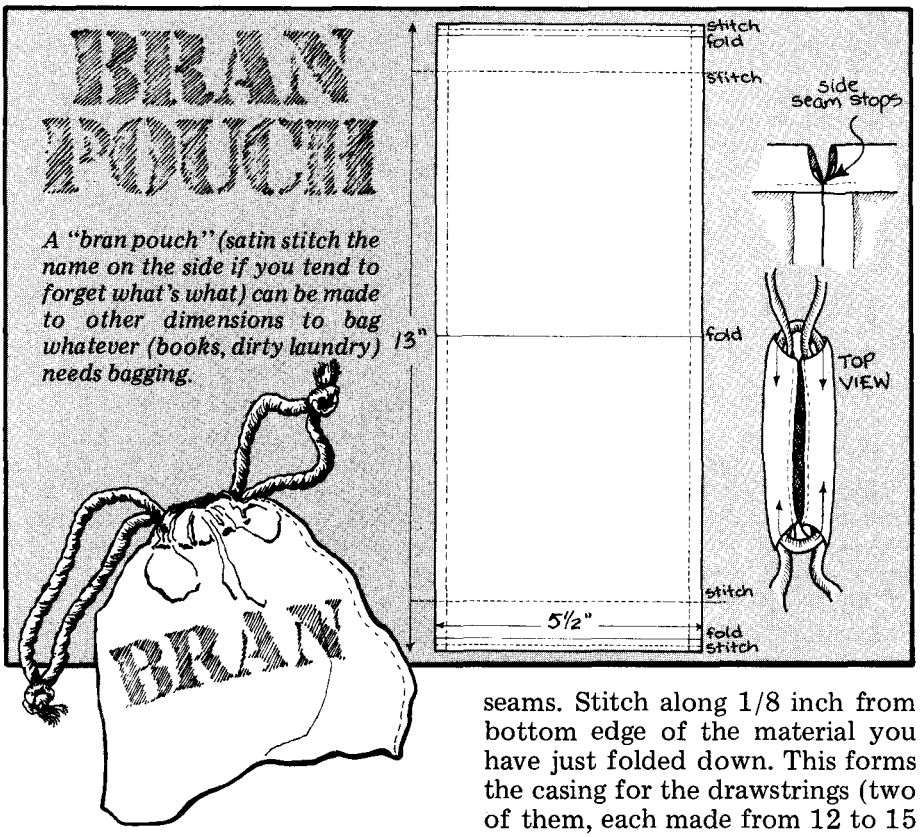

BRAN POUCH
A "bran pouch" (satin stitch the name on the side if you tend to forget what's what) can be made to other dimensions to bag whatever (books, dirty laundry) needs bagging.
13"
5½"
stitch fold
stitch
side seam stops
fold
TOP VIEW
stitch
fold stitch
BRAN

tern for a guide. If cut exactly, the rocker bottom will be in perfect balance.

Insert the slots by predrilling a ½-inch hole and then finish with a saw. Finish rough places with wood filler and sealer; sand and paint. A single sheet of plywood will make two chairs.

Bran Pouch

Now that you've learned to love bran, you may want your own little personal stash with you all the time to sprinkle on fruit, ice cream, yogurt, cereal, or anything else you like. This easy-to-sew "bran pouch" is exactly right for the job. The bran is kept in a plastic Baggie closed with a twist tab and placed inside the pouch. To make your own, first cut a 13 x 5½-inch piece of material (we used denim, but any sturdy fabric will do). Fold this at center fold line, right sides together. Sew along both sides to make seams ¼ inch from each edge. Stop 1 inch from top, and backstitch at top and bottom. At bottom, snip off corners, being careful not to cut stitching. Press seams back, then fold and press down ¼-inch strips on both sides at top. Turn down each side (wrong sides together) to meet the top of the side seams. Stitch along 1/8 inch from bottom edge of the material you have just folded down. This forms the casing for the drawstrings (two of them, each made from 12 to 15 inches of cotton cording). Turn right side out and thread drawstrings through as in diagram, using a safety pin fastened to one end of the drawstring to help force it through.

Glasses Case

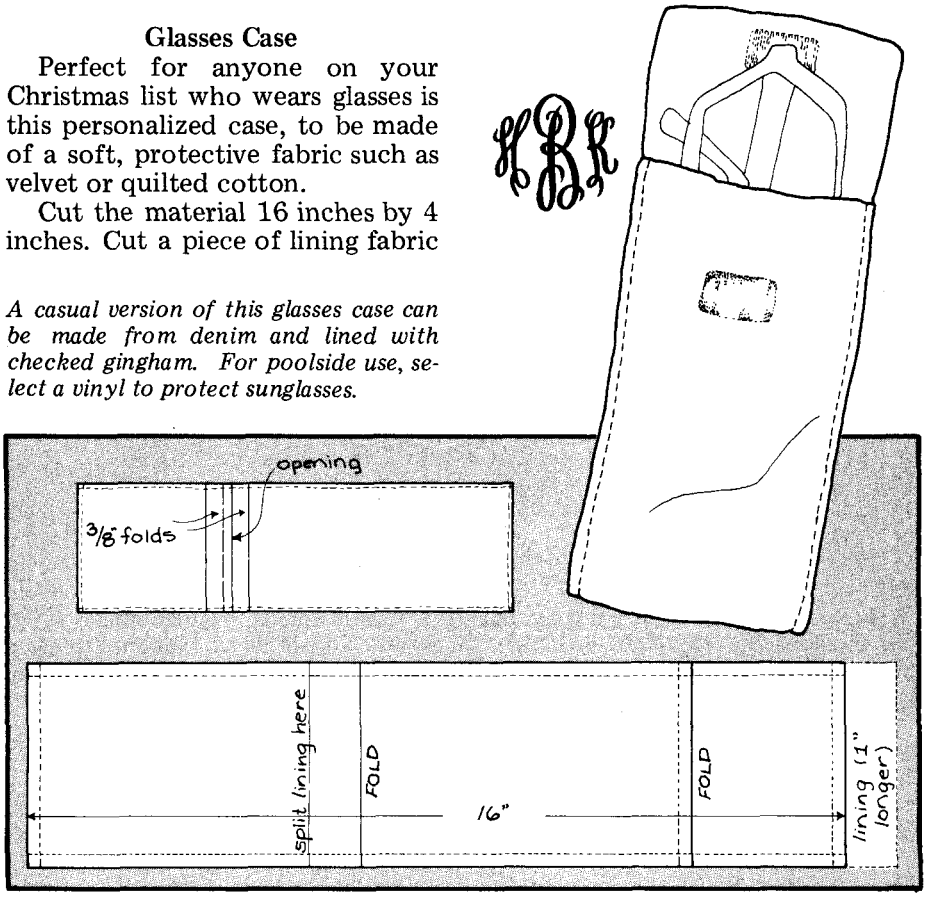
Perfect for anyone on your Christmas list who wears glasses is this personalized case, to be made of a soft, protective fabric such as velvet or quilted cotton.

Cut the material 16 inches by 4 inches. Cut a piece of lining fabric 17 inches by 4 inches. Split the material as indicated on the pattern and fold back one end of each piece 3/8 inch and press. Pin the lining to the case material, right sides together. The lining folds will be to the outside, and they will overlap. This leaves an opening to turn the case right side out. Be sure the split is not on the end with the flap. Seam around all four edges.

Turn the case right side out through the opening created by the split in the lining. Fold up the bottom end of the case to the fold line as indicated on the pattern. This will leave about a 3-inch flap. Topstitch each edge of the case up to the flap, backstitching at both ends. Sew Velcro fasteners to the flap and case for secure closure. Decorate the front of the case with an embroidered monogram or any appropriate design. Needlework should be added after the case is lined.

Several glasses cases, aprons, and bran pouches can be made at a time, thus saving time and stretching supplies. Such "little" gifts are the perfect way to say thank you to special teachers, holiday hostesses, and secret pals.

A casual version of this glasses case can be made from denim and lined with checked gingham. For poolside use, select a vinyl to protect sunglasses.



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John Connally

continued from page 67

ship to the nation and to the free world—these are what I consider the prime factors."

This theme of the Connally viewpoint is felt by those who know him and have seen him at work. William Baker, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey and chairman of the board of trustees of the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, was national security advisor to President Kennedy. He knew Connally as Secretary of the Navy and finds him "a very perceptive man who always puts the interests of the country and our free society ahead of any of the political expediencies at that time."

Connally voices concern about the United States' shrinking roster of friends throughout the world, and concedes it is a factor mightily affecting him. "It is one of the reasons I might seek the nomination. We're in an unaccustomed place in the world today—in the midst of shortages and scarcities. It's a new experience for us and we need great understanding at home and abroad. We haven't leadership today; I wish we did."

Because Connally maintains a pipeline to Republican leaders, and vice versa—national chairman Bill Brock, Gerald Ford, Richard M. Nixon, and, on a less regular basis, Ronald Reagan—he knows his ground. Republican ranks are not solidly behind him.

"Some Republicans are elated that I am in the party, and others view me as a newcomer," he says. Feeling for him among the Democrats, where he spent most of his political life, is divided, too.

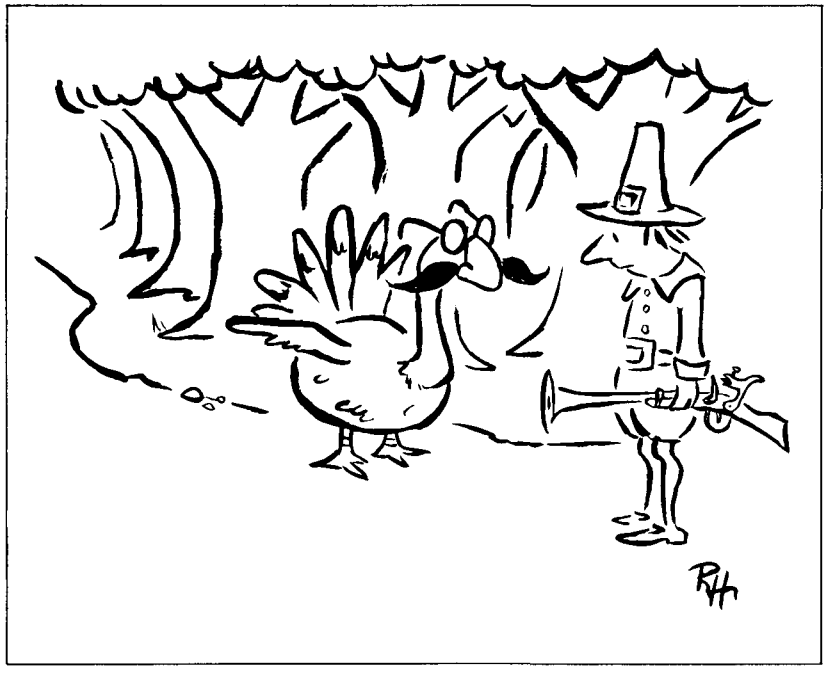
"I know that the most militant Democrats resent the fact that I switched parties and view me with disdain, if not hate," Connally says. "But the average Democrat is a vote-switcher himself."

Connally feels that he uniquely fits the mold of the candidate people endorse when they say, "I vote for the individual, not the party."

Rarely does Connally ponder things he can do nothing about, and this includes the physical dangers of being a candidate for president. In 1963, as Governor of Texas, he was a target of the same fusillade that killed President Kennedy on a Dallas street. John and Nellie Connally were riding in the convertible with the President and Jacqueline. Nellie's reflex in pushing her husband's head down closed a gaping chest wound and kept Connally from bleeding to death in the car. Further alertness at Parkland Hospital saved his life while Kennedy died. Historians still call it a "silver bullet" that felled Connally, making his name known worldwide, lending impetus to his political career and sphere of influence, and making him a hero by osmosis.

(Connally holds "a suspicion," he says, that assassin Lee Harvey Oswald may have acted alone but was influenced by someone else.)

For months after that catastrophic November day 15 years ago, Connally had nightmares about being involved in shooting incidents, sometimes wars and sometimes hijackings. The tragedy of Robert F. Kennedy and the attempts on Gerald Ford's life on the West Coast are etched into Connally's brain, but somehow he has geared his thoughts to consider these as risks candidates and officeholders take.



"You can't be afraid of life and the future. I have the hope of contributing something to a better economic future for this country and a stronger international base for this nation," he says.

Another stern test of Connally's fortitude and one which would have made a less determined man withdraw from public life was a Washington grand jury indictment on charges of bribery, perjury, and conspiracy. Connally was indicted on charges of accepting a $10,000 bribe in 1973 from Associated Milk Producers, Inc., (AMPI) for allegedly using his influence in behalf of milk price supports. He was acquitted in a highly publicized jury trial in 1974.

"It happened at a time of near national hysteria, when persecution took over from prosecution," Connally philosophizes. "I believe that most people basically never believed I was guilty in the first place. It was something they could not accept."

Some say simply the idea of wrongdoing, acquittal or not, has a paralyzing effect on any candidate for high office today. But if he campaigns for the nomination and then for the presidency, and if the trial enters into the campaign, Connally has his artillery ready.

"I am prepared to counter it in many ways, and I would be delighted to do so if it becomes an issue. Right now, I am the only certified, nonguilty political figure, and we'll go from there. The press might raise that issue, but nobody else would," he says.

One thing is certain: If John Connally seeks to return to Washington, he already has a moniker for the capital city. He calls it "a jungle."

"It has been that way for several years, and it still is that way: every man for himself. It's planting and leaking stories; it's seeking revenge; it's peddling gossip. But that's how it is in the capital of any nation in the world today, and has been since the beginning of time.

"Washington is a city filled with ambition, avarice, greed, egotism, and an unrestrained atmosphere of exaggeration. Power attracts and brings out all these traits in people."

John Connally—lawyer, rancher, corral-and-tuxedo orator, international businessman. Only here could it happen to a wide-eyed high school senior who often went to the courthouse to hear South Texas lawyers perform before juries. Only here could a nation anoint a frightened youngster who once failed to win a declamation contest at Floresville High School, coming in second.

Intensity, good looks, and brain power were pluses as he matured, lifting him from a small South Texas town and giving him a niche in history. A good portion of his drive Connally credits to his lean, 6-foot 5-inch father, who managed to get through only the eighth grade and tried many jobs to support his family—bricklayer, barber, bus line operator, tenant farmer, and finally a land owner in Wilson County. The bus line paid off, so that the elder Connally

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could buy 1,000 acres of poor, brushy land west of Floresville, paying half of it in cash. It cost him $15 an acre.

His father had borrowed the money to get the bus franchise, and John Connally remembers the family moving into a house near the highway in town when he was about 10. It was ideal since the family could watch the elder Connally drive by in the bus every day. Sometimes, if there was room, the boy would get a ride to Corpus Christi to fish with his father. At night they'd sleep in the bus and make the return trip through Floresville the next day.

Later, when the line started making money, the family moved to San Antonio, the location of the bus terminal. There they could see the head of the house more often, and the Connally brood could make money. John delivered milk from a dairy truck in the afternoons. Pay was usually all the milk, butter, and cream the Connallys could use, with a few extra dollars in cash on Saturdays. At Harlandale High School in San Antonio, John Connally was not only a good saxophone player in the band but proved himself by winning the district declamation championship in Texas Interscholastic League competition.

"It proved I could do something," Connally reflects. "As far back as I can remember, I wanted to be either a Texas Ranger, a Canadian Northwest Mountie, or a lawyer."

When his father bought the Wilson County acreage and took his family back to the country, John was in high school, and on special days he got to drive his father's Model A Ford to school and back. In 1933, at 16, he was out of high school, and the family sacrificed to send him packing to the University of Texas at Austin. There was money from home, but still Connally landed part-time jobs in Austin as house manager for the law school fraternity, as an aide in the Texas Supreme Court library, and manager for the UT Student Union building. Later he drew a salary as student body president.

On campus the farm boy's good smile brought lasting friendships, and when the young law student ran for president of the student body in 1937 he was on a first-name basis with 60 percent of the 10,000 students. Connally swept into the office as an independent, but had the backing of the law school fraternity and other campus groups where his leadership was felt—the Atheneum Literary Society and the Curtain Club, a drama group where he had met Idanell (Nellie) Brill of Austin. The same year that Connally took office as student body president, she was elected university sweetheart.

Good grades at Texas would have been fine had they come easily, but Connally had no time to worry about them. Even so, when he was still a junior in law school he was honored with membership in Friars, a men's organization that chose only eight outstanding campus leaders each year.

Then came politics, between phases of his romance with Nellie. He was talked into taking on the job of campus coordinator for a young Texas educator campaigning for the U.S. House of Representatives. The candidate wasn't well-known, wasn't rich, and he needed help. His name was Lyndon Baines Johnson.

By 1939, Johnson was in Washington as a congressman, and before long he summoned the campus leader who had caught his eye. He wanted John Connally to work in his office, with or without a law degree. So Connally went, without the degree and without Nellie—though they married in 1940 in the First Methodist Church in Austin—and for two years Connally was LBJ's secretary. By that time, Connally wanted his law degree and needed only one more course, so he returned to Austin. But that spring Texas' revered U.S. Senator Morris Sheppard died and Congressman Johnson ran for the office.

Connally gave up law school again, and although he and a few others pitched in, LBJ lost that election by 1,400 votes to the Fort Worth flour merchant who had already been Governor of Texas, W. Lee O'Daniel.

It seemed that his brief Washington career had been settled, so it was back to the law books for Connally. He got his degree and almost immediately was called into service by the Navy. He had received a reserve commission just a year earlier, and his prewar Navy duty was at the Naval Intelligence School in New York. After that, he had just returned to Texas to practice law when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The war years found him in Naval Intelligence, then in the office of Navy Undersecretary James Forrestal, next in the Lend-Lease office, and then in North Africa with the staff for economic planning for the invasion of Sicily and Italy, and finally aboard the aircraft carriers *Essex* and *Bennington*, operating in the 3rd and 5th Fleets in the Pacific, he earned nine battle stars, the Bronze Star, and the Legion of Merit with Combat V.

Back in the Texas city he knew best, Austin, John Connally planned finally to practice law—but he and a group of his friends launched a new postwar radio station, KVET. Connally became president, general manager, and, on occasion, an announcer. It was two short years before Lyndon Johnson decided to run for the U.S. Senate again and he ramrodded his team, including Connally, to go to work.

Coke Stevenson, the Texas rancher who had been Governor, was Johnson's main opposition. After a bitter campaign, late returns from Duval County (comprised predominantly of Mexican-American voters) gave Johnson victory by 87 votes and started LBJ on his ascent in Washington. Even today, those who never backed him refer to LBJ as "Landslide Lyndon."

Nonetheless, Connally and the rest of the LBJ team moved to Washington and the heady aura of high-level politics. In 1952, after his stint in the capitol, Connally was back in Austin practicing law when Fort Worth oil multimillionaire Sid Richardson hired him away as attorney for his vast estate with holdings then estimated in excess of $100 million. By 1960, with oilman Richardson dead and Connally's fee as coexecutor of the estate placed at $750,000, the tall Texan got his first major job in Washington. President Kennedy tapped

Continued on page 122

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Patient at Peacocks

continued from page 44

not had time to examine properly. Nurse had been more thorough. The entire contents were laid out neatly on a folded towel, ready for me to see.

"It's the only thing in the world the poor thing has with her," she confided to me in a whisper, "or so you'd imagine from the nakedness of this room."

I glanced at the exhibits and looked again. The usual paraphernalia were all there, but there was something else, something new which I had not found in my interrupted search. It was a little heap of small white pills and the sodden screw of paper which had once contained them. There were 22 of them, battered and sticky, but still recognizable. I could make out a Roman numeral stamped on the surface of the one I picked up.

I could guess what it was before I touched it with my tongue and tasted the bitterness.

"What is it, doctor?"

"I don't know." I spoke woodenly because my heart had sunk with a thud. This explained the mystery of the deep and prolonged coma which had been puzzling me. It also explained Gastineau's belief that Francia would die.

"It's one of them." Nurse Tooley's conviction echoed my own. "Something. You see, she's been in the habit—"

I cut her short. She had gone straight to the point, as usual. That was what this discovery meant. Francia Forde was in the habit of taking barbituric acid in some form, and one of its peculiarities is that it is cumulative. It remains in the system a considerable time. Therefore the sudden dose of Dormital must have merely added to the sum already in her body. There was no knowing what the total might be.

That it was a habit was clear. The patient who is given a few grains by his doctor to take in case of insomnia hardly keeps them loose in a sponge bag. This contempt indicated a very considerable familiarity. I supposed she had been given them after her "breakdown."

While I was digesting this appalling consideration, Nurse Tooley made a remark which took some seconds to register on me: "Well, at any rate we know what it is. That's a tremendous comfort if anything should happen to the poor thing."

It was the way she said it which startled me. There was a note in her voice which I had never heard there before. It matched the hint of defiance I had noticed in her manner. She was guilty about something.

My eyes strayed across the room, past the vast bed with its tragic little burden, and over to the chest. The luster jug had been moved several inches nearer to the wall. I turned to the nurse and looked at her. She became very red.

When I went to the chest and looked, the jug was empty. "Nurse."

Her back was to me. She was poking the fire and making a blaze. The flame and her face were just about the same color. She took a minute to make up her mind and then straightened her back, the iron poker still in her hand, so that she looked like something allegorical in a village pageant.

"Have anything that smells like lemon and butter sauce?"

"I soaked off the label and put it in the fire, and I smashed up the bottle on the hearth and put the pieces down the drain. So now you know."

I couldn't believe it. The statement took all the breath out of my body. I must have goggled at her. She came a step or two forward, still grasping the poker.

"Now look, doctor, dear," her accent broadened, "I'm an old woman by the side of yourself and I'm imploring you. There's never one word will be passed between the two of us or any other living soul on the subject again. There's no one knows better than I do what people will do. They'll pick up something out of your bag and leave it lying around for the first poor crazy thing that comes to the house to pick up."

She was so earnest that her kind eyes were full of tears.

"I know. I've seen even more than you have. But you're a fine doctor, conscientious, and as brave as a lion, and I'm not going to see you held up while the coroner makes damaging remarks on carelessness and suchlike rubbish. As soon as I saw those little pellets in her sponge bag, I said to myself, 'Here's something that will do, sent by the Lord.' "

Had I heard it at any moment but that one I could have laughed. As it was, I nearly wept. This was the first thing that she or I had done in the whole business which was actually wrong.

We might have been silly, but we hadn't been criminal. Without this I could have told my story and stuck to it and held my head up and prayed that the truth would save me. But this destroying the bottle proved that at any rate we weren't half-witted and that we knew what was happening.

"Good Lord, have I made a fool of meself?"

"No," I said hastily, trying to forget that I'd been relying on her for moral support. "No, it'll be all right—" and got no further, because a tap on the door interrupted me. The nurse went over and came back with a note.

"The foreign manservant's waiting outside for an answer," she murmured.

The letter was from Miss Luffkin and it was typical:

My dear doctor: Very worried indeed to gather someone so ill. What can I do? Do not hesitate to ask anything. Would milk pudding help? Have some real rice, sent in parcel nephew America. Have telephoned Doctor Ludlow, since did not care to interrupt your work. He says not to worry as you are very capable. Know that, of course, but feel you are so slight and young. Forgive me. I see you have that good nurse with you so suppose you can manage, but perhaps Doctor Ludlow will run down. Always remember I am here. Yours sincerely,

Gertrude Elizabeth Luffkin.

P.S.: Have spoken on phone to Miss Farquharson, Mrs. Dorroway, and Betty Phelps in the village. They all say you must let them know if there is anything they can do to help. Shall run down with this myself.

It was the final line which I found

Continued on page 98

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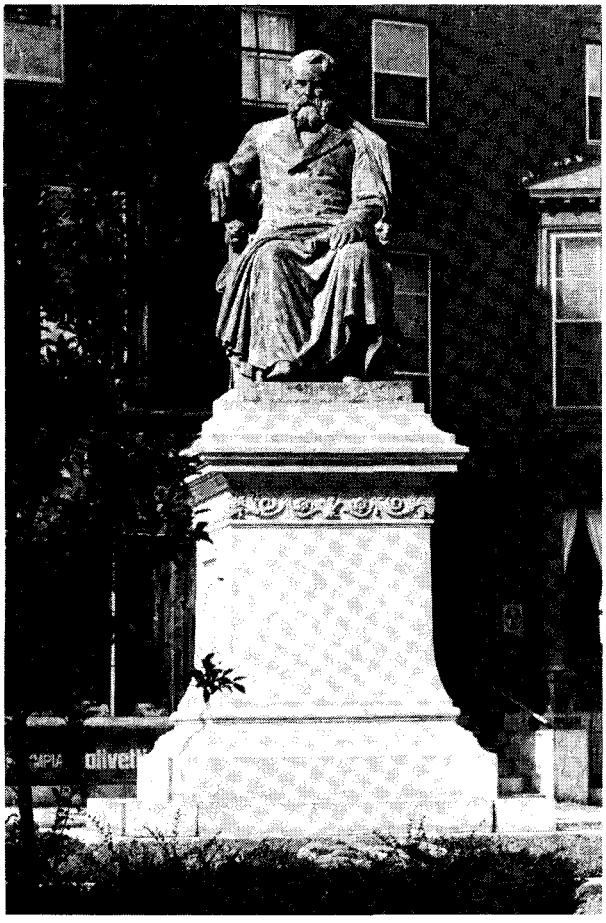
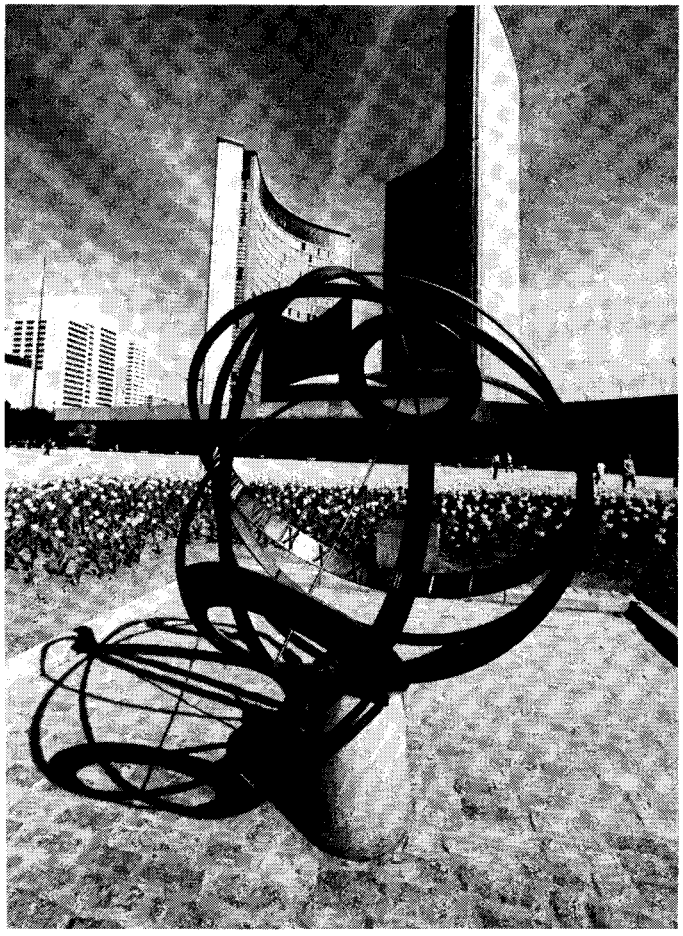


1 ☐ New Haven, CT ☐ Lowell, MA ☐ Portland, ME
Although not the capital, this city has the largest population in the state. During the Revolutionary War it was burned as a reprisal for its defiance of British law. Among its favorite native sons is America's most famous 19th-century poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, pictured above.

2 ☐ Rome ☐ Amman ☐ Corinth
Just 12 hours air time away from New York City, this international city is spread over seven hills. History buffs and shopping enthusiasts are attracted to the area renowned for its temple ruins, marketplaces, and department stores.

3 ☐ Bonn ☐ Luxembourg ☐ Amsterdam
This jolly giant stands guard in front of a palace built in 1648-1655 and is sometimes called the "Eighth Wonder of the World." It is located in a city renowned for its 40 museums containing over one million art objects, including 5,000 paintings by Old Masters.



4 ☐ Toronto ☐ Oslo ☐ Brasilia
The distinctive clam-shaped office towers of this new city hall are a striking presence from any angle. The government complex was designed by a Finnish architect whose concept was the winning entry in an international design contest.

(Answers on p. 110)

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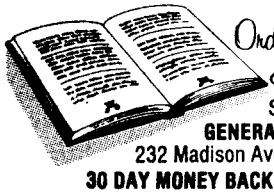

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most alarming, and I went to the door to speak to Radek. He seemed to share my anxiety, for he pointed to the floor below and put a thick finger over his lips. I took his pen and wrote: "Nothing now, but thank you. Please don't worry, but get some sleep. A. F." on the back of the envelope and sent him down with it. I felt safer when the door was locked again.

I went back to the bed. Percy might turn up if she had been worrying him. It would hasten matters if he did. I had made up my mind to be quite frank with him and to take what was coming.

I went over the patient again. The breathing had not changed, the pulse was faint, and the temperature had risen half a degree. She was bathed in perspiration. The lungs were still all right.

"What a pretty woman," said Nurse Tooley, her homely face full of pity. "She's put me in mind of someone I've seen somewhere. Maybe one of the angels in the pictures. It would be that fair hair, no doubt. Do you know who she is at all?"

"Yes," I said. "Her name is Forde."

It meant nothing to Nurse Tooley, but it carried full weight with me. Until then I had striven to achieve the impersonal attitude which a doctor must preserve if he is to do any good and yet not tear himself to a rag. The chance remark had broken it down.

I checked myself. This was not the time to bear even the recollection of jealousy. The new information made things just as bad as they could be. I began to see just exactly what was most likely to happen. The probability was that in the next 24 hours the coma would become even deeper, and the heart, despite my stimulants, would slowly fail. Then, in the dawn perhaps, defeating all our efforts, with Nurse Tooley and me looking at her, both of us impotent and exhausted, it would flutter and be still. We should try artificial respiration; we should try everything. But it would be hopeless, as I ought to have known it would be, and I would do what I had to do—tell the police.

I had no illusions. I could see the rags of my career fluttering down over me like dead leaves. If that was all, I should be lucky. If Gastineau stuck to the story he was clearly intending to tell, I would find myself on a criminal charge, for this was Francia. I hated her. I still hated her, God forgive me. Somehow or other, I had to save her life and have her still tied to John. Otherwise very probably I would find myself arrested for murder.

"Look out!" It was Nurse Tooley. She came round the bed and caught my arm. "You've overdone it, doctor, me dear. I don't want you on my hands as well. Put your head down. Wait, I'll get a chair and have you round in a jiffy."

I drew away from her and attempted a laugh. "I'm all right," I said. "Honestly. Look. Perfectly steady now. It was a little hot in here."

"I believe you're right." Her relief was tremendous. "You gave me quite a turn for a moment. Upon me soul, every shred of color went out of your face. You looked like a corpse. I'll get meself down to the kitchen and see if anyone in this benighted house can make a Christian cup of coffee."

It seemed a most sensible suggestion, and I returned to the bed as she went out. But she was back in a moment, very startled and put out.

"It's himself, the foreigner, standing on the landing. He wants a word with you in private," she whispered. "He said he'd not got as far as knocking, and I think it's true."

"I'll go," I murmured. "Stay with the patient."

Gastineau was waiting for me, and it was evident that something had happened. He was angry and his stiff hands were trembling.

"What have you done?" he demanded. "The police have been on the telephone."

"The police?" I had not known I could start so guiltily. "What about?"

"That is what I want to know. I told them you were busy with your patient, who was very ill, and they asked would you ring back?"

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly ten, late for ordinary business calls from the police or anyone else. Gastineau was eyeing me suspiciously.

"Have you no idea at all?"

"None."

"Have you communicated with them in any way?"

"No."

His catechism had the merciful effect of annoying me and restoring my wits.

"I can't imagine what they want," I said briskly. "We'd better go and see. You can listen to the conversation if you want to."

He gave me the half-admiring glance I had seen from him once or twice before and came awkwardly down the steps behind me. His experience had crocked him very badly, I reflected. He must have been continually in pain.

I made for the telephone and had almost reached it when Radek came hurrying past me from the kitchen to answer the front doorbell. As he swung the wood open I looked up and all thought of the phone or the police went out of my head in a wave of dismay. John was standing on the step, his coat collar turned up and his shoulders dark with rain. He saw me at once and did not smile.

"Oh, there you are, Doctor Fowler," he began with becoming formality.

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"Can I speak to you for a moment, please? I have a message for you. It's rather urgent. Will you come out to the car?"

I was prepared for Gastineau to protest and braced myself to avoid an introduction at all costs, but when he made no movement forward and limped back to the living room, I knew that he had recognized either John's voice from the telephone or his face from a photograph, and so, henceforth, John was implicated, however much I tried to save him.

Meanwhile, John had stepped into the house and put the rug he had brought round my shoulders. He said nothing, but bundled me off, and I was outside and into the car before I could protest. He shut me in and went round to the driving seat, opened the door, and glanced not at me, but at the dark well behind me.

"Well, this is the place," he said cheerfully to someone in the blackness. "If you want Peacocks Hall, this is it."

I dragged away the shrouding rug, which had all but blinded me, just in time to see a tall, apologetic figure climbing out.

"How stupid of me. Dear me, I had no idea we had arrived."

I recognized that misleadingly helpless voice on the first syllable.

"Very good of you," it was saying. "I shall go round to the back door, I think. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

He looked back, saw me, and raised his hat politely in recognition before he disappeared in the downpour, still clutching his unopened umbrella.

I think that was the final shock which broke me. I heard myself babbling, apparently from a long way off, "Oh, why did you bring him here? Why? Who is he? Who is he?"

"Here. . . . Hey, old lady, what's up?" A very strong damp arm took a grip round my shoulders.

"Where did you find him?" I was gibbering, powerless to control myself.

"That old boy? On the road just outside your cottage. He hailed me and asked me if I knew of a place called Peacocks. I told him to get in and I'd take him there. I shoved him in the back because he was so wet and I wanted to keep this pew dry for you."

This reasonable explanation all but paralyzed me.

"But that's the man who was at Barton Square," I chattered. "That's the man who followed——"

"Stop it." The flat of his hand caught me sharply across the wrist and brought me to myself. I heard my sob of relief as I regained balance.

John's grip round me tightened and he pulled me to face him in the faint glimmer from the dashlight. The familiar bones of his face and the tones of his voice were sources of actual physical strength to me. I felt, absurdly, that I was home again.

"Listen, Annie, I've had a chat with Rhoda and I know who your patient is. Tell me, what is she up to?"

"It's not that." I had got myself in hand again. "You must go at once, John. Get back to Grundesberg and don't tell a soul where you've been."

"Damn good idea," he agreed. "We'll both go."

"No. This is serious, John. She's going to die."

"Francia?" He whistled softly. "Oh, I see what you mean." There was no deep concern there. To my disgust, I found I'd listened for it. "What's the trouble?"

"An overdose of barbituric acid."

I felt him go stiff at my side. "Hell!"

"Exactly." I spoke very softly and urgently. "That's why you've got to vanish. It's for my sake quite as much as your own. You do see, don't you?"

"Coroner's inquest and stink generally? And me calling on you? Oh, Lord, what have I let you in for? Yes, you're right, Ann. The only thing I can do is to beat it."

Continued on following page

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I think it was my very silence which gave me away. I was so anxious for him to escape it all that I could hardly breathe. He guessed. He knew me too well. His grip grew tighter.

"Ann, speak up. Why did she take the stuff?"

I didn't lie to him. I couldn't. Besides, he'd have to know sooner or later. I moistened my lips.

"She didn't. She had it given her."

The words sank into the silence and their tiny echo hung in the darkness for a long time. John moved. He removed his arm from my shoulder and laid his hand over mine.

"Just give the facts," he said softly. "The whole thing. Start at the beginning. Don't try to go too fast."

I gave up trying to resist. It was like telling myself. I went through the whole thing, keeping my voice normal, even conversational. It was just one doctor telling another about a case.

I hid nothing. I let every damning circumstance have its full value—the Dormital, Nurse Tooley's destruction of the bottle, the ordering of the ambulance, the visit to Barton Square, and the man I'd seen there.

He listened to me in silence to the end. Then he bent down and kissed the top of my head very lightly.

"Added to which, you and I were discovered by old Doctor Consequential in each other's arms this very afternoon." He made the statement with finality and opened the door of the car.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Coming in." He leaned over the seat and hauled a battered leather bag out of the back. "I've seen a couple or so of these cases. I'd better stay."

"That," said I, coming out of a trance, "is pure madness. You can't attend your own wife, John. You're jeopardizing everything."

"My dear girl," he objected, "everything is jeopardized, as you call it. You and I might as well be in the dock this minute."

"I might," I agreed. "But not you."

He made no reply to that, but continued his maneuvers.

"Come on," he said.

"I won't let you do this," I said. "I refuse to allow it. I won't let you ruin yourself for my sake."

He came round to open my door for me and bent to help me out. His face was veritably expressionless.

"Then perhaps you'll let me do it for hers," he said distinctly.

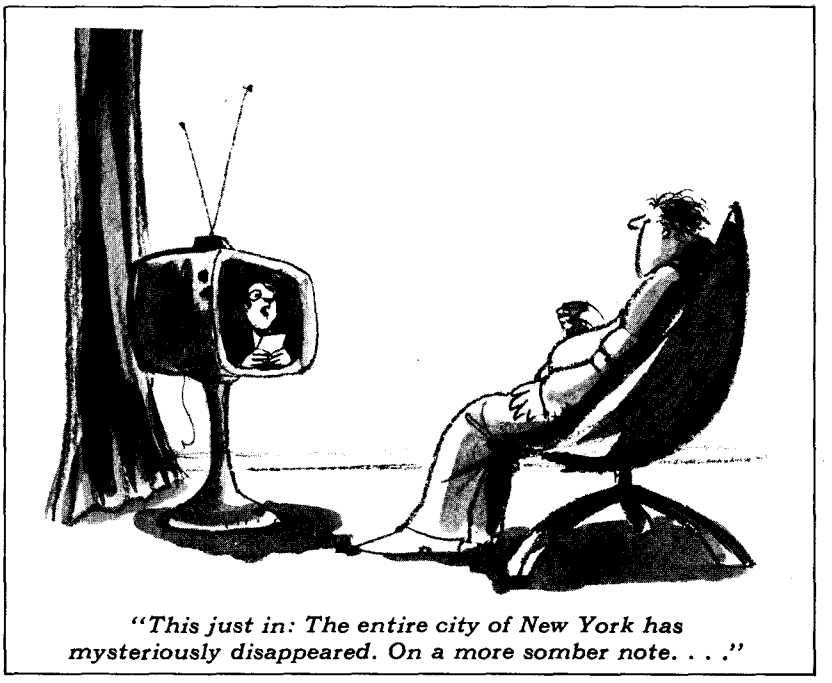
It was the same technique as the slap, but applied emotionally. Even though I recognized it, it had its effect. It reminded me exactly where I stood. A man had jilted me and made a fool of me, and four years later he had walked into my house and held out his arms. Without the faintest hesitation, I had pitched myself neatly into them. It wouldn't be difficult for me to discover that I'd got exactly what I deserved for that. It broke down my resistance.

"I must phone the police as soon as I get in," I said. "I told you."

"Yes. Any idea what that's about?"

"No. Unless this man you brought here has anything to—to do with them."

John considered. "I rather think not. Better get in and find out."



"This just in: The entire city of New York has mysteriously disappeared. On a more somber note. . . ."

We went quietly back to the house. There was no one in the hall, and as he slipped off his wet things I got on the phone. I was answered at once by a catarrhal voice.

" 'Ullo, doctor, that you? Mapleford Division of the County Constabulary 'ere. It's a little matter of a dangerous drug."

"Yes," I said faintly.

"Dormital. I'll spell it, if I may." The thick voice was heavily official. "D-O-R-M-I-T-A-L. One two-ounce bottle containing 50 five-grain tablets or cachets. Is that right?"

"Tablets, not cachets."

"Tab-lets." He was writing, taking his time. "Thank you, doctor. Reported lost at 3:00 p.m. on the 12th instant. Sorry to bother you when you're busy, but records are records and have to be kept. Now it 'as come to our knowledge, in a highly irregular way, that there is every likeli'ood of you 'aving found these 'ere tablets by this time—"

"What?" I felt my scalp prickling.

"Pardon, doctor." He was heavily polite. "Doctor Ludlow was having a chat with our Inspector Brush, and it was said—Have you in fact found these tablets, doctor?"

Don't lie. Whatever you do, don't lie. Every instinct I possessed seemed to be screaming at me. I could have screamed myself, I think, but presently I heard my own voice, very crisp and formal, "Yes, I have. A few hours ago. Since then I have been very, very busy, as I am at this moment. I will make my report in writing tomorrow morning. Good-bye."

I hung up and walked out into the hall. I felt as if the rope was already round my neck.

John was waiting for me, his dark red eyebrows raised. I gave him a murmured explanation and he frowned.

"Awkward. Still, the only thing you could have done in the circumstances. Lord, what a mess! Now, where is your avenging lunatic?"

I pointed to the living-room door. "And the kitchen quarters are down there at the back," I said. "That man who came with you—"

He shook his head. "None of that is our affair. We're doctors, not policemen. Where's the patient?"

He was right, of course. I felt rebuked for even thinking of anything else, and I led him up the staircase to the dark landing. The nurse admitted us with suspicious promptness.

"There you are, doctor," she began with relief, but stopped abruptly as she caught sight of John.

I smiled at her as reassuringly as I could and we both watched John, who had walked over to the bed. It was a difficult moment for me. As must have appeared already, my trouble is that I am human.

I followed him slowly, the nurse behind me, every starched yard of her crackling. The bed was a pool of light in the shadowy room. Francia was still completely comatose. Her mouth was open, her flesh dark and terrible. Only her breathing had changed. It was shallower now and very fast. John bent over her, his fingers on her pulse. His eyes were mere slits and his face blank as a

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wall. I knew that look. The mantle of impersonal professional interest had dropped over him, shutting out every consideration save one.

The routine went on. John scrubbed up and made his examination, with the nurse assisting and growing more and more approving at every stage. I approved myself with what was left of a balanced intelligence. I had never seen him at work before and I understood then why his career had been thought so promising. He had thoroughness and the authority of knowledge, and never for one moment while he was at work did a single extraneous thought appear to pass through his mind.

I prepared to make my report to him. The nurse brought the tablets she had found in the sponge bag and I sent a flush of horror through her cheeks by describing the Dormital in detail. We went into the time factor and the nurse showed her charts. Finally we came to my treatment so far. John kept his eyes on my face, putting in questions and nodding at my answers, and all the time we might have been two other people.

As I finished I saw that he had become haggard. He looked older and even thinner. As I looked at him, my own courage began to ebb. The nightmare which was the future settled down over me, more terrible now than it had ever been since he was in it. Until John had arrived I could have forgiven the woman on the bed. Now, as I looked at her, I found I had not even pity. "Very sensible and very thorough, doctor." He gave me a brief smile as he spoke, and it occurred to me that even I was no longer a real person to him either.

"Is there anything else?"

"I have used strychnine," he said.

There was a long silence. I knew that some authorities advocated large doses at comparatively frequent intervals, but the danger was tremendous.

"I thought of it only as a last resort," I answered at last.

He moved his head sharply toward the patient. His voice was very quiet. "I don't think there's all that time."

The nurse stood behind him, digesting every word, and I saw her nod to herself vigorously. So it was two to one, and I was overruled. Nurse Tooley's opinion carried weight with me. If she saw death, it was coming; I had no illusions about that.

When John spoke of the size of the dose, I felt the sweat break out on my forehead. I had hesitated to give a sixteenth; he was mentioning a sixth. I was on the other side of the bed, watching Francia, all the time he was talking, and I thought I saw a faint deterioration, an almost imperceptible change. I knew then there was nothing for it. We should have to take the risk.

(To be concluded)

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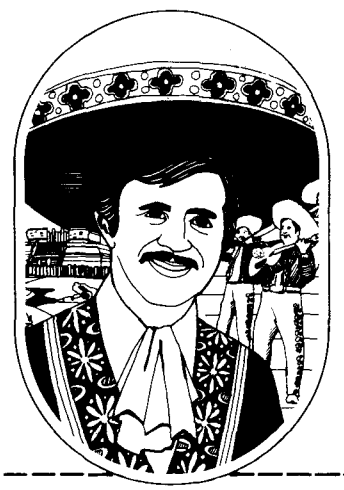

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Face-lifting

continued from page 69

in today's youth-oriented society. The world is strewn with wall-to-wall plastic surgeons and ecstatically satisfied clients who tend to use the word genius loosely. It's like an echo chamber. In my own experience of interviewing a few hundred freshly face-lifted females, I have yet to meet one who doesn't say *hers* (the guy who did it) is a genius—though he may or may not be medically qualified, board certified, or even legal. (Unfortunately, in most of the United States any M.D. can go into plastic surgery by just doing it.)

Once regarded as a frivolity of the rich and famous, and usually kept a closely guarded secret, cosmetic surgery has come out of the closet and is now socially acceptable as the normal thing to do, or have done. It's no longer a question of *whether* to have a face-lift but *when*. Some are starting at 35 or at the first sign of a wrinkle. And in the most chic circles women no longer talk about it in whispers but openly compare their face and nose jobs, eye-lifts, and "et ceteras." In Palm Springs, where the competition is fierce and the youth doctors advertise their wares in the Yellow Pages in such explicit subcategories as "belly tucks," unveiling parties are quite fashionable.

More and more of the uplifted have become less and less inhibited about proclaiming the marvels of cosmetic surgery. Thus its growing acceptance by the average man and woman, by the masses who have discovered that for the price of a new car they can deal themselves in for a rejuvenating drink at the Fountain of Youth—which has slowly geysered into a full-blown flood of Niagaric proportions.

Among Dr. Lintilhac's patients who have made the medical trek to Tahiti are Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Skelton of Santa Monica, California. Skelton is a retired optometrist, his wife a retired teacher. Both happily invited me to have a look at their new faces during my recent visit to Papeete. Mrs. Skelton's face was done first, they explained, and her husband was so impressed with it that he decided to have his done, too.

Dr. Lintilhac says the growing number of men resorting to cosmetic surgery is part of the overall picture of its greater acceptance by society; and they are not only aging actors concerned about their image but business executives who don't want to look too obviously older than their colleagues.

The quest for the illusion of youth and beauty isn't confined only to American society. The Russians provide cosmetic surgery as part of their workers' benefits.

The medical techniques are generally the same in Moscow, Rio, Paris, London, or the U.S. It's the artwork that counts in the reshaping of fannies and faces. Some specialists contend that the skill to be a *cosmetic* or an *esthetic* plastic surgeon is something you have to be born with, like a Picasso or a Rembrandt—that great artistic ability is a lot more important than technique in turning out a beautiful face or a good pair of breasts.

Dr. Lintilhac makes no grandiose claims to either medical or artistic supertalents.

"Cosmetic surgery was not my main interest. My training was in reconstructive surgery. I had seen only six face-lifts when I started doing them. Up to now I've had no casualties," he says.

Reconstructive plastic surgery is distinguished from cosmetic or esthetic surgery in that it deals with traumatic injuries, burns, and birth defects like hairlips and cleft palates. "There is not much difference in training for this," Dr. Lintilhac explained. "Since my training was just before the war, I had no contact with cosmetic surgery." His residencies included two years in the States and a year in Morocco where, like most plastic surgeons, he was kept busy reconstructing the faces of some of the terribly burned Royal Air Force pilots who crashed during World War II.

To his surprise he was soon inundated with requests form "ordinary civilians" for cosmetic surgery. He built up a thriving private practice—by overwhelming popular demand—in a small clinic in Casablanca. "You don't do face-lifts just for fun in a hospital when there's a war on." When the war ended, he moved to Paris and again opened a small clinic for cosmetic operations only. His fame spread. He opened another clinic at Cannes on the Riviera.

But the demands on Dr. Lintilhac's time, from both sagging clients and nagging tax collectors, impelled him to an early "retirement" to Tahiti where, among other primitive beauties, there is no income tax.

His "retirement," which started about three years ago, came to an abrupt end as soon as the coconut grapevine wafted word across the Pacific. *Voila*! A stampede. News of his relocation in the heavenly South Seas was more earthshaking to many than the nuclear bomb tests in that area. It was greeted with great joy not only by Lintilhac devotees but other youth-seekers bored with going to the same old places for their new faces.

Booming tourism has barely touched the

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Grumblethorne was not so much a conversationalist as she was a combatant. Ever ready to stir up things, she could thoughtlessly inject controversy into a discussion of sweet peas. Gabby and fast-talking, she no sooner started one dissension than she was busy fomenting another.

Her victim at one tea party was a soft-spoken young visitor from the South. Mrs. Grumblethorne had, inevitably, traveled through the South. It had, she conveyed, been almost more than she could endure: intense heat, swarming insects, ill-cooked food, unkempt people. Looking past the Southern girl to the others, she rattled on: "And, my dears, their ridiculous manner of speaking. Those slow, drawling voices——"

"At least," the Southern visitor broke in softly, "it gives us time to think before we speak."

—*Mrs. Gerald A. Hall*

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primitive, enchanting beauty of these islands, in spite of what iconoclasts say. The Polynesians are still God's chosen people whose lifestyle is uncluttered by TV, telephones, or tipping. True, there are now traffic jams in Papeete (population 30,000), the capital of Tahiti, run mostly by the French and Chinese; in some outlying areas and outer islands electricity has replaced kerosene lamps, a few TV antennae poke up from thatched roofs, new hotels have modern plumbing and telephones. The phone service to and from French Polynesia, however, isn't Ma Bell's best.

So, if it's privacy you want during your face-lift "vacation," relax. Your nosey friends in Lansing or Paducah can't track you down. You'll be all lifted and back in circulation before the phone messages catch up with you, if ever.

On the practical side is the impressive setting for your beautification, rejuvenation, face- and body-lifts, and lifting of spirits as well. The Lintilhac lifts are performed in a five-story building officially designated as the South Pacific Cosmedical Center, commonly referred to as the Lintilhac Clinic, though this is a misnomer. It's more like a salon. The top floor contains the surgical arena with a reception-waiting room as fancy as any on the Bois de Bologne and an operating room so antiseptic it could be used for open heart surgery.

To qualify for a Lintilhac lift you must have a complete medical checkup (though the doctor's surgery never touches a vital organ); then your face and body will be examined from an esthetic viewpoint by the beautification team—plastic surgeon, oral surgeon, dermatologist.

There is no probing of your psyche to find out *why* you want a face-lift.

"Pompous nonsense and presumptuous," Dr. Lintilhac says of the self-styled psychoanalysts prevalent in cosmetic surgery, trying to excavate hidden motivations or some deep-seated neurosis that might cause you to want a face-lift.

"My own psychoanalytical theory," he adds with a smile, "is that cosmetic surgery is a specialty that removes the inferiority complex of its patients and gives it to the surgeons."

They develop guilt feelings for using their skills only to beautify the body, he explains, and so attempt to justify it with a psychological cross-examination: Is this operation necessary? If so, why?

"It's not really our business to ask why. Most people already have their minds made up before they come to a plastic surgeon.

"Of course," he adds, "we must be careful. I try to eliminate the real nuts. But sometimes I spend more time trying to throw them out than I spend on a face-lift, so I figure I might as well do a little for them."

Dr. Lintilhac does his face-lifts in two separate operations, the face first, eyes the next day (about two and a half to three hours for the face-lift, or rhytidectomy; one and a half for the eye-lift, or blepharoplasty). Many women want only their eyes done. He very seldom does eyes alone—"You shouldn't do eyes without the face-lift." Patients spend only two nights in the clinic, then ten days to two weeks of postoperative care in a hotel. The face-lift fee is $1,500—compared with an average of $3,000 to $4,000 in the U.S. Add to this your round trip air fare to Tahiti (approximately $800 from Los Angeles) and your $100-a-day beach-front bungalow—and you still come out with a bargain.

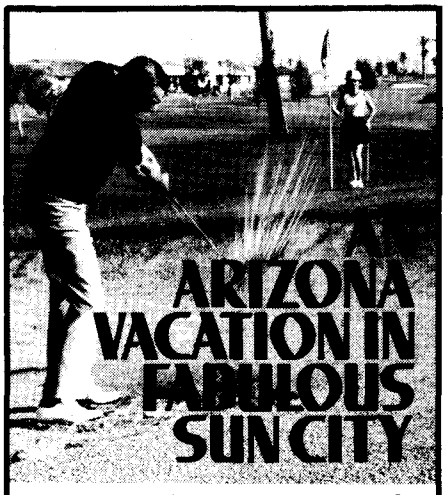
Besides, as Dr. Lintilhac points out, many "regular" hospital patients resent those taking up bed space, as well as doctors' and nurses' time, with such trivia as face-lifts and nose-bobs.

At what age should you have your first face-lift and how long does it last? Dr. Lintilhac's advice is to start early, at least between 40 and 45, and repeat every 10 years; you'll have much better results than if you wait until you're older and more wrinkled.

But cosmetic surgery is only one part of his total rejuvenation program. "Looking young is *almost* being young, but not quite," he says. "Cosmetic surgery is fine for the outside, but you must do something for the inside, too." What he has done is a mind-boggling adaptation of all the youth-giving or youth-preservation treatments, techniques, shots, therapies, and medical and mechanical aids ever conceived. You can get anything from acupuncture to procaine for your health, beauty, and youth problems, plus whirlpool baths in imported giant tubs with gold-plated faucets and spurting fountains, guaranteed to make you lose weight.

All of this nonsurgical but medically supervised rejuvenation is programmed on the other four floors of the Lintilhac "clinic"—or salon—which in fact is a perpendicular, ultraposh spa combining the best of Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance and California's Golden Door with some of the renowned European "youth shots" still frowned on by the A.M.A. but much sought after by the young at heart.

As for Dr. Lintilhac, he admits that he created the options as much for himself as anyone else. "A plastic surgeon, any surgeon, knows that the time will come when he must give up the scalpel. As a cosmetic surgeon I have loved my work and I believe in it. When I can no longer operate on others, perhaps I will have time to extend my own youth . . . a little." ☒



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Papa Takes the Wheel

continued from page 71

She should have known better.

"Smooth surface," said Papa.

Mama could only gasp.

Papa had discovered another rule.

His method was really quite simple. As the Charles Evans Hughes of his own Supreme Court, he set 'em up—and then knocked something else down.

"Women," he would say to Mama, "I divide into two classes. There are those who go through life smelling something burning, and there are those who are always hearing burglars."

Mama always held her peace, but with an effort.

"There are also just two classes of women when you judge strictly by appearance," Papa would continue. "Those who look like horses and those who look like birds."

Mama just couldn't stand such talk any longer, and finally erupted.

"How *can* you say such awful things? Think of our friends—how about Mrs. Stearns? How about Mrs. Potter? *I* think they're both just beautiful. Do they look like birds and horses?"

"Mrs. Stearns reminds me of a Thoroughbred wearing a gray wig," Papa would reply calmly. "Mrs. Potter, quite appropriately, lives in a gilded cage, and it costs George a pretty penny, too."

Mama would be seething, but (would she ever learn?) she thought she had him cornered.

"Then what about Mrs. Hamilton? Surely you cannot claim that by any stretch of the imagination *she* looks like a horse or a bird!"

"Certainly not," trumpeted Papa, in high glee. "She looks like a bunny!"

Papa was an authority on most things—or perhaps I should put it this way, that he had the authority in our family and it carried over into whatever he said. Mama believed him unquestioningly, and indeed he was full of strange and multifarious knowledge.

But he was no ornithologist. His knowledge of birds could be described as limited, even by the most charitable, being confined to instant recognition of the eagle, chicken, ostrich, stork, and crow. But Mama was fondly interested in birds, as we were, and so we were constantly plaguing Papa for the nomenclature of every little feathered friend we encountered.

"Birds! Birds!" we'd cry. "Thousands of them, circling overhead! What are they, Papa?"

"Grackles," he'd reply without so much as an upward glance. "Grackles, flying south for the winter." (During the other six months, he'd have them flying north for the summer.)

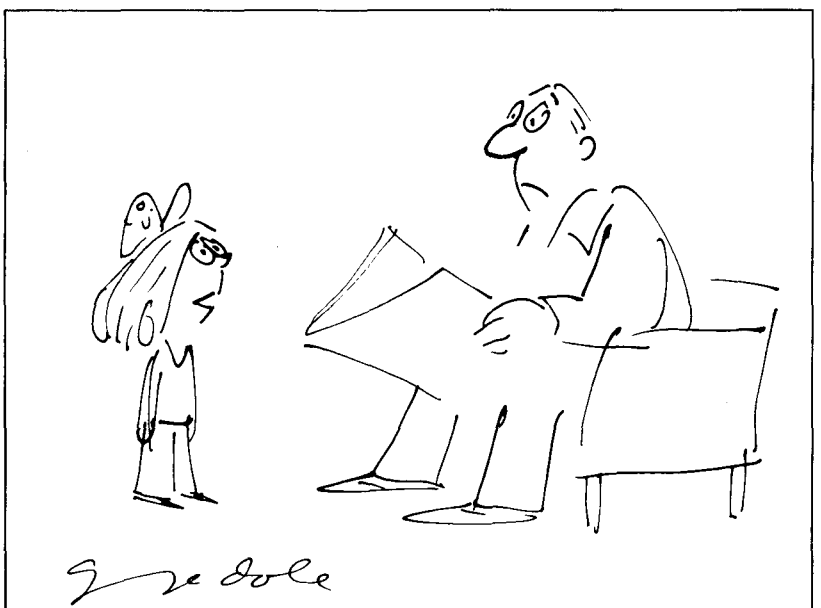
Or, then maybe we'd come upon a group of birds in Mount Morris Park around the corner, with the little fellows all gathered under a bush.

"Papa, Papa!" we'd clamor. "What birds are *those, there*, under the bush?"

Papa never needed even a look.

"Ground-feeding grackles," he'd reply. "Always find them there this time of year."

Papa had a lot of love in him, too. He loved his family, the Masons, and—passionately—his car. I would not dare try to put them in any order. The most filial thing to say is that he loved them all equally.



"Of course I know the value of a dollar, Dad. Want to know it in deutsche marks or Swiss francs?"

There is an old belief that some men become the things they do, if they do them too assiduously. That is: a banker turns into money, a carpenter into wood, a cobbler into leather. In that respect, Papa was an automobile. And as one of the race, he felt free to look on certain of his acquaintances with a critical, if fond, eye. He even discovered that he owned at one point a car—a Nash—with a definite mean streak in it.

It was a fine car otherwise, but he never forgave it for the trick it played on him one summer in Woodstock, Vermont. We were the original "tourists," and, thanks to Mama, absolute suckers for the "Home Away from Home" gimmick. If our home had had all the rats, bad plumbing, animal odors, dank rooms, and lumpy beds that we encountered in so many of the tourist traps we inhabited, we never would have lived long enough to take to the road.

On this occasion, we were established in a damply unattractive set of rooms upstairs in a farmhouse we had selected for the night's lodging. Mama was still pummeling the bed while Papa went to put the Nash away in the barn.

It was a huge barn. There were cow stalls on the ground level. A steep ramp running up to the second level led to the "garage"—a space never intended for a car, only for vehicles such as tractors or hay wagons. The ramp was indeed so steep that no matter how carefully Papa fed his balky Nash the gas, and however delicately he let out his clutch, the creature refused to make the grade.

The farmer, who was watching this disapprovingly, finally remarked to Papa with dry insult that the car at least *looked* as though it had some power.

At this Papa just snorted, faced the ramp once more, and gave the Nash its head. What happened then was obviously no fault of his. The Nash suddenly became excited and got "out of control." In fact, it got right out of the barn. It roared up the ramp, knocked down the wall on the other side of the "garage," and smashed on through, winding up by plunking Papa down in the middle of the manure pile out back. Papa had severe words for that Nash, and even the farmer, accustomed as he was to the vagaries of beasts of burden, winced at some of the things he heard.

"At any rate," said Papa to the farmer triumphantly concluding his tirade, "there's plenty of power there, if only you can keep the blighter under control."

That was the same trouble he had with another mount of his, a Studebaker with power to burn, but an equally obstinate and willful creature.

Papa whipped the Studie up to pass a line of cars in Bennington one winter, as we followed a winding river. Possibly the Studie had a cold in the head or something, but as Papa moved into the left lane and tried to pass the cavalcade of cars, the car lost its footing and slipped into the ditch on the left side of the road. There was a boulder at the end of the ditch, about the size of the car, so at the speed he was going Papa either had to turn out sharply or risk hitting it head-on.

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The Studie went crazy, then. Before Papa could get any response from it by shouting "WHOA! WHOA!" it leaped across the road, miraculously threaded the line of moving cars to the right, took off from some trolley tracks running parallel to the road, and with a soaring leap, sailed into the air like a deer and landed in the middle of the river.

The river was shallow and we found ourselves settling into ice water only up to our necks, tastefully surrounded by shards of ice that the Studie had broken up into smaller pieces as it thrashed into the drink. The car itself let out a protesting blast of steam, like a tanker going down in mid-ocean for the last time.

Papa sat calmly behind the wheel. The water was at whisker-level for him. We were clinging to the roof of the car, and we looked at Papa reproachfully.

"The blighter ran away with me," said Papa.

The Nash finally learned its lesson and in its declining years actually became quite docile. It is true that it collided with a truck in Golden's Bridge, New York. And another time as it was making its peaceful way down Fifth Avenue it met head-on with a Graham-Paige. These were sobering experiences and took some of the fire out of it.

But the Studebaker was an outlaw to the end.

Papa learned that, just a year after they fished us out of the Bennington river, dried out the Studie, and put it into service again.

We were driving along at precisely the same spot, and the conditions duplicated exactly those of the first time. Again there was a moving line of cars by the river. Papa decided to pass them—this time to show how needless the first disaster had been—especially when everything is under control. The ditch was still there. And so was the boulder.

That pesky Studie slipped into the ditch again. Papa had to give it its head to get out before we hit the boulder. And that stubborn car streaked across the road, parted the traffic, took off from the trolley tracks, and flew out into the river again.

We were back in the same old groove—up to our necks in ice water, with the Studie blowing off steam.

As we sat there, Papa picked a couple of small icicles out of his beard and gestured around the Studie in plain disgust.

"The blighter will never learn," he stated.

It never occurred to anyone to dispute Papa. He was "mechanical"—he fixed loose doorknobs, knew the amount of air needed in tires, and abstruse things like that.

He was the driver.

The driver was the Skipper. His word

Continued on page 110

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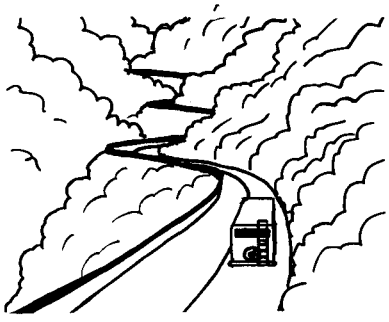

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FOOD

TAMING THE WILD TURKEY

Thanksgiving is for sharing, and sharing includes the preparation as well as the consumption of bountiful holiday fare. So allocate duties according to the talents of your guests.

by Charlotte Turgeon

It was 357 years ago that the Pilgrims gathered together in the coastal town now known as Plymouth, Massachusetts, with family, friends, and a few Indians to share a feast in grateful thanks to Almighty God for their first year's survival in a bewildering land and to celebrate the harvest that they had learned to wrest from forest, sea, and a not-too-generous soil. This year Americans all over the world will honor their memory as they have done for generations by gathering with family and friends and perhaps a few strangers.

It's a gastronomical misfortune that Thanksgiving falls so close to Christmas and that, for some, Christmas is just a turkey repeat. Christmas is celebrated around the world and has limitless culinary possibilities, but Thanksgiving, as we observe it, is a uniquely American tradition which should not be tampered with, and the foods we eat should be like those that the Pilgrims enjoyed on the first Thanksgiving.

The harvest was good that year. Friendly Indians had taught the Pilgrims to hunt venison and to stalk the wild turkey. They had shown them how to find scallops, lobsters, and shrimp, and how to net fish. Field and forest yielded wild onions, peas, and beans, and native corn planted in stick-furrowed soil had produced the life-sustaining ears. Cranberries turned bright red in the swamps and the cows, pigs, and chickens brought across the Atlantic were beginning to multiply. A brewery had been built and juice from wild grapes was fermenting into wine. Legend has it that even oranges, brought from the south by some stranger, were on the table that first Thanksgiving day.

A Menu for Twelve

Shellfish Salad

Roast Turkey
New England Dressing
Easy Brown Gravy
Roast Brown Potatoes
Plymouth Succotash
Creamed Onions
Winter Squash with Bacon
Cranberry Bowl
Iced Celery Sticks
Spiced Crabapples

Gingered Pumpkin Pies
Homemade Mincemeat Pies
Vanilla Ice Cream

Postdinner Refreshment
Cold Orange Wedges
Walnuts
Port Coffee

Legend also has it that the Pilgrim women, poor things, were notoriously bad cooks and that the first Thanksgiving, though memorable, was hardly a four-star meal, as the modern version can so easily be.

The menu suggested above can be produced with advanced planning and cooking by one sole cook, even a cook with an eight-hour job; but Thanksgiving is for sharing, and sharing the cooking is what this story is all about. Time was when spinster aunts and grandmothers were part of every family and many hands did, in fact, make light work of kitchen, nursery, and house; but today's single or, at most, two-generation nucleus living in homes with efficient streamlined kitchens usually has but one cook.

If you plan to have Thanksgiving in your home and would like to have from 10 to 12 for dinner, consider the menu and allocate the dishes according to the talents of your guests. Cut out the printed recipes so that they know just what you want. Most people are pleased to be asked. Keep the turkey, potatoes, gravy, and maybe the mincemeat pies for yourself and parcel out the rest. If there is a bachelor uncle or a reasonable facsimile, let him bring the walnuts, port, and ice cream. Give the cranberry bowl, celery sticks, and orange wedges to young budding cooks. Plan your own cooking so that when the guests arrive, the turkey is safely sizzling aromatically in the oven and the counters are cleared and ready for invasion. Each dish can be reheated either in a second oven or on top of the stove during a preprandial drink.

Thanksgiving should definitely be a sit-down affair. If there is no dining room, set up a commodious table in the living room and let people sit around it from cocktail to coffee time. Spread the table with your double damask (or no-iron sheet over a white blanket), your best china and glassware, and when you sit down you can give thanks not only for family and friends but for the fact that you are not exhausted because everyone has had a share in Thanksgiving dinner.

Shellfish Salad

1 pint scallops
Juice of 2 limes
Salt and pepper
1 pound medium shrimp
1 cup dry white wine
¼ teaspoon celery salt
1 pound cooked lobster or crab meat
Watercress

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Sauce:
1½ cups mayonnaise
½ cup catsup
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 small clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons soy sauce

Advance preparation: The scallops should be served in small pieces. Use bay scallops or sea scallops cut in quarters. Place the scallops in a glass bowl and "cook" them (without heat) by sprinkling with lime juice, salt, and pepper. Cover and refrigerate for a minimum of 6 hours.

Combine the white wine with an equal amount of water, add the celery salt, and bring to a boil. Add the shrimp and simmer 5 minutes. Strain the broth into a bowl and cool. Shell and devein the shrimp and let them stand in the broth overnight.

Cut the lobster into small pieces, trying to keep some of the pink color on each piece, or pick over the crab meat to be sure there are no shells. Mix all the ingredients for the sauce and refrigerate in a covered jar.

To serve: Put a small glass containing cocktail sauce in the center of individual dessert-sized plates. Ring the glass with watercress and surround with concentric circles of lobster, scallops, and shrimp. Garnish the edge of the plate with more watercress.

In 21 states wild turkeys still strut the plains, roost in evergreens, and fly at speeds up to 55 miles per hour.

Roast Turkey

Choose the best 12- to 14-pound turkey you can afford. (The unfrozen variety is preferable but not always available.) Start by preparing the dressing. This should be completely chilled before you stuff the cold bird. Keep the stuffed bird in the refrigerator until time for roasting.

New England Dressing
(for 12- to 14-pound turkey)
10 cups stale bread, broken into pieces
2 cups chopped celery
1½ cups chopped onions
6 tablespoons butter
Giblets
2 cups water
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons poultry seasoning
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
1 bay leaf
Pinch of thyme

Put the bread into a large mixing bowl. Sauté the celery and onions in butter over moderate heat for 3 minutes. Add the liver, cut in small pieces, and cook 3 minutes more, stirring frequently.

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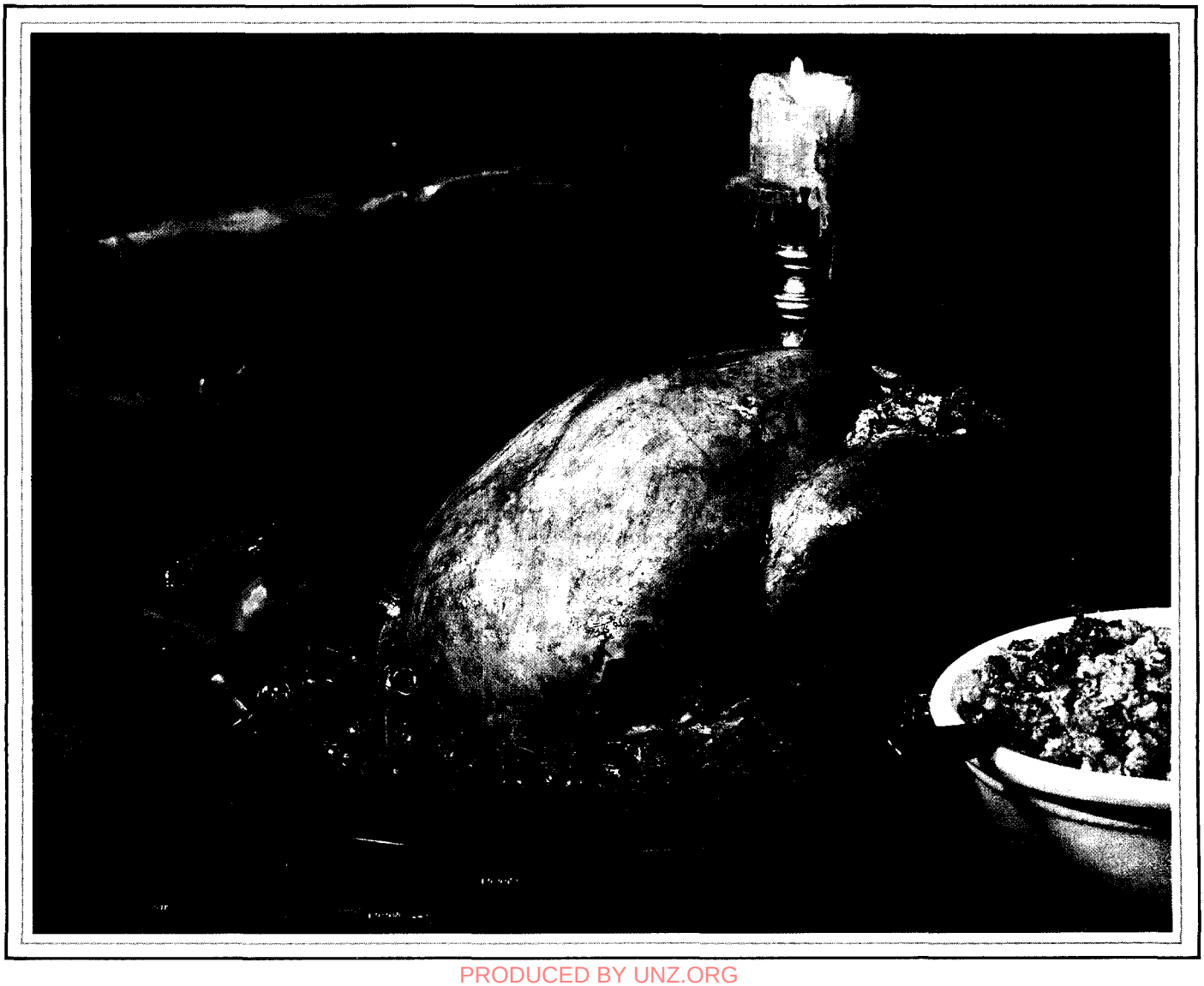

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Add this mixture to the bread.

Put the rest of the giblets, the neck, the bay leaf, and the water into a pressure cooker and cook 12 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Cool and chop the gizzard, heart, and neck meat. Add to the bread, along with the broth.

Add the remaining ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Cool completely before stuffing the bird.

To Stuff: Run cool water through the cavities of the turkey and wipe it inside and out with paper toweling. Mix a tablespoon of salt with ¼ teaspoon white pepper and rub the bird with the mixture inside and out. Stuff both cavities with the dressing, filling them only ¾ full so as to leave room for the expansion that will occur during the roasting. Close both openings by inserting little skewers across them and crisscrossing these with kitchen twine. Tie securely and skewer the neck skin to the body.

To Truss: With the bird breast-side up, run a large trussing needle threaded with kitchen twine through the center of one wing, through the body, and out the center of the other wing. Tie the thread securely over the back. In like manner, fasten the thighs to the body, then tie the legs together, attaching them to the tail piece. Cover the turkey with wax paper and keep in a cold place.

The whole process of stuffing and trussing can be done a day in advance *provided both bird and stuffing are cold.* (If stuffed before both the bird and stuffing are well chilled individually, dangerous bacteria can grow during the time required to chill a stuffed bird.)

To Roast: Sprinkle the roasting pan with ½ cup flour. Spread the turkey with softened butter or margarine and sprinkle with more salt and white pepper. Place breast-side up on a rack and cover with aluminum foil. Roast 1 hour at 425 degrees F. Reduce the temperature to 350 degrees F. and continue to roast until done, allowing 20 minutes per pound for a turkey weighing up to 14 pounds, or 18 minutes per pound for larger birds. Remove the foil for the last hour of roasting and baste occasionally.

Easy Brown Gravy

One-half hour before serving, transfer the turkey to a serving platter and keep in a warm (not hot) oven. Pour off all but ½ cup of fat and mix well with the browned flour in the pan. Add 2½ cups of boiling water or chicken broth gradually, stirring all the time with a fork to scrape the solids adhering to the pan. Simmer for a few minutes before straining.

Roast Brown Pototoes

Advance preparation: Choose medium-sized potatoes, as nearly uniform as possible, allowing 1½ potatoes per person. Boil in salted water for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, cool, and peel.

Later: One hour before the turkey is completely roasted, put the potatoes in the pan beside the rack. If there is not space around the turkey, spoon some of the drippings into another pan and brown the potatoes in the oven or on top of the stove. After 30 minutes, turn the potatoes over so they brown on both sides. Serve around the turkey or in a separate vegetable dish.

Plymouth Succotash

The Pilgrims might not recognize this method of preparation but they would approve the result!

3 packages frozen succotash
1 can shelled horticultural beans
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons scraped onion
2 cups strong chicken broth
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Advance preparation: Cook and drain the succotash. Mix with the beans in an ovenproof vegetable dish. Add the salt, pepper, onion, and chicken broth. Stir gently and smooth the top. Dot with butter or margarine. Keep in a cool place.

To serve: Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees F., or combine everything in the top of a double boiler to heat.

Creamed Onions

4 pounds medium to small onions
9 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 tablespoons flour
2½ cups milk
2 cups grated cheddar cheese
Salt and white pepper
1 cup fine bread crumbs
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Advance preparation: Boil the peeled onions just until tender or about 30 minutes. Drain and cool. Place in a large ovenproof shallow casserole.

Heat 6 tablespoons of the butter and stir in the flour until blended. Cook 2 minutes over low heat without browning. Stir frequently. Stir in half the milk. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the remaining milk and grated cheese and stir until smooth. Season to taste. Set aside to cool.

Sauté the bread crumbs with the remaining butter or margarine and the parsley until golden brown.

To Serve: Spoon the sauce over the onions. Sprinkle with the bread crumb mixture and bake in the oven at 350 degrees F. for 40 to 50 minutes.

Lacking a second oven, combine the sauce and onions in the top of a double boiler and reheat for 45 minutes. Sprinkle with reheated bread crumbs just before serving. Serve in a heated vegetable dish.

Winter Squash with Bacon

8 pounds squash (Hubbard, Green Delicious, or Butternut)
½ pound bacon
¼ pound butter or margarine
½ cup cream
Salt and pepper

Advance preparation: Cut the squash in pieces. Pare and remove the stringy parts and seeds. Boil 20 to 30 minutes in salted water. Drain. Mash with a potato masher or an electric beater. Place in the top part of a double boiler.

Fry the bacon until crisp. Drain on paper toweling and crumble into a small heat-proof dish.

To Serve: Reheat the squash for 45 minutes over boiling water. Heat the bacon for 10 minutes in the oven to restore crispness. Into the reheated squash beat the butter and cream and 2/3 of the bacon. Season with salt and white pepper.

Sprinkle with the remaining bacon and serve in a heated vegetable dish.

Cranberry Bowl

This can be made several days in advance.

1 pound cranberries
2 cups water
1 3-inch cinnamon stick
2 slices lemon
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons gelatin
12 blanched almonds

Advance preparation: Wash the berries and chop them fine. Put the cinnamon, lemon, and 1½ cups water in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add the cranberries and boil gently for 15 minutes. Stir in the sugar and cook for 5 minutes. Remove the cinnamon and lemon and stir in 2 tablespoons gelatin softened in ½ cup cold water.

Pour into a silver bowl and chill. When partially set, arrange the almonds on top in the form of a large daisy. Keep the bowl in the refrigerator until just before serving.

Spiced Crabapples

This, too, can be made several days in advance.

2 pounds perfect crabapples
1 cup white cider vinegar
½ cup water
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon whole cloves
½-inch piece of cinnamon stick
2 tablespoons apple brandy
Few drops red vegetable coloring

Wash the crabapples, removing the blossom ends but leaving on the stems. Bring the vinegar, water, sugar, cloves, and cinnamon to a boil in a large shallow saucepan. Simmer for 10 minutes. Prick each apple with a fork and place in the boiling syrup. Cook until the apples are tender but not mushy. Remove from the heat and let the apples cool in the syrup.

Continued on following page

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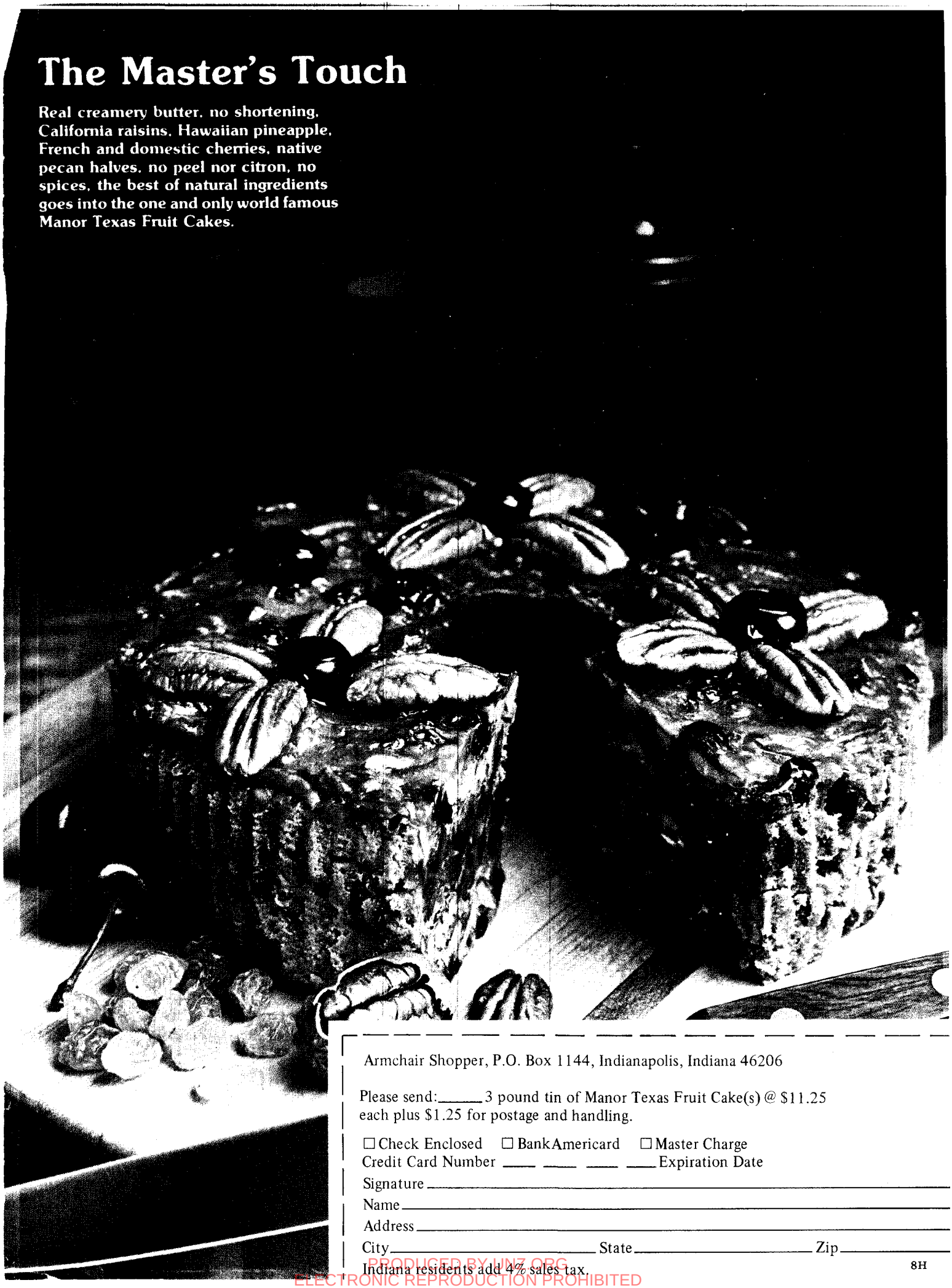

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Remove the apples with a slotted spoon to one or two serving dishes. To the syrup, add the brandy and a little coloring, if necessary, then pour it through a strainer over the apples. Cover and store in the refrigerator.

Iced Celery Sticks

Cut celery sticks into 4-inch lengths. Wash thoroughly and soak in water which has been lightly salted. Chill 24 hours in the refrigerator. Serve on two dishes with small ice cubes to keep them very cold.

Gingered Pumpkin Pies

Filling:
3 cups cooked or canned mashed pumpkin
8 eggs
2 cups light brown sugar
3 tablespoons brandy
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup light cream
¾ cup milk
Topping:
½ pint heavy cream
Candied ginger

Advance preparation: Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F. Line two 9-inch pie tins with your favorite pie pastry or buy the frozen shells. Brush the pastry with melted butter and place in refrigerator while preparing the filling.

Beat the eggs for 3 minutes with an electric beater. Add the remaining ingredients and continue beating until well blended. Pour the mixture into the pie plates. Bake for 5 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 degrees F. Continue baking for 50 to 60 minutes or until an inserted knife comes out clean. Cool and chill the pies.

To serve: Garnish the pies with cream whipped with 2 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar and a little vanilla, and dot with finely diced candied ginger.

Homemade Mincemeat

2 large pies

Plan to make the quick pressure cooker mincemeat 4 to 6 weeks in advance. The pies can be made the day before Thanksgiving or several days in advance and stored in the freezer.

Mincemeat:
1 pound clear venison or top round beef
½ pound suet
1¾ cups cider
¼ cup cider vinegar
3 cups brown sugar
12 ounces currants
1 pound seedless raisins
½ cup chopped citron
¼ cup candied fruit peel
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon powdered ginger
1 teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup brandy
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Remove any fat or gristle from the meat and cut into cubes. Chop the suet and place both meat and suet in a pressure cooker. Add the cider, vinegar, sugar, currants, raisins, citron, fruit peel, and spices. Stir over medium heat until the sugar dissolves. Put on the top, making sure the gasket is in place. Bring the pressure gauge up to 15 pounds pressure. Cook for 15 minutes. Let the pressure return to zero gradually. Remove the cover and stir in the brandy and lemon peel.

Pour into clean jars. Cool completely. Cover and store in a cool place or freeze.

Mincemeat Pies

Pie pastry
Homemade mincemeat
2 cups diced, peeled apples
½ cup brandy

Advance preparation: Make or buy enough pastry for two pies (9-inch). Roll out into four circles, two slightly larger than the others. Place the larger circles into pie tins, pressing them into place so that the rim is entirely covered. Moisten the rim with cold water.

Combine the mincemeat with the apples and brandy and fill the pie shells. Cover with the remaining circles and press the edges together with the tines of a fork. Prick the tops to make the letter "M."

Bake in a preheated 425-degree F. oven for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees F. and bake 10 minutes longer. Cool and store in a cool place or freeze.

To Serve: Serve the pies warm (not hot). They may be reheated in the oven during dinner time. Serve with thin slabs of country cheddar or with vanilla ice cream.

Cold Orange Wedges

Peel 4 to 6 seedless oranges and divide them neatly into wedges removing all the white fibers.

Place decoratively on a pretty serving dish and chill well in the refrigerator.

Papa Takes the Wheel

continued from page 105

was law. Except when we were going to Brooklyn, the seat next to the driver was by right John's special preserve. It was assumed that in this way he would absorb some of Papa's mechanical bent. The squaws and infants—Mama, Lisa, and I—were permitted to ride in the back seat. The ride was being taken ostensibly for our pleasure, but we were expected to utter only subdued cries of delight and leave matters of direction and speed to those up front.

If we were going on a long trip, sitting in the back was an athletic challenge. Mama would pack the luggage on the left side of the car, all the way to the ceiling. The theory was that this left the right side of the car, although cramped, free for sitting, entrance, and exit. True. But in those days most of the roads, if they were paved at all, were graced with a high hump in the middle. Papa usually stayed on his side of the road, which meant that in the back seat we spent most of our time fighting against the inroads of the luggage. We were experts at fielding falling hatboxes and valises, but we never got much of a chance to look at the scenery or find out where we were.

Perhaps that was why Mama determined to learn to drive. Or perhaps she only wanted to sit a little higher in the hierarchy of the automobile world. At any rate, after a few years of yearning, she took the fatal step. Without Papa's

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Answers from page 97.

1 Popularly called the "Pine Tree" state, Maine is the most northeasterly state in the U.S. Although Longfellow's home town of Portland is the most populous, the capital is Augusta. Portland is famous for the picturesque lighthouses which dot the coastline.

2 Amman, the capital city of Jordan, is an attractive blend of old and new architecture and cultures. Known as Philadelphia in the classical period and Rabbah in Biblical days, the metropolis still boasts the unique ruins of ancient theaters and concert halls.

3 Returning visitors to charming Amsterdam will miss seeing the jolly giant which was burned down earlier this year. The booming seaport city of Amsterdam is the capital of the Netherlands, although The Hague is the official seat of the country's government.

4 This view of the Toronto City Hall is from a point in Nathan Phillips Square, the huge civic plaza named for the Toronto mayor who inspired and supported the city hall project. The Toronto skyline also includes the CN Tower, the world's tallest freestanding structure.

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knowledge, she attended driving school. In her case, "driving school" turned out to be an unemployed chauffeur, a splendid man behind the wheel when he was not drunk or anesthetized by a hangover, which was his condition most of the time. He was also a thoroughgoing fatalist, and his idea of a "lesson" was to let Mama drive the car (after he had pointed out how to start and steer it), close his eyes, and let the soothing motion of the ride attend to his more pressing health concerns. Mama, as always, taken in by a mouth-filling phrase, wanted most to be "a veteran driver." Pressed to describe such a person, her instructor allowed as how a veteran was one who could drive to Albany and back in a day. Since no one wants to go to Albany anyway, and since Mama knew that the round trip would take Papa all of a week, she soon gave up her "veteran" theme. But, having at least become the star (and only) pupil in her "school," and not having massacred any small animals or run into a trolley car, she was deemed ready to take to the road.

We were part of the conspiracy to give Papa the surprise of his life. The idea was to get him out for a walk and then have Mama drive by in breathtaking grandeur. We did our part well. John and I got out our canes with the animal heads, and Lisa shouldered her cutest parasol. Papa found this tableau irresistible, and selecting his own cane he took us for a stroll.

We steered him around to Mount Morris Park. Our plan was to walk Papa around the park: Mama was to sail right by us.

And so she did.

She came toward us, her handkerchief, held in her left hand, fluttering out the window in gay greeting. Her right hand clutched the wheel in a death grip. Her eyes were glued to the road ahead. But we cheered like wild pixies as she passed, while Papa added a colossal "Hurrah!" Then we waved canes and parasol in tribute.

Mama came around again after that, and we cheered some more.

Then she came around again. In fact she came around again nine times before we sensed that something was wrong, and stopped cheering.

On the tenth circuit, Mama shrieked out the window: "*I can't stop it!*"

Hypnotized by the motion of the car, and by the impossible brashness of her act (what she had really done was persuade her teacher to let her drive "just one block" alone, for the first time) she had actually forgotten how to stop it.

There was no chance of Papa catching her and taking over. The car was a sedan, hard to mount on a run, with the doors and windows shut. And Mama was going at a pretty good clip. Her instructor had tried to catch her and failed. Now he was a miserable, apologetic wretch as he joined us in waiting for each reappearance.

"How much gas?" bellowed Papa, on her thirteenth trip.

"Two gallons, I think," shrieked Mama, on her fourteenth.

"Drive until the gas runs out!" shouted Papa, on her fifteenth.

It was a big car.

Mama made 32 more trips around Mount Morris Park before the car sputtered to a stop. Papa rushed up and she fell into his arms. We clung to her skirts and cried; she clung to his lapels and cried; he clung to her and made soothing noises which occasionally resembled something between a cough and a laugh. But we knew that couldn't be—not in the face of such a terrible, terrible experience!

"What ever happened?" asked Papa, back home, over tea and cookies. "It's the simplest thing in the world to stop a car. Anyone who understands mechanics knows that."

Mama studied the bottom of her cup of tea.

"The blighter just got out of control and ran away with me," she said quietly.

She never drove a car again.

But from then on, Mama sat in the front seat, next to the driver. Shared experience, they say, is ever the sweeter.

NEED HELP GETTING UP?

. . . Do these words have a special meaning to you?

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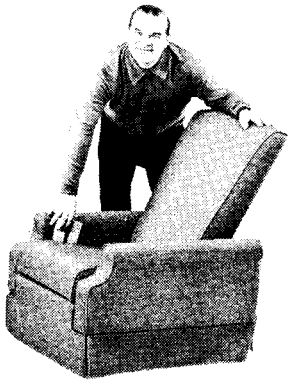
PARKINSONS
HEART DISEASE
MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY
STROKE
MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
INJURY



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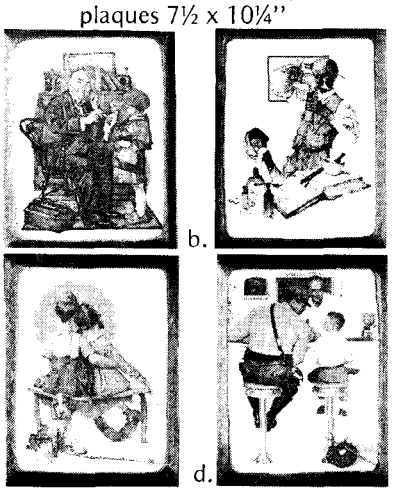

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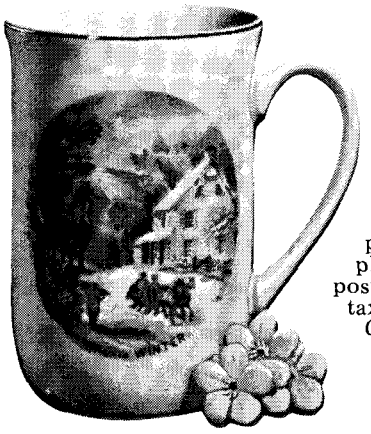

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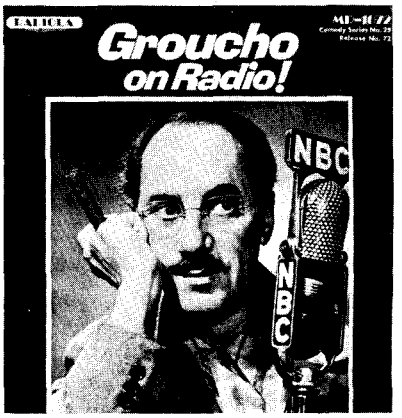

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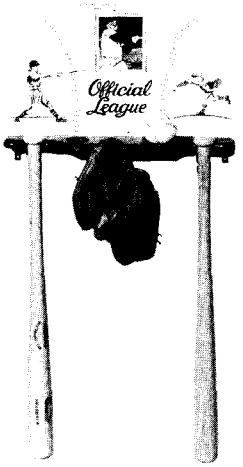

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This little leaguer's "little locker" strikes out lost gear and boys' room clutter beautifully. Gay three-colored masonite backboard with space for team picture or favorite hero supports sturdy wood rack fitted with slots and pegs to hold mitts, bats, balls and caps handy and handsome. 20"x11 3/4" rack assembles decoratively on door or wall in seconds. (No baseball equipment included.) $6.95 ppd. Slim-Ez, Box 3193, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37404.

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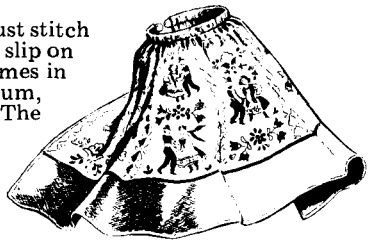
Apron hoop



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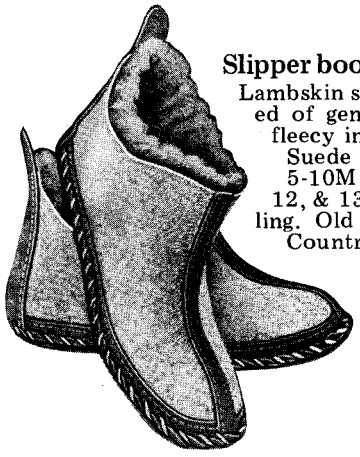

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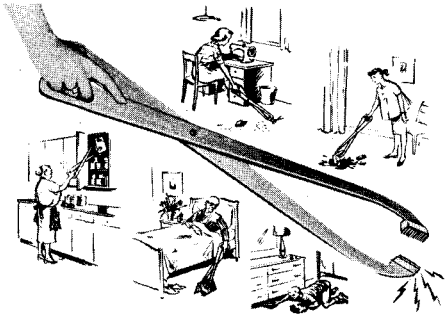

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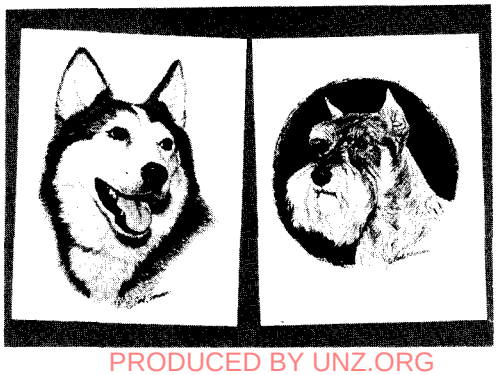

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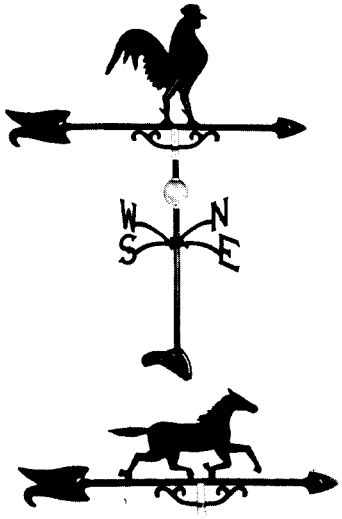

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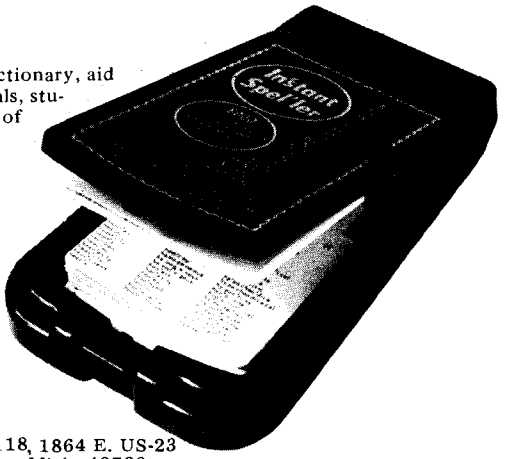

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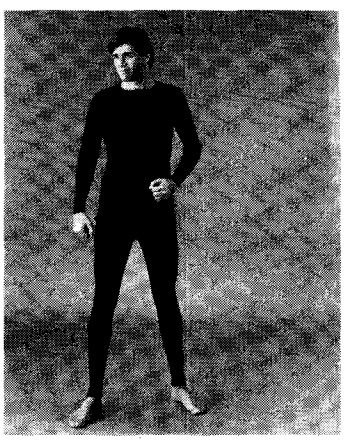

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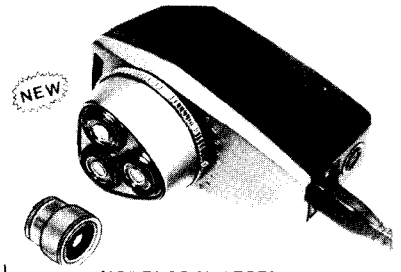

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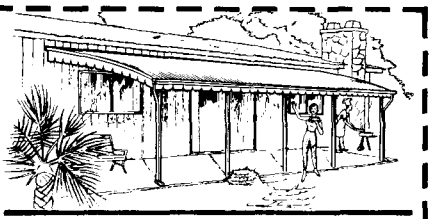

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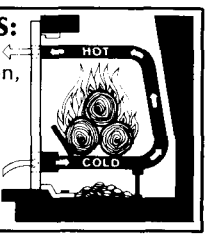

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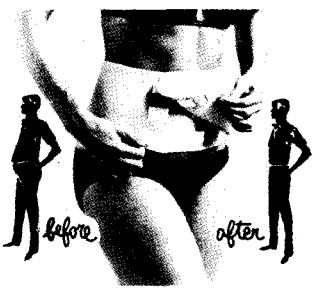

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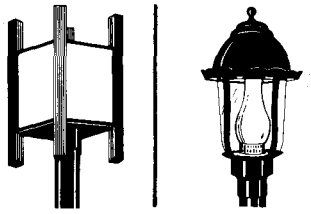

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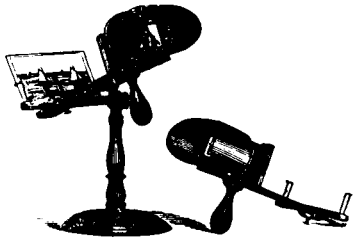

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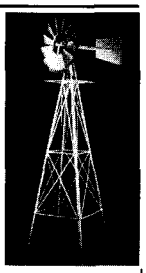

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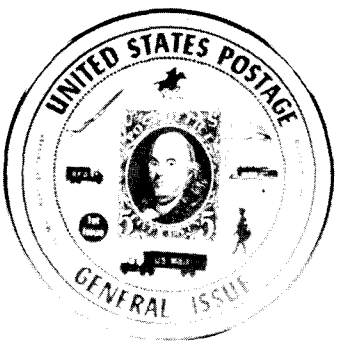

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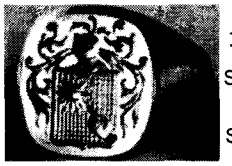

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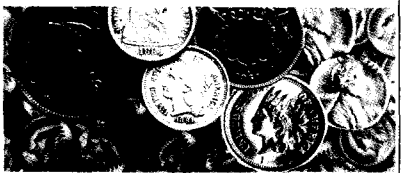

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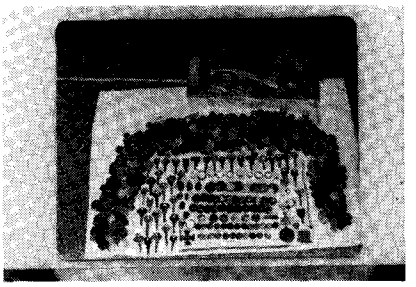

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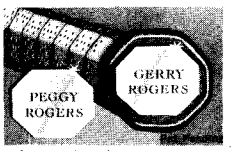

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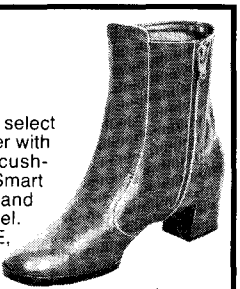

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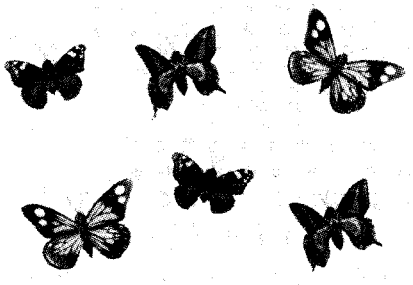

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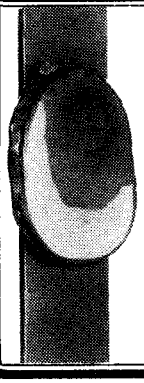

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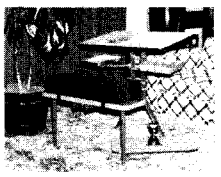

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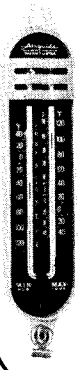

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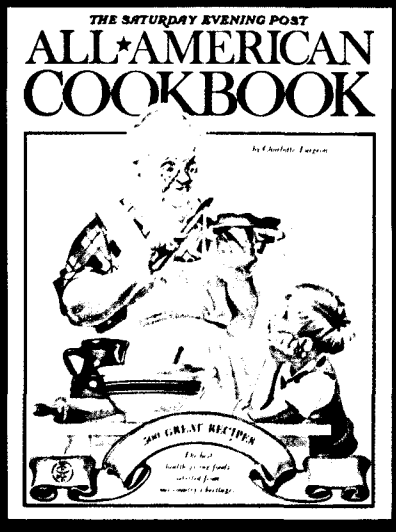

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Nancy Lopez

continued from page 22

her triumphs very becomingly," says USGA's Gaquin.

Having shuttled between queries on stardom ("How did you spend your week off?") and on more technical matters, Nancy ends the press conference. She rises to leave but walks only a few steps before she obliges some lingerers. What, one asks, is her toughest problem?

For the first time in this public yet surprisingly intimate tête-à-tête with reporters, the bright face dims. A sober Nancy Lopez talks. "Probably the thing that bothers me most is my personal life," she says, characterizing herself as "a very emotional person. It's very important for me to be with whom I want to be with." She talks of family, home—ultimately more important than the now all-consuming game, for the game will one day begin to diminish, as it does for every athlete. ("I feel like I can play competitively the way I want to for maybe 15 years," she has said.)

The one she wants to be with is Pennsylvania sportcaster Tim Melton, whom she plans to marry in April. "I want to have children, to live in a nice home," she says, convinced of the worth of marriage itself but concerned about the possibility of enduring a tag-along husband and a seldom-seen home. The rigors of tournament life, golf being at the moment "more important than anything else that can happen to me," can play pinball with family life, she knows. Yet it's not being apple-pie about things to expect that a woman who can see her way through the professional rough can turn the same clear vision in the direction of home. ☒

He that has a "spirit of detail" will do better in life than many who figured beyond him in the university. Such an one is minute and particular. He adjusts trifles; and these trifles compose most of the business and happiness of life. Great events happen seldom, and affect few; trifles happen every moment to everybody; and though one occurrence of them adds little to the happiness or misery of life, yet the sum total of their continual repetition is of the highest consequence.

—Daniel Webster

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John Connally

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him to be Secretary of the Navy. Connally isn't sure how it happened, but he knows LBJ and Speaker Sam Rayburn were instrumental.

"I was paged one day in the lobby of the Texas Hotel in Fort Worth, and it was a call from Lyndon Johnson," Connally remembers. "He said I had better be thinking about what I was going to tell Kennedy because my name had come up for some high post. I thanked him and hung up and Bob McNamara called me, and that's how I went to Washington."

By 1961, though, Connally had heard rumblings about the Democrats being in trouble in Texas. LBJ was Vice-President, and Dallasite Bill Blakley had been defeated for the Senate by a then virtual unknown, John Tower. Connally suggested to President Kennedy that he should go home and run for Governor, and Kennedy concurred.

"Lyndon Johnson was against my doing it, though. He didn't think I could win. I made my own decision after discussing it with Nellie," Connally says.

One of the early things Connally did was to meet with a handful of Democratic stalwarts at Dolph (today Governor) Briscoe's ranch at Uvalde to decide if Connally could win. Included in the group was a longtime UT crony, Robert Strauss of Dallas, who later was a Connally strategist, campaign manager, and close friend through all the Connally gubernatorial wars and until Connally switched parties. It was the same Bob Strauss who became national Democratic chairman, President Carter's trade ambassador with Cabinet rank, and also Carter's adviser on inflation. Even today friends of both Connally and Strauss are certain that they confer frequently by telephone.

Connally served three two-year terms as Governor of Texas, highlighted by the drama that unfolded in the Dallas streets that fateful November day during his first term. Once the trauma of losing a President had gone, the headlines turned to Connally and his recuperation. He has been a public figure ever since, and in 1970 President Nixon plucked him from a lucrative law practice in Houston to be Secretary of the Treasury. Connally was still a Democrat and stayed on in Washington as a Nixon adviser until June of 1972, when he rejoined the Houston law firm. He officially became a Republican a year later.

In Connally's extensive travels, his good humor goes along. In Africa in 1967 to do a sportsman's show for ABC television with actors Clint Walker and David Janssen, Connally volunteered to help move the camp from Ikomo in

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REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Since 1912, the Manila Hotel has been toasted as one of the most luxurious stopovers in the world. Now it's time to pop the corks again because "the aristocrat of the Orient" has undergone a $30 million make-over.

by George Delacroix

Manila, premiere city of the Philippine archipelago, is a city not unacquainted with invaders: The Chinese took it in the 16th century, the Dutch in the 17th, the British in the 18th. In the 19th century the United States defeated the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay during the Spanish-American War. And in our own century the city fell under Japanese domination.

Today the 7,100 islands and islets that are the Philippines are putting in a request for invaders of more benevolent intentions—tourists—and their nationals may find one of the greatest draws to be a hotel steeped in history yet primed for the traveler who doesn't want to live life without the latest amenities.

The Manila Hotel, to use the language of weddings, is a conglomerate of the old, the new, the borrowed, the blue. It is old because it first opened July 4, 1912; new because, like a woman renewing her vows, it "opened" again in 1977, dressed in new clothes; borrowed because, like the rest of the Philippines, it tastes of the flavor of the Orient and the West all in one; and blue because it looks out on the tropical waters of Manila Bay, the island's chief port.

"The aristocrat of the Orient," as the Manila Hotel is sometimes known, shows off its pedigree in an ornate foyer, scented with the aroma of history.

The "new" Manila Hotel, replete with tennis courts, squash courts, a golf course, five restaurants, a swimming pool, shopping arcade, and convention center, is a voluptuary's haven but, judging solely by the beginning room fare (double rates start at $40), you don't necessarily have to pay an exorbitant penny to stay there. However, should you, for instance, want to step back into recent history (Hark, you World War II buffs!) you might—for $350—elect to spend the night in the MacArthur Suite, home to General Douglas MacArthur for several years—before the Japanese made it their Philippine headquarters—and the home of 10,000 tomes gracing a library in the famous warrior's digs.

It was recognition of the hotel's history-laden heritage that prompted Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos to order it restored. When the hotel reopened October 3, 1977, the project had consumed $30 million and had expanded the structure fivefold, largely through the annexation of an 18-story tower. A travel association's award came its way for the landmark preservation that was part of the refurbishing. Renaissance of this sometime home to famous past and living figures (among them, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Ernest Hemingway, and James Michener) coincided with a recent hotel building boom in Manila

Continued on page 133

The new marries the old where an 18-story tower joins the original hotel, built in 1912. The tower has greatly expanded total hotel space.

The flavor of the tropics is to be tasted in the offerings of this fruit stand outside Manila.

Other hotels may roll out the proverbial red carpet, but the Manila Hotel displays at its entrance a liking for the green-thumb approach.

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Grand Cayman

continued from page 81

London, and Royal of Canada epitomize island respectability.

Well-manicured managers shrank in collective horror when former British Prime Minister Edward Heath described their island operations as an "unacceptable face of capitalism." Mr. Heath and many Western political leaders now believe it is the quintessence of virtue for businesses and individuals to pay the maximum amount of taxes.

Apart from Heath, U.S. Treasury Department officials have voiced concern about possible financial irregularities. Cayman businessmen like Holiday Inn manager Richard Murphy feel the outside waspishness may be due more to missed taxing opportunities than anything else.

Governor Russell stresses that reputable companies do not seek out Georgetown for tax evasion or illicit activities. He notes that should a would-be Cayman company exude the slightest whiff of suspicion, as, for instance, a Mafia laundering front, it is denied registration. His island police force, headed by a British CID (Criminal Investigation Department) inspector, acts quickly on tips from the FBI, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Scotland Yard.

"We can't afford scandals," Russell adds in a clipped Scottish burr. This is the voice of official Britain speaking. After all, the Caymans have become one of the world's largest offshore tax havens, now ahead of the Bahamas and Bermuda. Last year banks there handled more than $1 billion in Eurodollar issues, and played conduit for an estimated $10 to $15 billion in other financial transactions.

Cayman banking activities are part of a sickly Britain's reserves, Bodden says. "So we're a hell of a good asset. . . .I can't see any change in our constitutional status quo for a long time to come. We like being a colony."

He is talking of Third World pressure for the end of colonial status. A United Nations team traveled around the three islands, but found little desire for independence. Yet the team went ahead, vaguely recommended full freedom, and, naturally, a U.N. seat.

The Caymanians responded with raw fury. While the islanders harbor a residual affection for Mother England and Queen Elizabeth, the realities of cash flow play a larger and more expedient role. With full independence, too much revenue would be swallowed in defense against possible intrusions from Cuba and Jamaica. The British now pay the full shot.

Bottom-line islanders wallow in their raw capitalism. There are no welfare programs and work is revered as a fundamental ethic. "We've probably got 200 unemployed, and 75 of these would never work. They're lazy and just bum around," Commerce Minister Bodden says. But what of the 125 unfortunate job seekers? "Their families look after them. Our blood's very thick here."

Along with banking, tourism is a money-spinner and a major employer. By the end of this year more than 100,000 visitors (60,000 by air) will have flocked to these tiny specks of calcareous rock and sand. Three airlines use the single concrete strip and modest wooden building which pass for Grand Cayman International Airport, and ultrapolite taxi drivers whisk American, Canadian, and West German tourists to sedate low-rise hotels along Seven Mile Beach—a beach kept immaculate even during the hurricane season.

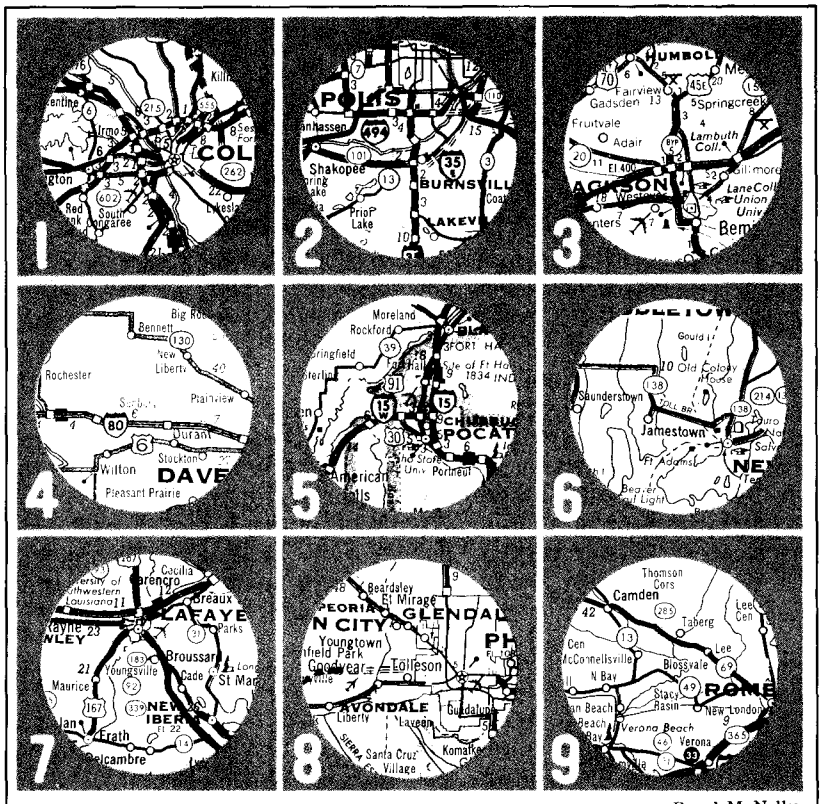
Most tourists are middle-class and spend well. Pinball machines, gambling, racing, clubs for swingers, and high-class prostitution for both sexes are viewed with genuine abhorrence. Legislated morality pays dividends: Tourism officials look smugly toward Jamaica and note that most of its once-lucrative tourist business was lost as a result of pandering to human nature's baser instincts.

With virtually all segments of the Cayman economy flourishing, the population has a per capita income of $3,300, an incredibly high figure and perhaps four times higher than Cuba's, estimates Deputy Financial Secretary Thomas Jefferson. New to the job, Jefferson was hired to develop what is now little more than a skeletal statistics division. Caymanian thinking traditionally holds that statistics are needed only to explain away the faults and mistakes of politicians.

Jefferson, 37, an M.Sc. graduate of George Washington University, insists that a more complex business growth calls for clear projections. While rough birth statistics point to a constantly rising school enrollment for the three islands, there are few other half-accurate figures except on antimosquito warfare: It absorbs one-third of the government's budget.

Even the GNP (Gross National Product) is unknown, but top leaders guess at $40 million. More certain is the fact that the government's 1978 balanced budget runs at $14 million. Bodden terms this, "probably too much." He laments that expansion-minded civil servants have problems understanding that governments are unproductive.

Continued on page 132



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 132)

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"When the odds for disease are threatening, prevention is a merciful mission."

Transplanting Eggs to Prevent Disease

The successful birth of "Baby Louise" in England must surely bring dreams of a happier future for parents of young people in families afflicted with a number of genetically transmitted diseases (those passed on to children by their parents).

A mother suffering from the fearsome Huntington's chorea, for example, can now hope that her own daughter, who has a 50-50 chance of developing this appalling disease, could, if she chooses, when she matures, bear a baby in her own uterus without the dread fear of bequeathing to yet another generation a disease for which there is no cure in sight.

Two immigrants to the United States in 1630 are said to have left a legacy of many hundreds of victims of Huntington's chorea among their descendants. So, too, a few dedicated physicians could today probably prevent this disease for hundreds and thousands of victims in future generations even without the controversial "test tubes"!

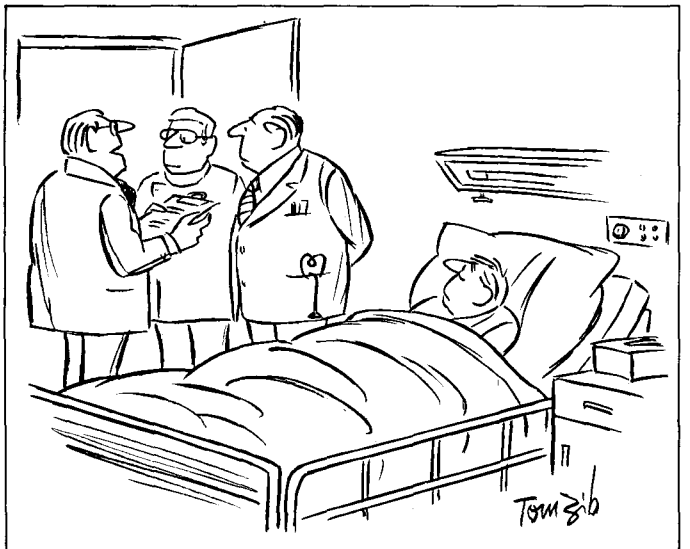
The physicians would have only to convince each daughter and daughter-in-law of Huntington's chorea victims to carry in her uterus a fertile egg (and the embryo which develops) from another source.

What source?

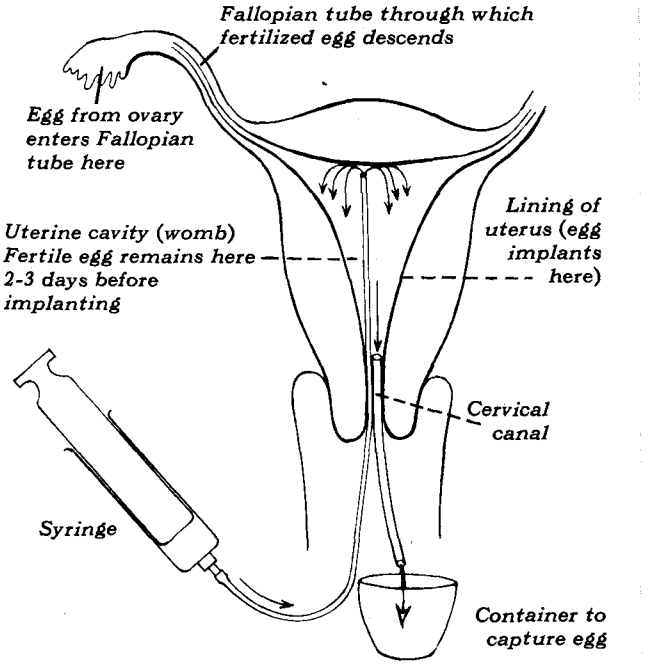
Thousands of fertile eggs are destroyed every day . . . in effect, wasted.

Why?

Because the intrauterine device (IUD) used to avoid pregnancy prevents the fertilized egg from implanting in the wall of the uterus. Thus, the fertile egg, which normally is in the uterus two or three days before implanting, ends up passing down the cervical canal to destruction. Instead of being destroyed, these eggs might be used for would-be parents who wish not to pass their own genetic disease to hapless offspring.



"Why don't we put him on the operating table and wing it from there."


Fallopian tube through which fertilized egg descends
Egg from ovary enters Fallopian tube here
Uterine cavity (womb)
Fertile egg remains here 2-3 days before implanting
Lining of uterus (egg implants here)
Cervical canal
Syringe
Container to capture egg

Human egg is washed out of the uterine cavity with syringe, sterile saline water, and two-way polyethylene tubes. Egg is collected in receptacle below. This simple nonsurgical technique to obtain unimplanted eggs was devised at a university laboratory in Chile.

Young women attending contraceptive clinics have in the past been invited to participate in research projects where human eggs are flushed from the uterus to enable researchers to study them. Those responsible reported no problem in obtaining volunteers.

Because the researchers were not looking for fertile eggs, they asked participants to abstain from intercourse during the experiment. They did accidentally come upon what they suspected was a fertile egg, however, and the young woman later admitted to coitus interruptus a few days earlier. (The fertile egg was returned to her uterus by the researchers.) The point of this discussion is to stress that washing out a fertile egg can be done as conveniently as washing out an unfertilized egg.

Fertile eggs could also be obtained from women who fear unwanted pregnancies after sexual intercourse during their fertile periods. This new concept of flushing the uterus a few days following intercourse would undoubtedly be more acceptable than the possibility of an abortion later.

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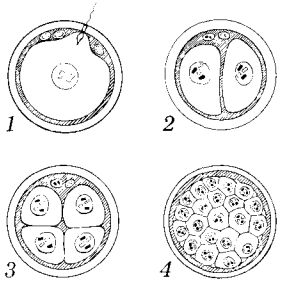

Male's sperm is entering female's egg in upper left. Egg is shown progressively in two-cell, four-cell, and morula stage of development.

Researchers report that the flushing and capturing of eggs, from the time the volunteer arrives until the egg is found microscopically, usually requires no more than 30 minutes.

Cattle breeders, who for years have been transplanting fertile eggs from purebred heifers into less fortunately endowed heifers, report no problem with birth defects. Researchers working with primates believe that techniques used routinely in transferring fertile eggs from cattle and other mammals could similarly be accomplished in humans.

Dr. Duane Kramer of Texas A & M University has recently succeeded in transplanting baboon eggs. He has also transplanted a fertile horse egg into a mare, who has given birth to a healthy foal. Even a litter of kittens has been produced by a surrogate kitten mother.

In primates, the fertile egg floats down the Fallopian tube and then lingers unattached in the uterus for two or three days. During this time, Dr. Kramer flushes the fertile egg out with sterile saline water and introduces it into the uterus of another female. A recipient must receive the transplanted egg at the proper time in her fertility cycle to ensure that the uterus lining will be ready for the egg implantation.

I predict the "transplanting," or rather "transferring," of a fertile egg from one uterus to another will be psychologically more acceptable than the "test tube baby" method.

Because abortion has dried up the supply of adoptive infants, there would be a demand from adoption-seeking couples who are infertile as well as those mothers who wish to bear a baby without transmitting a familial disease. (Women who are infertile because of blocked Fallopian tubes would be candidates for such a pregnancy.) Would-be mothers could acquire their adopted babies approximately four to six days after fertilization of the egg instead of nine months later.

In this manner, the interested mother would have the opportunity to nurture and properly care for the environment of her future child during the very important formulative months of gestation. Since good nutrition and abstinence from smoking, drinking, and drugs are vital to optimum fetal health, transplanting early would put the future mother in control at the most important time of her child's life.

The challenge of obtaining a good fertile egg and placing it in the uterus of a Huntington's chorea mother at the appropriate time is small when compared with the problems of caring for just one victim's anguish for 15 to 30 years.

Please don't jump to the conclusion that such an alternative is immoral or sacrilegious unless you have seen an unfortunate victim of advanced Huntington's chorea. (Except when interrupted by suicide or death from other causes, Huntington's chorea invariably advances.) I shall never forget the first case I ever saw. Lying on his side, writhing, he was being pulled into the hospital on a frame fastened to a little red toy flatbed farm wagon. The makeshift bed on which he was lying had been devised by the man's devoted family. They needed the wagon to tie down his constantly jerking limbs to keep him from harming himself and others. He was not able to speak or communicate in any meaningful way—only with a series of bizarre and pathetic grimaces and contortions was he able to show his misery. This man in his forties had a number of children who, in caring for him, could know that half of their number and half of their descendants in the future would come to the same agonizing and embarrassing end.

There is a very high incidence of suicide among these victims. Huntington's chorea usually has its onset sometime between the ages of 30 and 43. Most frequently, it appears after childbearing years, so a parent doesn't know if he or she is or isn't in the lucky half who are spared. If the parent develops Huntington's chorea, an average of one-half of his siblings and half of his children will also be afflicted by it.

Continued on following page

If you know a Huntington's chorea victim or victim's wife who yearns for motherhood but fears passing on the disease, please have her write for further information to: **The Medical Education & Research Foundation, P.O. Box 2166, Indianapolis, IN 46206.**

"The first rule in shooting a medical series, Collins, is . . . never turn your back to the camera when playing a patient."

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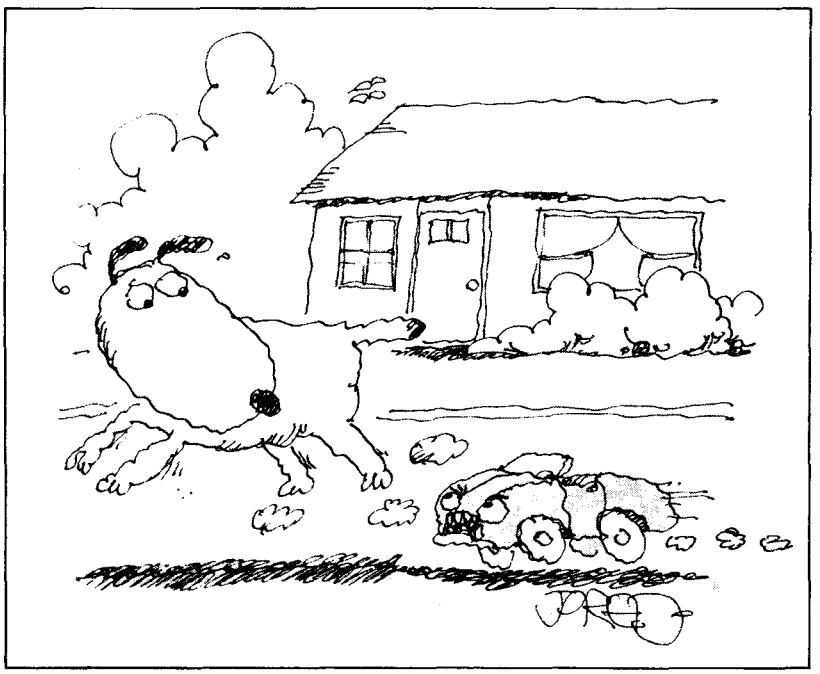
A True American Tragedy

Many of the Huntington's chorea victims in the U.S. today are descendants of two brothers who were banished from England. In 1630, 700 passengers set sail from England to America. Among these were a number of villagers from Suffolk, and it is believed that two brothers from the village of Bures in Suffolk played an important part in a true American tragedy.

At that time it was thought that the weaving motions, jerking backward and forward of the head, peculiar grimacing and twitching, puckering of the lips, spasmodic movements of the chest and diaphragm, and the involuntary jerking of the hands, feet, and legs, represented the suffering of Christ on the Cross, and that this affliction was a curse inherited by these victims. They were prey for the witch-hunters.

The government paid a bounty of 20 shillings for every witch. Anyone suspected of being a witch was jailed, often on false evidence by witch-hunters. As a result, these unfortunate people often accepted banishment from England in order to be released from imprisonment. Among these were two brothers—Wilkie and Nichols. Wilkie, a carpenter, was the elder, and had seven children. After his death in 1658, his daughter, Priscilla, married a man named Mulford, and the couple moved to Long Island. This formed the apparent stem of what proved to be the historic Long Island group of Huntington's chorea victims.



Wilkie's third son resided in Groton and had a daughter who in her young womanhood was known as the celebrated "Groton Witch." A detailed account of the violent motions and agitations of her body appears in the witchcraft literature of 1671. It is believed that there were 11 generations of the Bures family group settled in New Haven, Connecticut, whose progeny showed marked evidence of inheritance of Huntington's chorea.

Huntington's chorea is a degenerative brain disease of the cerebral cortex, especially the frontal cortex. It got its name from Dr. George Huntington, who called it "chorea" because the flailing movements looked to him like dance motions. It is inherited as a dominant trait, so that those who escape the disease rarely transmit it. Males and females are affected in equal numbers. Most commonly the first symptoms show themselves in middle age after full development of intellectual function and attainments. Often in the early stages, victims try to conceal their problem by exploiting the involuntary jerks to serve voluntary actions of an unnecessary nature. For example, the forward jerk of the arm will be brought back to smooth the hair with the hand, or the sudden downward lurch of the trunk will be utilized to retie a shoestring.

One victim of Huntington's chorea was admitted to the hospital after having been a popular member of a local drama club. He had played comic roles and was a great success because of his funny movements which were, sadly, the first signs of his illness.

Usually, forgetfulness, restlessness, a failing memory for recent events, and difficulty in concentration are early warnings of Huntington's chorea. In time, the head is also nodded in characteristic chin-to-chest rotary movements, one or the other shoulder is raised at intervals, and the gait is interrupted by irregular hesitation.

As the disease progresses there is usually an obvious dementia (mental deterioration). With the loss of brain cells comes apathy.

At autopsy, Huntington's chorea victims reveal a severe shrinking of the brain and some hydrocephaly (excess water around the brain). There is a marked loss of cells in a characteristic portion of the brain, including the caudate nucleus. Nerve cells examined microscopically are seen in various stages of degeneration.

To date, no one knows why the dominant gene that causes the condition exerts these pathological effects. As long as there is no cure in sight, *preventing the disease is a most merciful obsession.*

If preventing Huntington's chorea by transplanting fertile eggs is accepted, perhaps two insulin-dependent (juvenile onset) diabetics who marry and wish children might likewise choose to give their children better odds against diabetes. Other hereditary incurable diseases could follow, and fertile egg banks could become as common as sperm banks are today.

Vitamin B_1 and Alcohol

If you have a heavy drinker in the house, you might consider lacing his whiskey sour with a pinch of crushed Vitamin B_1 (thiamine). This is serious advice. A couple of credible researchers have come up with a figure of $70 million per year as the cost of long-term institutionalization for alchoholics with a thiamine-deficiency disorder known as the "Wernicke-Korsakoff syndrome."

The cost of adequately fortifying alcoholic beverages they estimate to range somewhere between $3 and $17 million, depending on the kind of vitamin B_1 to be used. They conclude that it is economically advantageous to prevent the syndrome by mandatory fortification of alcoholic beverages with thiamine. Since all of society must pay for the cost of hospitalizations, they rationalize, it would be cheaper to prevent them. If this is to be a governmental accomplishment, it will undoubtably be a long time in coming. In the meantime, it would be expedient to handle the problem at home and at the bar. Vitamin B_1 should be sold and served with drinks voluntarily now.

Will thiamine adversely affect the flavor of your drinker's favorite beverage?

In the spirit of scientific experimentation, we've spiked all manner of cocktails with a dash of thiamine (crushed B_1 pill judiciously portioned) and our drinking friends never noticed.

The recommended daily allowance for thiamine is 1.0 to 1.5 milligrams. However, alcoholics susceptible to the Wernicke-Korsakoff syndrome may absorb as little as 5 percent of ingested vitamin B_1. This figure suggests that as much as 30 milligrams of vitamin B_1 might be required to fortify the alcoholic's daily diet.

Continued on page 136

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Detroit

continued from page 56

ed and make them uniform across the industry.

"The government did not have to start from scratch, but had merely to incorporate many of the existing tests and procedures into a new set of federal regulations, which initially made every domestic or foreign manufacturer meet this set of requirements. I emphasize this because many of our cars met those minimum requirements. The number of fatalities per 100 million miles was gradually decreasing; but the volume of cars and the miles traveled were increasing, so the *total* number of deaths was gradually creeping upward. Anyone interested in safety would naturally start being concerned and ask what could be done. Consumer groups came in about that time carrying on with that same logic. The result was legislation requiring uniformity in the safety area in an effort to bring the death toll down.

"We're still confronted with the question of what can be done. We've had the safety legislation of 1965 and the question's just as valid today as it was then: What can we do to decrease the number of fatalities we have now? The rate of fatalities is still going down, but again, the number of miles driven and the number of cars on the road keep that total number of highway fatalities higher than any of us would like to see it.

"There's still work to be done. When we talk about automobile safety, we of course think about the crash event and our focus comes down to the automobile itself and how crashworthy it is. Unfortunately, no one in the world has enough data yet to define the crashworthiness of a vehicle. We're still looking for that data and in this respect the auto industry has pressured the government to convince them that this is really *their* responsibility—to get better records so that we can all profit from them and can thereby better guide our work on highway safety. We need data today just as much as we did in 1965.

"The national highway safety administration does now have a program that we have confidence will provide us with the data we need. Recently we have convinced them to put larger sums of money into accident investigations. Actually, the government has become a contributing agency as well as a regulating agency.

"When we talk about the crash itself, you immediately think about the passenger compartment that we ride in and wonder if it's safe. I have to tell you that I have been in this business a long time and I believe the car that we're driving today is an extremely safe product.

"Many of the safety standards revolve around a basic question about our society: How much regulated safety are we, as a society, willing to accept? This question is not really as yet resolved. We will present the facts as we see them; the government will present the facts as they see them; and hopefully, the public will understand and express themselves so that we can best serve them. Both government and industry will then be serving the public—the buyers of our product."

Reflecting further on the vis-à-vis between Detroit and Washington is Mr. William O. Bourke, executive vice-president of Ford North American Automotive Operations.

"Risky situations are particularly apt to result from new government regulations that don't bear any relationship to the realities of lead time or customer acceptance.

"The federal government itself—the Department of Commerce, to be exact—shares that concern. Commerce recently published a lengthy study of the North American auto industry and concluded:

" 'The state of the industry through 1985 . . . cannot be predicted with any certainty. The most uncertain elements in the period are . . . government regulations.'

"The regulation we are most familiar with, because it has been around for some time now, is the one governing vehicle emissions. The regulation covers three pollutants: hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and oxides of nitrogen. In the aggregate, they have been reduced by 81 percent during the last 11 years. By 1981 they must be reduced by 95 percent.

"One may wonder just how clean the air will be when the pollutants are reduced by 95 percent. I could offer a number of illustrations for each of the

Continued on page 136

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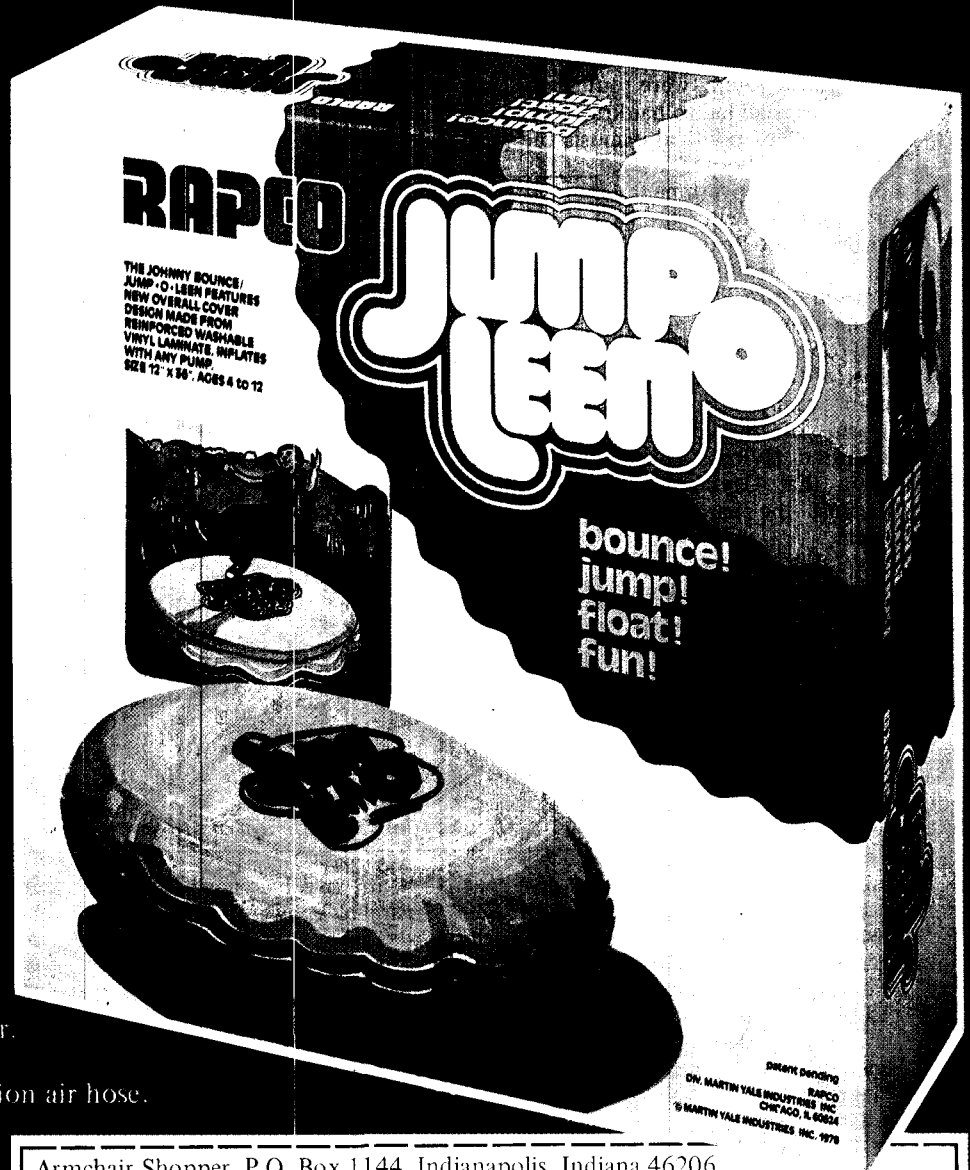
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Grand Cayman

continued from page 124

Bodden's thinking on a politician's role is perhaps rather startling: "It's to cut government spending and to keep the bureaucracy in check."

Bodden and his Cabinet colleagues have few problems hewing to this political maxim. There are no political parties, just a loose coalescence of individuals who try to "out-conservative" each other. Shortly after the Caymans regained colonial status, there was a brief spell of party government. However, most islanders say this proved a disastrous experiment since each party would make extravagant promises in its bid for public office.

Canny voters were quick to grasp that this road led to bankruptcy, and by a process of political osmosis the party hacks were booted out in favor of government by independent individuals. But Britain is a little uncomfortable. Several Third World nations clamor for a political opposition, preferably of the left, so it becomes embarrassing in a world of the double standard trying to explain that Caymanians distrust the party system.

"Look, we've seen what politics has done to all other Caribbean countries," Bodden says. "We operate like a board of directors, and it makes sense."

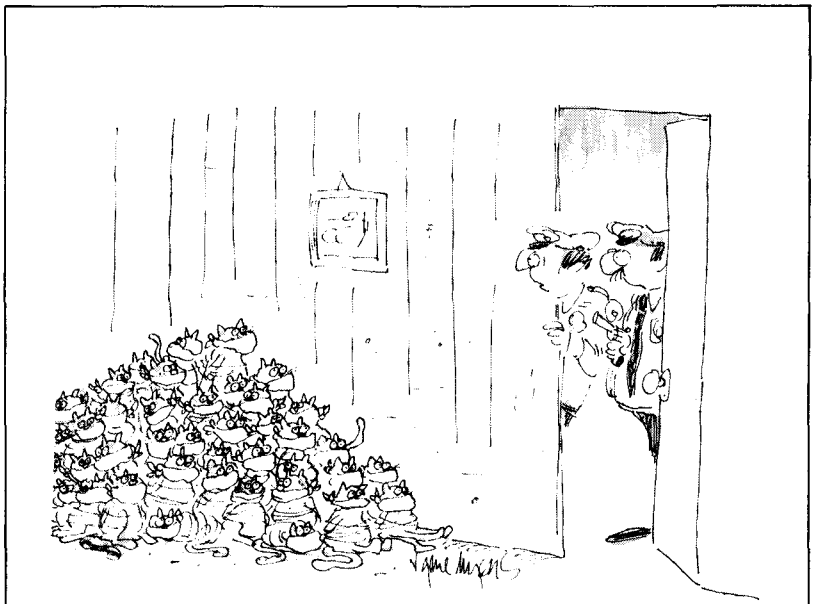
There has been only one murder in eight years, the one rape case brought to court last year was thrown out, and there is little petty crime. Most tourists flocking to Georgetown's duty-free stores are astounded to find that cars can be left unlocked and windows open. And when the weekly cruise ships land up to 1,000 passengers at a time, the main chore facing the 120-man constabulary is answering questions on island history. Pickpockets and bait-and-switch artists are unknown.

But visitors, who fork over 30 percent of the national income, do get an unexpected awakening. The U.S. dollar is worth only 80 cents against the Caymanian dollar, while the Canadian dollar is hit with a 30-cent discount. The initial pique vanishes quickly, however, once customers spot the unbelievably low price tags of gold Rolex watches, Nikon camera equipment, chic Parisian dresses, and London-fashioned jewelry.

Richard Murphy, who heads the Cayman Islands Tourist Association, expects tourist traffic to reach 120,000 a year by 1980. And while tourism is a key component in the Cayman economy, islanders plan to diversify. The latest major venture is a massive $100 million oil storage complex based on Little Cayman. Here supertankers will unload their crude oil for eventual transfer to United States ports.

First Minister Truman Bodden (no relation to James Bodden) predicts that apart from adding an anticipated $15 million a year to the government's treasury, the project will create high-paying jobs for many young Caymanians coming through the free high school system.

And to give them specialized knowledge, he has set his sights on opening a technical school by the end of this year. He asserts this is the key to Cayman development. Moreover, on the planning board is a mercantile marine academy, paralleled by a ship registration scheme similar to those operated by Panama and Liberia.



"Looks like the hideout of the notorious cat burglar."

Caymanians are renowned sailors, and during the 19th century they were in great demand by the world's merchant fleets. The advent of steam power retired them to island backwaters, and a flourishing schooner-building industry went into steady decline.

Naturally, many islanders are enthralled with the notion that once again their minuscule lands will play a vital role on the sea-lanes. "We're just born sailors," smiles James Bodden, perhaps the epitome of Caymanian machismo.

Caymanians do have machismo. A person must live on the islands to really experience the ever-emanating vibes. Anthony White, black editor of *The Compass*, the area's only newspaper, says his own people never cease to amaze him. "We've certainly benefited from the mistakes of others," he says, referring to the crisis festering on nearby Jamaica.

Across the placid blue-green water, Kingston harbor's dockside is strewn with mini-mountains of machinery, equipment, and badly needed spare parts. But suppliers won't sign a release unless they get hard cash on the barrelhead since local credit there is now almost worthless.

And Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley finds it increasingly difficult to keep his inflation-drunk economy solvent, even though he imposes more and more nationalization to bridge a lacuna between credibility and disaster. As it is, he spends much of his time begging standby credit from the International Monetary Fund—a tough task when his Central Bank has exhausted all foreign exchange and reserves had dropped to minus $201 million net at the end of December 1977.

White, a graduate of Columbia School of Journalism and a former reporter with the now defunct New York *Herald Tribune*, insists that Jamaica's woes will vanish only when Manley quits his anticapitalism rhetoric—an unlikely event. Over the past year he has been involved in a passionate affair with Castro, and all signs point to full-bodied socialism rather than a return to the free market.

The Grand Cayman Islands' experiment has been successful because there are no extremes of wealth and poverty, White says. "Trouble usually starts anywhere with a pocketbook, or rather a lack of one," he adds, "and Jamaica's got real trouble."

Caymanians do not exude plump satisfaction, even if they do resort to the frequent I-told-you-so when commenting on nearby socialist regimes. White leans back in his simple wooden editorial chair and etches complex patterns with a ballpoint pen: "Sure, some people feel that things here are too good to be true. Well, they are too good, but they are also true." ☒

Where Do You Think You Are?

Answers from page 124.

1. S. Carolina
2. Minnesota
3. Tennessee
4. Iowa
5. Idaho
6. Rhode Island
7. Louisiana
8. Arizona
9. New York

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Fallingwater

continued from page 59

ond level is a remarkable outside stairway, which climbs the cliff to a guesthouse, added in 1938. The stair is a segment of a great arc, having as its center an ancient tree. Only the outer edge of the roof covering the stair is supported. The inner edge forms a compression ring, which, combined with stiffening folds in the concrete, gives the structure its needed rigidity.

The guesthouse sits on the brow of the hill, an honored spot in Wright's thinking. It thus becomes a part of the hill rather than dominating it. The guesthouse follows the form of the main dwelling, but has only one level. It consists of a living area, equipped with a lovely corner fireplace, and a bedroom. The roof incorporates one of the boldest cantilevers on the site.

A large patio (complete with pool) adjoins the guesthouse. Steps lead into the forest from the edge of the patio, tying the structure into its surroundings.

From the crest of the cliff, the entire Fallingwater scene is spread below. The roar of the falls drifts upward as the breezes blow a fine mist back over the house. While logic and knowledge remind one that this is a creation of man, emotion and the senses insist that it has always been here, as much a part of this valley as the mountain stream which carved it.

In 1963, recognizing Fallingwater's significance to the architectural heritage of the world, Edgar J. Kaufmann, Jr., donated the house and grounds to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the natural beauty of the area. The Conservancy administers Fallingwater, keeping it as an outstanding example of man and nature living in harmony. Tour guides and other services are provided for the approximately 70,000 visitors who annually enjoy experiencing the house and the surrounding 3,600 acres.

Fallingwater is located between the towns of Mill Run and Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania, southeast of Pittsburgh. From Exit 9 of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, follow PA 711 and PA 381 south for about 45 minutes to the entrance road. From US 40, follow PA 381 north for about 20 minutes.

Care is provided on the grounds for children under 12. A donation of $2.00 helps maintain the house and grounds. Reservations are not always necessary, but are recommended. The house is closed to tourists during the winter months. For further information and reservations contact the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, 316 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15222, or phone (412) 329-8501.

Manila

continued from page 123

that Manila Hotel general manager Frans Schutzman depicts as containing the seed of trouble. Recognizing that competition will sharpen among hostelers as they try to fill what he sees as a room void during the next two years, Schutzman holds fast to the dictum that cut-rate lures are to be avoided.

"Giving away rooms at half price will eventually lower the standards of a hotel," he says. "One is not increasing the volume of tourists by lowering rates of deluxe hotels. He is merely prostituting himself and taking away business from lower standard hotels. No one will choose a truly undesirable place for a vacation or a conference just because a hotel offers rooms for $5 a night."

Schutzman, who sits atop an enviable hotel management past, is vehement about maintaining quality service—all those "extras" that can be lost when a hotel pays more mind to erecting fancy buildings than to its essential purpose: pleasing guests. "Service is everything," he explains. "I believe in building up the reputation of a hotel on its performance and for this the human factor cannot be replaced by computers." A guest feels the human touch, for example, when, after falling asleep while reading a book, he later returns to his room to find the bed made and a note from the maid telling him what page he last read. "The hotel is like clockwork: If the smallest wheel stops, the whole movement stops," Schutzman says.

Known for some time as "the aristocrat of the Orient," the Manila Hotel keeps the very practical-minded businessman in mind in the form of the Fiesta Pavilion, an 1,800-seat structure that can be divided into five parts for various gatherings. The businessman who wants to mix pleasure and business but doesn't want to forget entirely about the latter, can avail himself of secretarial and duplicating services, telex and cable facilities, a news teletype, or even translation equipment, to name a few of the features.

Or, should simple pleasure be uppermost, he can gather a smattering of the hotel's offerings by concocting a day something like this: first a tennis match; then a sauna; then dinner at the doyen of the restaurant fivesome—the Champagne Room—where he will listen to a string section playing light classical music; and, last, a postdinner dip in the pool, to the accompaniment, naturally, of piped-in underwater tunes.

With offerings like these, it is not hard to envision that latter-day invaders might set up temporary camp in Manila.

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For $300 a day you can even get the suite (and attention) General MacArthur got back in 1935.

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For reservations, please consult your travel agent.

The Manila Hotel
Philippines

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient.
One of them is a hotel.

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A housewife, a mother, a teacher, a tennis player—Read how BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT is helping them stay young and pretty—even though they're all well over 30!

Gun D. has a 7 year old and a 1½ year old. Gun is 34, yet seems to grow younger with each passing day. She says: "BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT is like a fountain of youth. I was actually asked for my I.D. the other day when ordering wine in a restaurant."

Elizabeth D. Most people think she's in her early 30's. Actually she's 40 with hardly a wrinkle. Has 2 children, spends only 12 minutes a day on beauty. She says: "The skin care ideas in this book help my skin (which used to get very dry) stay moist."

Anna P. Anna is 33, has 3 children under 7 who keep her so busy she barely spends 10 minutes a day on beauty care. Anna says, "The arm and leg exercises is this book help keep me slim, which is essential when you're in tennis clothes as often as I am."

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by Barbara Johnston,
Editor of America's most exciting woman's magazine.

Locked inside you is a pretty, sexy woman with bright, radiant eyes, smooth glowing skin, and a lovely, slender body that's breath-taking to behold.

Now if you'll only let me, I'm going to show you how to let this beauty out. All you have to do is follow a remarkably simple beauty plan for two short weeks. At the end of that time you have my personal guarantee **that you can achieve the following results:**

IF YOU'RE PRESENTLY IN YOUR THIRTIES ...

Your natural beauty will start to blossom like a colorful spring flower. Any blemishes you may have will instantly start to clear up . . . your coloring will become healthier, richer . . . your figure will look trimmer, slimmer . . . your body will take on a sexier shape.

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IF YOU'RE PRESENTLY IN YOUR FIFTIES ...

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BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT

Here are just a few of the foolproof techniques that will soon be bringing out the glorious good looks and natural healthy sex appeal you were born with:

- **How to let Nature give you a marvelous "face lift" while you sleep so you wake up looking younger and more alive.**
- **How to apply Nature's "Invisible Veil" for sealing in youth-restoring moisture (without it your face loses as much as a teaspoon and a half of precious moisture every day).**
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- **The fantastic improvement and youthfulness that can be gained from "thinning" skin.**
- **A simple thing to do for your skin at night to give it that "peaches and cream" look in the morning.**
- **What really causes pimples . . . and how to get rid of them forever.**
- **The "magic" vitamin you can rub on your skin to fight off wrinkles . . . and keep skin moist and glowing.**
- **How the skin on your face can be as soft and smooth as the skin on your breast.**

ABOUT THE AUTHORESS

Barbara Johnston is the well known Feature's Editor of America's most glamorous magazine. Here, in her own words, is what **BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT** has done for her:

"In the past six years my figure has grown **steadily better.** My abdominal muscles are firm and I have no tummy bulge whatsoever . . . My breasts, which are very full, had begun to sag. Now, however, they are as high and firm as **when I was eighteen years old.**

"Here are just a few of the techniques that have worked so well for me and which I'm certain will work just as well for you:

- **A simple trick that stops those ugly premature lines and wrinkles that form around mouth and chin.**
- **How to make your neck look younger and chin appear firmer — in seconds.**
- **How to recapture (in one month or less) the sexy good looks you may have thought lost to you forever.**
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- **A slimming exercise that helps even large, big-boned women look wonderfully slim and elegant.**
- **How to avoid chubby sausage arms . . . and what to do to slim them down if you already have them.**
- **An exercise for firming up flabby thighs that works so quickly your legs are guaranteed to look longer and firmer in less than two weeks.**
- **A relaxing, two-minute exercise for keeping breasts firm and high.**
- **A fanny-tightening exercise that feels good, is fun-to-do, and will help your derriere look cute and sexy, even in the tightest pants.**
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- **AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!!**

BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT is yours to try without the slightest bit of risk. If you're dissatisfied with it in any way—even if you feel it's already help you look younger and prettier—just return it for a complete and immediate refund.

BEAUTY FROM THE INSIDE OUT costs only $7.95—less than you'd pay to have your hair set for Saturday night. Yet it's so much more of a help in making you look as pretty and young as nature always intended you to.

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Night Flight

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rolled a cigarette. "RCAF?"

"RAF."

"Bombers?"

"Yes, Lancs."

"Like to make flying your daily bread?"

Ahead and below I watched the double arrow of waves from an outboard and the water skiier it was pulling. Then the moment of indecision was gone.

"Yes."

He squinted approvingly, deeply weathered skin crinkling with hairline fissures from the corners of his eyes.

"Yes," I repeated. "I want a job that'll fly the B.V.D.'s off me. Day and night. Winter and summer. Wheels. Skis. Floats. I won't be able to get enough of it and it's all I really know. Yes."

Cigarette smoke drifted from his nostrils, roll-your-own tobacco smoke mingling with the stale oil smell of a workhorse bush plane.

"Okay," he smiled. "Now land it by ear and feel." We both thumb-checked our safety belts and I slid the Norseman into wind and commenced my letdown to the narrow lake on the outskirts of Gravenhurst. Three weeks later I was flying the same Norseman, operating from Lake Chibougamau in northern Quebec, servicing a mining exploration camp. . . .Abruptly, I came back to the present. Dense black cloud had engulfed me. And I was almost halfway across Lake Huron, the glamorized point of no return.

Turn around. *That's ice that's forming*, I hissed.

I shone my flashlight on the leading edge of the wings and bracing struts. They glistened.

You've got to get out of this cloud. *Turn around!*

The flier's instinct, the training, and years of bush pilot experience screamed for action. But, instead of reversing course, I set up climbing power.

Here I was trying to climb out of a cloud laden with supercooled droplets of moisture which were instantly turning to ice as they impinged upon the airframe!

You dumb, stupid *oaf*. Turn the blasted machine around! You can see Blink tomorrow. What's got into your dome, man? *Turn the hell-damned airplane around!* Sonorously the Skyknight continued to climb. And the ice thickened and spread on the struts and the leading edge of the wings.

Through 10,000 feet and another violation faced me. Instrument flight rules, IFR, exclusively applied at these altitudes. This precious moment the space my aircraft was occupying might have been categorically reserved for a jetliner carrying a hundred passengers,

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or a supersonic military aircraft—anything but me!

A few bars of *Camelot* went tumbling through my brain. I should ask to be switched to an IFR flight plan. Why was I putting on so stunned a press-on-regardless act?

What about the hundreds of hours I'd spent squinting into an unbearably bright sun, its daggerlike rays reflected brilliantly from the endless, snow-covered Barren Islands?

And what about instant whiteouts—when land and sky merge into one swirling white and shadowless sheet of blizzard-driven snow? Well, I guess I know all there is to know about whiteouts—it's suicidal, blind flying and my thermal underwear always stuck wet between my shoulder blades until the De Havilland Otter or that glorious Gooney Bird, the DC-3, flew me out of the white insanity and helped me make a miracle landing. . . .

Turn around, Hart. Do a 180 right—now! . . .

And those terse logbook notations: "Norman Wells to Esk Lake; land and return; mining equipment, etc.; time, 3:20." What fiendish rides some of those trips turned into if you hit severe turbulence while sliding over a ridge and into a valley in the untrammeled Mackenzie Mountains during summer's broiling heat.

What about that kind of flying, Hart? Well, after an honest 8,000 hours in the bush, piloting a Norseman, Beaver, Otter, Cessna, Bristol Frieghter, Piper, DC-3, Beech 18, and the amphibious Catalina PBY forest waterbomber—after that many hours there was no new fun left in flying the north, that's what.

My eyes roved the Skyknight's instrument panel and it was pleasant to try to hum snatches of the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth. . . .

The day of decision came last fall when we were sliding the Otters and Norsemans out of the water, just before Lake Winnipeg froze, prior to the switch to wheel-skis. That afternoon I flew into Winnipeg International Airport as a passenger.

"You're going to miss this life, Hart," Len Herjeron said as he guided the Beech 18 on a straight-in approach to runway 25. "You've been flying the twigs too long to quit, eh. Toronto'll stifle you. You bet, eh."

"Len," I said, "you could be right. What I'm looking for is a quiet company aircraft flying job."

"I hope you nail the Toronto prospect you've lined up, eh," Len said with sincerity.

"Yes," I answered after the touchdown. "Yes, so do I. There's nothing wrong with flying a Skyknight for a living. And it'll be good to be closer to my folks; they're almost 90, y'know." . . .

Moon, you're magnificently bright, I thought. The Skyknight's shadow was speeding alongside and just feet below me—I had finally broken through on top of cloud at 14,500—and I scanned for navigation lights, rotating beacons, or flashing strobes of other aircraft. Not a glimmer. I was euphorically alone and illegal. . . .

My flight home from Winnipeg to Toronto aboard an Air Canada jetliner was routine until I read of Blink and his U.S.A.F. unit in a *Newsweek* article. Next day I phoned him in California and we promised to meet at the first opportunity.

The following Monday I was interviewed by the engineering firm that required a pilot and I got the job. That was last fall. And yesterday morning I received a letter from Blink saying he was at the Wurtsmith base on the west shore of Lake Huron.

"I might be able to fly over to see you tonight or tomorrow," I told him on the phone shortly after receiving his letter.

"Great. Look forward to seeing you, Hart," he said. "Should be like old times; the first reunion since Naples in '45."

Next day I flew three engineers from Toronto to Wiarton and, as I didn't have to fly them back for another two days, I arranged to take that time off, borrow the aircraft at cost, and fly to Wurtsmith. . . .

A shatteringly loud metallic clang rocketed me into ice-cold, sickeningly frightened alertness.

The Skyknight convulsed violently. And I was immersed, eardrums almost split, in the stomach-reverberating screech of jets. Only 10 feet away two huge orange-blue blowtorches hurtled vertically upward—this much I registered through a peripheral glimpse snatched by my left eye.

Panic struck immediately, every muscle and tendon and fiber quivering, jerking, and shaking involuntarily, uselessly.

"Holy God," I croaked, terrified.

Three endless seconds eroded before survival airmanship asserted itself, drills learned as an 18-year-old RAF volunteer over lush English countryside in 1939.

First, back on the throttle, and magically this action caused my brain to unclog and willpower to be regained.

Next I stopped the spin and got the wings level. Then I steadied the howling dive. And gently—oh so gently—I began to pull up. Out of the dive, I gingerly applied power again. Now I was flying straight and level and sweat was running down the inside of my legs and my shirt back was soggy. I tasted salt.

Back above cloud, every instrument, switch, and control was checked and every part of the Skyknight I could see

Continued on following page

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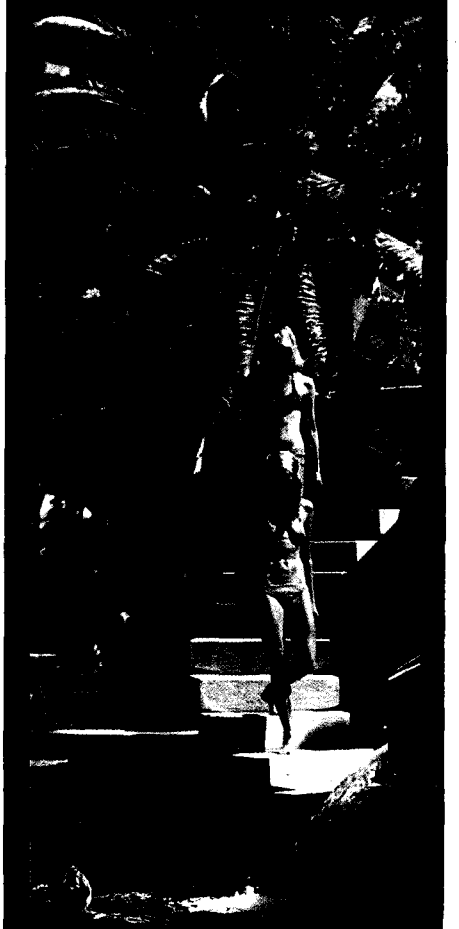

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Medical Mailbox

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Thiamine deficiency is the predominant reason alcoholics become psychotic, and prompt injection of this vitamin may be life-saving when an alcoholic goes into convulsions.

On microscopic examination, small hemorrhages are found in the midbrain of an alcoholic, along with a loss of nerve cells in the midbrain and in the cerebral cortex as well.

In 1952, it was demonstrated conclusively that Wernicke's encephalopathy is corrected by thiamine and thiamine alone. The only time thiamine is unable to correct Wernicke's syndrome seems to be when there is irreversible brain damage. There appears to be a genetic inability of some people to tolerate thiamine deprivation. Fortunately, thiamine is nontoxic, inexpensive, and is not known to be harmful. Liquor stores should sell it since it doesn't require a prescription.

Smoking and Menopause

Researchers studying data on the relation of menopausal status and acute myocardial infarction discovered a striking association between smoking and the age of menopause. A woman who smokes may go through menopause sooner than a nonsmoker.

If You Smoke, Don't Drive

A recent report showed 18 percent of the drivers in highway fatalities in the Boston area were under the influence of marijuana. Dr. Robert Forney, Chairman of the Department of Toxicology at Indiana University Medical School, demonstrated in his laboratory over a decade ago that drivers' errors (in simulated driving conditions) were in direct proportion to the amount of marijuana consumed by the driver.

Detroit

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controlled agents, but here's the one I like best: A gallon of oil-base paint applied to your house will add more hydrocarbons to the atmosphere than your car will be permitted to emit during 8,000 miles of operation under the government regulation.

"The other major regulation governing the direction of the auto industry is one that is just beginning to make its presence felt. I'm referring to the regulation on fuel economy which went into effect this year. The law says that the production of each manufacturer must meet a certain average in each model year. For cars, the average is 18 miles per gallon in 1978 and will climb to 27.5 miles per gallon by 1985.

"This means that some time in the early 1980s the cars we produce will, on the average, be more fuel-efficient than the average cars on the road in Europe today.

"The fuel-economy standards will make an enormous contribution to the conservation of energy. Based on assumptions used by the government, Ford estimates that the standards will reduce automobile consumption of gasoline by 18 percent in 1985, compared with 1976 findings—this despite an 18 percent increase in the number of cars on the road.

"When you add it all up, things may appear pretty bleak. But I am here to report that we're alive and well, and responding to social needs as best we can. To do anything less would be against the law in some cases and foolhardy in others—especially in a business as competitive as ours."

The point is, Detroit is looking, and trying, and experimenting in an effort to come up with answers where the odds must often seem to be against finding any. But in the traditional optimism of this activist city, Detroit seems to be responding to these challenges with a spirit which recalls a legend I once read on an ancient gateway on the ivied campus of the University of Pennsylvania: *If there is a way, we shall find it. If there is no way, we shall make one.*

Night Flight

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in the beam of my flashlight and the light of the moon was carefully scrutinized. Everything I could check seemed normal. My body was cold as a cadaver.

You've just had a midair collision! It must've been a jet fighter that clipped you. With afterburners lit, he was in a zoom climb. I wonder if he felt anything?

Glancing at my watch, a little mental arithmetic told me I now was almost exactly at the point of no return. So I turned in a cautious bank, 180 degrees, and set my omni to 085 degrees to fly the beam to Wiarton.

A slightly heavy *feel* had developed in the left aileron. There was a metallic chattering behind and to the left of me. The left fuel tank gauge was okay, better than half full. The right gauge showed almost empty, but it'd been that way when I took off. I'd intended to buy gas in the States where it was cheaper.

My God! Look, Hart, that left tank gauge needle's moving toward the Empty side of the dial! And the metallic chattering noise is quite discernible. My left fuel tank was damaged in the collision and vital fuel's being siphoned into the slipstream.

You've got to call Wiarton radio, report the collision. Sure they'll throw the book at you, you deserve it. You've even violated the elementary law that you mustn't fly without fuel to spare. Odds are starting to pile up against you making it back to Wiarton or anywhere else. *Call!*

The fuel gauge needle moved faster toward Empty.

"Wiarton radio," I said bitterly. "Wiarton radio, Double Xray. Do you read?" I hoped he would never answer.

"Double Xray, Wiarton radio. Read you five-by-five."

"Wiarton, Double Xray," I couldn't say it. A deep breath, then: "I've been hit by another aircraft, probably a military jet in a vertical climb. Am midway between Wiarton and Wurtsmith. Altitude 14,500. Heading 085. Aircraft shuddering but perfectly controllable. I'm losing fuel. One tank's almost empty and the other's probably holed and is losing fuel rapidly. Now showing one-third full. Am returning Wiarton."

"Double Xray, Wiarton. Understand. Do you wish to declare an emergency?"

I knew the helpful son of a gun would ask that. If I say yes, he'll have RCAF rescue aircraft on their way to the area in minutes, and the U.S. Coast Guard will do likewise. The whole gigantic search and rescue organization of this region will swing into action.

How'd you ever manage to do so many bum-stupid things on one busman's holiday!

"Wiarton, Double Xray. Affirmative. It's a Mayday. My fuel's running out."

"Understand Mayday, Double Xray. Stand by."

We've come to this, eh Hart? A Mayday due to leaden stupidity. Well, at least the Skyknight's still fairly easy to fly. . . .

The last Mayday also was a corker. Circumstances were all wrong that time, too, but at least were due to hostile action. But, Emmy never understood. Ah, Emmy; how she loved great music. . . .

"Double Xray, Toronto and Wurtsmith have you on radar southwest of Wiarton. Search and Rescue are listening this frequency. What's your fuel situation?"

"Less than quarter tank." I no longer was shaking. My fear was controlled and working for me now. "A minor flutter's developing in the left aileron and wing. No trouble controlling the aircraft." . . .

Classical music, that's how I'd met Emmy, at the music appreciation circle held weekly in the Louthenby Anglican church. Rain was beating down. Emmy was sitting near the fireplace in the damp church hall, a newly trained waaf. The evening's music was Beethoven's, his Seventh and Ninth. And Emmy and I fell in love. At the end of my tour we planned to be married.

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But the day we were supposed to be married I spent in a dinghy with my crew, seasick and suffering from exposure, in the North Sea where I'd executed a nighttime ditching after calling Mayday on the way down.

We'd accepted the chance to fly another tour and got badly mauled over Rotterdam. The lucky ditching brought me a promotion and a medal.

Two months later Emmy was dead, killed when one of the squadron's Lancs, hobbling home from Leipzig on three engines with a wounded pilot, creamed one edge of the signals building, cartwheeled, broke up, exploded, and burned. Emmy was in the signals building and would've heard the thunder of engines. . . .

"Double Xray, do you read? Over!"

"Roger, Wiarton, read you five-by."

"Thought I'd lost you. Status of your fuel?"

"Fraction above empty marks, both tanks. What's your weather?"

"Ceiling 600 feet, visibility three-quarters of a mile in light freezing rain. Wind 300 degrees at 20 miles per hour."

"Doesn't *that* sound nice?"

"I know what you mean." He paused. "Confirm there's only one soul aboard."

"Affirmative."

"Are you instrument rated?"

"That's affirm, Wiarton."

"Thanks, Double X."

"You're welcome," I said, hesitating a couple of seconds. "Engine just stopped. I'm setting up maximum range glide. Stand by." I paused to trim for a dead stick glide. "Glide established."

"Double X . . . your engine quit?"

"Not the slightest doubt," I replied. "Fuel starvation."

Beginning to talk a lot aren't you, Hart? Better be quiet and make sure you haven't missed any checks. Magnetos off, fuel off, life jacket—confound it, the life jackets are stowed behind the rear seats.

Make sure the Skyknight's gliding steadily. Switch on the dome light. Plan each movement so you won't waste a split second. *Now!*

I scrambled out of my seat, reached behind the rear seats, grabbed a life jacket, and struggled forward again. I hadn't been fast enough. The Skyknight had dropped its damaged left wing and was in an irregular spiral dive to port.

"God," I prayed, "don't let the wing come off."

Again I was a clammy, terrified man.

Gently, loving God, I got the wings level and tenderly coaxed Double Xray into a glide back on course, the glide of a sick bird favoring a mutilated wing. Angle of glide had steepened beyond the optimum I needed to glide for range, to reach Wiarton. And the spiral had cost 2,300 feet of altitude.

"Wiarton." My throat was arid.

"Go, Double X."

"I'm wearing a life jacket equipped with identification light. I've removed my tie, loosened my shoelaces and belt. I've an extra flashlight, plus a signaling whistle. There's no dinghy. Present altitude's almost 6,000 feet and I should make Wiarton from this height, unless I pick up excessive ice. I've turned off navigation lights, rotating beacon, and all radios except this one. I intend gliding in on omni 085."

"Roger, Double X. Understand. All our lights are on."

"Thanks," I said emptily. "My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart, Gravenhurst 555-1462, are quite old. If the news is good, *I'll* phone them."

"Understand, Double X."

I was deep in the cloud's womb. Only the instruments gave any indication of life, their illuminated fingers divulging secrets of speed, height, rate of descent, and course. Outside was a sad rushing sound, an atmosphere disappointed that it couldn't change the immutable laws of nature and support my

Continued on following page

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crippled plane instead of letting it slide downward.

Would I be able to hack it? Maybe . . . I always had in the past. My chances of making the field were even. Once there, extremely poor weather conditions faced me. My flying would have to be perfect because I'd have, *maybe*, just enough height and a few spare seconds in which to locate the runway and land as I emerged from very low cloud.

My flashlight beam shone along the wing struts. Ice *was* building up. With a dead engine the defroster was inoperative and the windshield was opaque.

Hart, you're being bloody selfish. What about the other guy? How's he doing?

"Wiarton, any word on the other pilot?"

"He ejected over Manitoulin Island. His aircraft crashed offshore. A search's been organized for him."

"God," I whispered with the microphone button depressed.

"Say again, Double X."

"Disregard."

Manitoulin. That's the world's largest freshwater island—but with many bays and creeks and trees and steeples and power lines and lonely fields. At night, in this weather, hanging from a parachute, he'll hit whatever he's going to hit before he sees it.

"Wiarton, can Toronto give me a radar fix?"

"Stand by one." About 20 seconds went by. "Double X, negative, you're too low."

"Okay, Wiarton, it figures. I've tuned in the Wiarton nondirectional beacon as well as the omni. I'll intercept 053 degrees to take me over the beacon, inbound for runway 05. As soon as I pass the beacon, I'll know I'm three point six miles from the runway and I'll play it by ear from there."

"Double X, message understood."

"Good," I said. "Are there any houses or the like on my letdown path?"

"You should be okay, Double X."

Now my sweat was icy. Adrenaline was coursing, my heartbeat had increased. Mental and visual acuity were supreme. Reflexes were faster and more resilient than I could remember. I'd made my peace. I quivered in the last few minutes of my life.

Heading of the aircraft was a perfect 053 degrees. In checking the instrument landing chart opened on my lap, the procedure called for passing over the beacon at 1,700 feet which, allowing for the airfield being 729 feet above sea level, meant roughly 1,000 feet above ground, and losing height during the next 3.6 miles to the threshold of the runway.

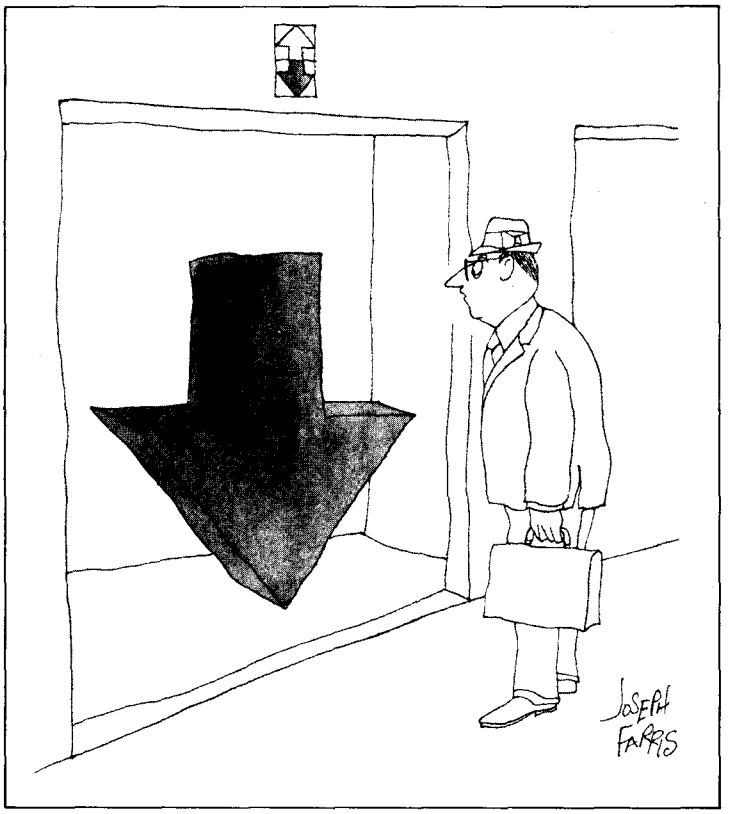
At my speed of 90 miles per hour, I should see the runway within exactly 2.24 minutes, the chart told me.

"Wiarton," my tone was emotionless, "what's your ceiling and viz, please?"

"Cloud base a ragged 300 feet. Visibility about a quarter-mile in freezing rain."

Suddenly the needle of the automatic direction finder swung round.

"Wiarton," I called quickly. "By the beacon at this time, height 2,800. Can't see a thing. Visability zero."



"Roger." His voice had a magnificent catch of honest hope.

Everything's the best I can make it. One minute to go and still I can't see a thing. If I'm going to crash, at the last split second I'll drop my head onto my knees and hold a spare cushion in front of my skull.

"Estimate one minute out from runway 05, Wiarton. Can't see a thing. Down to 1,300 feet. Out."

"Roger." Again, that catch of hope.

All switches off. The radio dies. The intimate sound of airflow remains. I've only 45 seconds left to live. I pray. I've no altitude left. I pray a little more. The branches of high trees already will be reaching for me. Easy. Panic will get you nowhere. Peace. You're trying to stretch the glide and that's aerodynamically impossible. Gentle Jesus meek and mild. Keep the nose down and keep the speed up and remember you learned this fundamental rule of flight back in 1939—

My wholesome God!

Yes, through the open side window. It is! *It is!!!*

Over there, more to the left, easy, that's it, lined up.

Hell, I'm low.

Yellow, low-intensity runway approach lights are rushing by beneath me. Thirty feet. I switch on my landing lights. Twenty feet. The round out. The float. Here comes the runway threshold. Five feet, four, three, two, one. *Swish-squeak* and the Skyknight is trying to slide all over the icy runway but I keep straight and the speed decays and I'm safe. Lord, it's silent in this sodden tomb of night.

Thanks, God. I didn't deserve Your help.

"Double X is down safely on runway 05. And thank you for your help, sir."

"Double X, believe me . . . you're welcome."

In the radio office I thankfully sip a cup of coffee the operator had pushed across the desk to me. Picking up the phone I said: "I'd like to speak to Colonel Aaronsberg at Wurtsmith Air Force Base, Michigan, please. Yes, person to person. And would you give me the charges on completion of the call, please."

"Hello, Blink."

"Hart," he answered quickly, "I was just about to try to call you."

"Yes, well. . . ." I began, haltingly.

"I wanted to tell you not to come over this evening, even if the weather improves." He waited a moment, then went on, "Tom—he's my youngest—brought a Phantom in on a refueling stop tonight. He left under an hour ago and climbed straight into some illegal wonder flying on top at 14 or 15 thou. He ejected successfully. They've found him. Draped over a farm gate with his back broken."

"Blink, I. . . ."

"Hart, d'you mind calling me back tomorrow?"

"Sure, Blink."

"Be talking to you, Hart."

The phone rang. Automatically I picked it up.

"I have the charges on your call to Wurtsmith."

Sobbing, I pushed the phone toward the aeradio operator. ☒

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Suiciders Anonymous

continued from page 38

inception. A Suiciders Anonymous sponsor is one who has made great personal strides in recovering from his own skirmish with death. He is a person who has developed a maturity of inner resources and strengths and who can pass this hope and love of life on to others, while at the same time deriving growth and a feeling of fulfillment from a relationship with one who is just beginning the recovery process.

A good sponsor shares the secrets he has learned along his own path, and points out that it took years of negativity and struggle to reach the place of attempted suicide. It also will take years of learning a positive approach to life while crawling out of the pit of depression one day at a time.

The actual meetings are held in a variety of locales, but never in the homes of members, in an attempt to preserve total anonymity. While designed to last an hour, they must be flexible, able to stretch much longer on an informal basis to enable troubled members to have plenty of time to express their feelings.

They are all desperate to talk, craving the opportunity to speak with someone who understands, someone who will listen uncondemningly because he has been there and knows what it is like. This is one of the secrets of Suiciders Anonymous' success. It is a place where lonely people can go and feel that they belong, perhaps for the very first time.

Simultaneously, Suiciders Anonymous seeks to build up the inner person, to help each one learn to look inside himself for happiness and purpose rather than to exterior circumstances. As one member so aptly expressed it, "I am so often alone, even in a crowd. I must find out who I am. I need to know myself and to like the person that is me. There is a power within me that is greater than I am. I need to learn to tap that source, to quit running, to turn around and face myself."

To accomplish this goal, meetings are comfortable and relatively unstructured. Each member has the right to speak, but not to dominate the discussion. By the same token, no one is forced to talk. All members are encouraged to grow personally to the point where they are able to take an active part in the meetings.

There may be an outside speaker, or perhaps testimonials from group members, or some other highlight that has been previously agreed upon.

One of the 12 basic steps of Suiciders Anonymous is that each member come to the point in his or her life where he can admit that on his own, he cannot make life turn out right.

According to Dr. Merkle, if a person cannot begin to conceive the existence of God, he can at least turn his life over to the group, which is a power greater than himself.

Suiciders Anonymous encourages its members to shine the spotlight on their lives and take a fearless personal inventory of both shortcomings and strengths, then admit these to themselves and to other human beings.

Suiciders Anonymous asks its members to work toward the correction of their shortcomings and the building up of their own individual strengths.

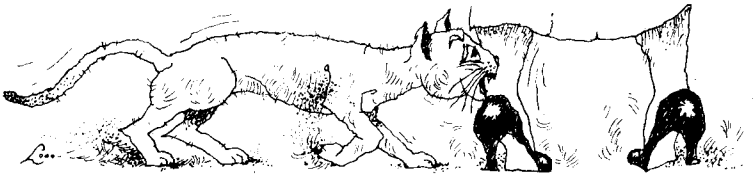
As its predecessor, Alcoholics Anonymous, has done, Suiciders Anonymous directs its members to make a list of all individuals they feel they have wronged and to be willing to make amends to all. Whenever possible, it encourages them to take that extra step and make direct apologies to those persons to whom such an action would not be injurious.

It teaches them to continually take personal inventory, promptly admitting when they are wrong, and being just as quick to celebrate a strength. Suiciders Anonymous urges its members through study, meditation, and prayer to seek solutions to their problems and new hope for their lives, and to relate these principles to others.

One woman, only just beginning her ascent from the depths, smiles shakily at the others and says, "If you can do it, I can do it, too."

Dr. Merkle has written a handbook for the fledgling organization, putting forth its concepts in full. He is currently compiling a book of the personal testimonies of various members, which, along with the handbook, will be available through local groups nationwide in an attempt to stimulate personal growth and hope.

Suiciders Anonymous is a relatively new organization, but it is growing in its efforts to combat the growing suicide rate on at least one level. If there is no chapter in your community, please write to: Suiciders Anonymous, Garden Grove, California 92642. ☒



You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Carla Dunn was shopping for "that special dress" in Bennett's Boutique when the owner's cat bit her. Because there had been several confirmed cases of rabies in town, Carla asked Bennett to lock up his cat for two weeks—until it could be determined whether the cat was rabid. The owner promised to confine the cat, but after four or five days, it escaped when Bennett accidently left the door open.

Upon her doctor's advice, Carla had a series of rabies injections from which she suffered serious and painful side effects. A day after she completed the treatment, the cat returned home, in excellent condition. Carla became angry and sued Bennett for the cost of hospitalization due to her reaction to the rabies' treatment, as well as for her pain and suffering.

At trial, Bennett's lawyer explained that unless a person is responsible for another's injury, he has no legal duty or obligation to him. "My client has no reason to be held liable," he said. "He neither caused the cat bite nor forced Carla to undergo the painful rabies injections."

"Bennett did, however, promise to confine his cat," answered Carla's attorney. "Because he ignored his promise and didn't take any special precautions to prevent the cat from straying, Carla suffered a great deal of pain and expense," she argued.

If you were the judge, would you make Bennett pay for Carla's injuries?

The court made Bennett pay Carla. It pointed out that when a person voluntarily undertakes to care for or help another, he is under a legal duty to use reasonable care in what he does. Bennett, therefore, should have used reasonable care in confining his cat after promising to do so.

(Based on a 1957 Louisiana Court of Appeals case)

Pressure's On Him

A high-pressure vacuum cleaner salesman forced himself into the woman's home to demonstrate his product. After spilling garbage all over the rug, he said, "Madam, I'll eat every bit of this stuff if my vacuum cleaner doesn't pick it up." She replied: "I'll get you a knife and fork. We don't have any electricity."

—*Herm Albright*

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But for you, Robert Goddard, the moon

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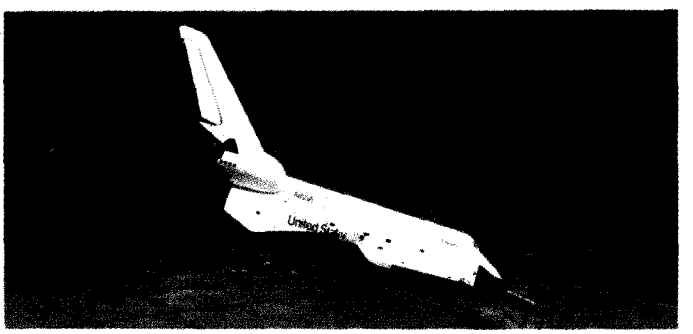
With Robert Goddard's help, man has been able to free himself from Earth's gravitational apron strings, to launch himself and his satellites into space — and into a new era.

For companies like Rockwell, who helped make the great leap possible, ours is an era rich in challenge. We're working in many areas to help bring the current and potential benefits of space down to Earth.

The science of space is just one of the sciences of Rockwell. For more about the diverse company that supports these developments, write for our Annual Report. Rockwell International, Dept. 815P, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.



Today, only expensive one-way rockets can put man-made satellites into Earth orbit, but next year a Rockwell-built Space Shuttle orbiter will fly its first of over 100 missions into space. It's one of a fleet of orbiters under construction for NASA — as part of the world's first reusable space transportation system. Shuttle orbiter crews will place, service and retrieve satellites in space; operate scientific and industrial laboratories carried into and out of space; and develop the technology for new space systems such as solar power satellites. The Shuttle is the key to space operations . . . and a whole new era of benefits for mankind.

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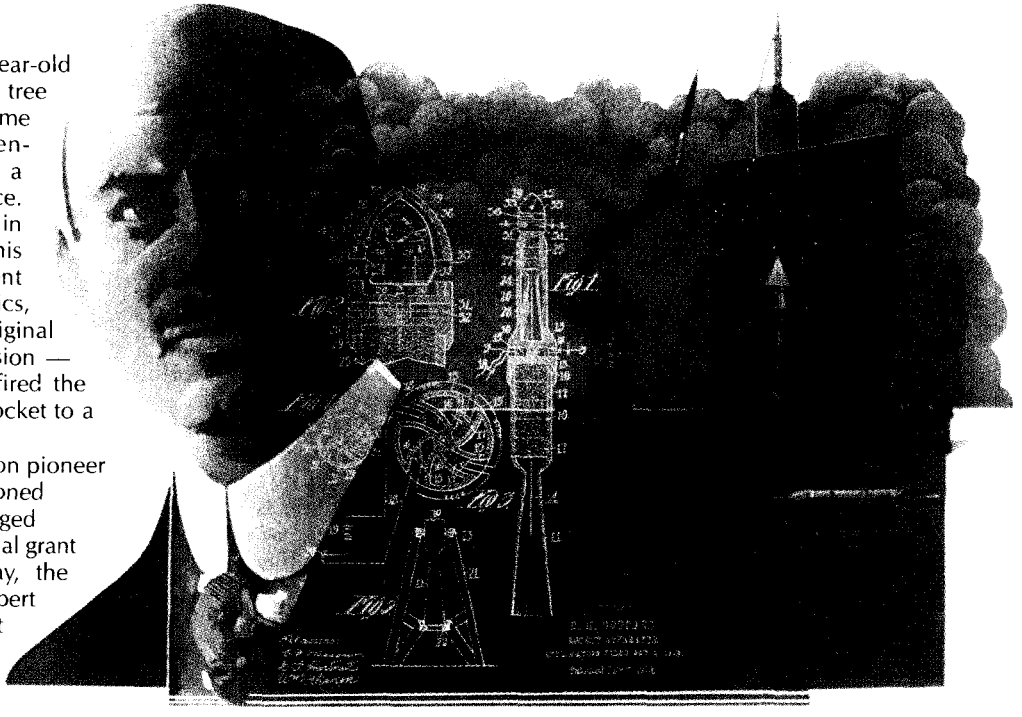
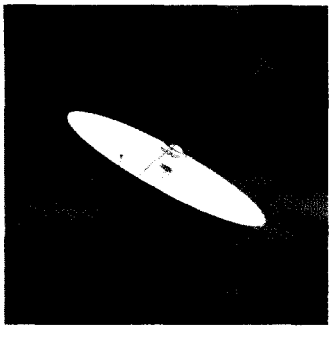


On October 19, 1899, 17-year-old Robert Goddard climbed a tree in his backyard to do some pruning. Suddenly he envisioned in his fertile mind a device for flying into space. The idea was later entered in his diary — and never left his imagination. As a student and later a doctor of physics, Goddard did exhaustive, original research on rocket propulsion — and on March 16, 1926, fired the world's first liquid-fueled rocket to a height of 41 feet.

Three years later, aviation pioneer Charles Lindbergh championed Goddard's cause and arranged a desperately needed financial grant for further research. Today, the U.S. is using over 200 of Robert Goddard's patents — most of them basic to rocket engine operation.

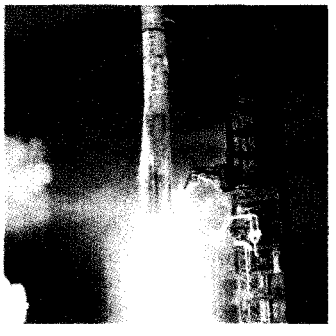
might still be green cheese.



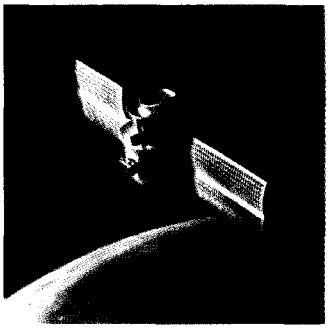
Rockwell is building 150 earth stations for the new, nationwide, satellite-based television system of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB). This system, the world's largest, will improve signal quality, increase programming flexibility, and substantially reduce distribution costs for all public television affiliates.

This is a 570-mile-high view of Cape Cod, provided by NASA's LANDSAT — one of many satellites that Rockwell engines have boosted into space. LANDSAT's orbiting cameras now help locate oil and gas deposits — and improve the management of agricultural, forestry, range, water and marine resources.

Photo courtesy EROS Data Center



Two thirds of all U.S. manned space flights and satellites have been launched with rocket engines built by Rockwell. We also make attitude control systems, Shuttle orbiter main engines, and smaller propulsion systems for deep space.



NAVSTAR satellites for the Department of Defense Global Positioning System (GPS) are designed and built by Rockwell. When fully operational in 1985, GPS will give land, sea, air or space navigators their positions to within 30 feet, their exact speeds and the correct time.

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John Connally

continued from page 122

Tanzania, to the Selsus 900 miles away. Connally, Walker, one other man, and one gun-bearer went by Jeep on the dirt roads and paths, and the second night out they were stopped by a merchant from India with his wife and numerous children, all in a broken-down car.

"The man didn't speak any English, but he could talk in Swahili to our gun-bearer," Connally recalls. "He had run his car into a sandbank and wanted a push, so we pushed. He got the car started and then almost ran over us before heading it into another sandbank."

When Connally and the others managed to push the car up a steep hill and give it a shove, "the last thing we saw of this Indian family was sets of hands waving good-bye from every window of that car. I had to laugh. They had no idea that pushing them was a movie star and the Governor of Texas. And they wouldn't have cared."

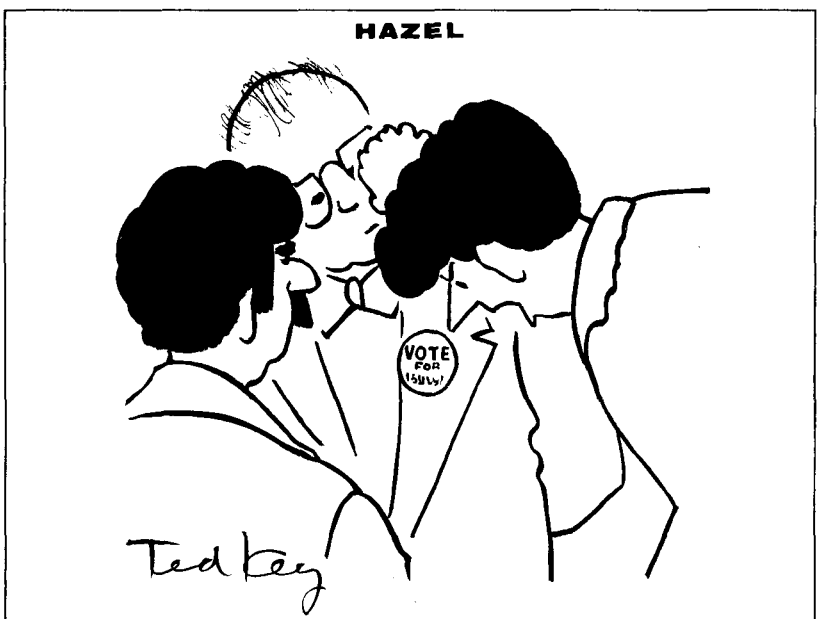
Africa is a potpourri of nationalities, and Connally and Clint Walker weren't surprised five miles down that same road when they encountered a Yugoslav road-construction camp. They had built part of a road and were going home the next day. They spoke no English. Still, they got across the idea that they were going to stay up all night to celebrate and hoped their new friends would, too. Instead, Connally retired to the workers' shack, where it got so cold during the night that he stripped draperies from the windows to cover up.

Connally the traveler feels compelled to speak out, on world problems emanating from the Middle East, from Africa, and from our own country. Africa must be a concern of the world, says Connally, and last summer he returned there. This time he talked with leaders, seeking to formulate ideas on the United States' posture in the complex internal affairs of that continent. He met with leaders in Nimibia, with Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and three moderate black leaders, Senator Jeremiah Chirau, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, and others.

Connally sees Africa as an anomaly, rich in resources the world needs yet "populated by those largely unskilled in the administration of government, and consequently its people are vulnerable to false leadership and false ideals. Inevitably, this casts them in the role of an explosive element insofar as peace is concerned."

If world nations would aid Africa, in the opinion of Connally, they would help "provide leadership in a political, economic, financial, and diplomatic sense—without trying to monopolize their resources or dictate their policies." Connally views it as a gentle "direction without attempted dictation."

Through the years, Connally has protested press treatment which labels him a "rich Texan," but has difficulty eluding that profile. His interests span much more of a gap than those of the average middle-class Texan—golfing, hunting, music (from Charlie Pride and Johnny Cash to the late tenor Jussi Björling), travel, history, antiques, wines, gemstones, and ranching. He is special counsel to several corporations and is a director of six companies, including Dallas-based Dr Pepper, Greyhound, and Justin Industries of Fort Worth.



"You've got to be kidding!"

Just this year Connally gained 15 percent ownership in an established Houston facility, Main Bank, with $60 million capital. A Texas partner in the venture is San Antonio banker Fred Erck, also with 15 percent. The remaining 70 percent finds Connally and Erck in partnership with a group of Middle East businessmen headed by Khaled Mahfooz of Saudi Arabia. In recent years, Connally has visited Kuwait, Iran, and Saudi Arabia, and knew well the late King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. Connally considers as assets his understanding of the Middle East way of life and his knowing business leaders in its oil-rich countries.

"Of course, it could be a minus, too, considering the large Jewish population of the United States. But by and large, I think people of this nation will feel comfortable in knowing that I understand the mutual problems in our relations with the Middle East," he says.

The bonds of understanding and feeling between John and Nellie Connally transcend their 38 years together in joy and in sorrow. As though it is something she has always known and need not grope for words to express, Nellie says it simply, softly: "John is a very public man. He will never retire. I know him. I can't remember when I didn't know John Connally."

That was months ago, and the John Connally of today enjoys a little buck-passing in the family.

"Nellie has been an enormous influence in my life . . . Nellie and my father. If she ever said she did not want me to seek the nomination for President, that would end it. That's all." His eyes are serious, the strong chin line set.

A man who has known Connally 18 years, consultant Charls E. Walker of Washington, D.C., says, "The country needs him." Walker was Deputy Secretary of the Treasury when Connally was Secretary, and considers his leadership capacities "outstanding, coupled with energy, compassion, and loyalty."

John B. Connally himself suggests the White House door might be open in 1980 to any worldly, astute, honest, sensitive, and talented United States citizen with a conscience. Connally phrases it in his concise, fog-cutting way: "The biggest problem confronting the United States today is a lack of strong, competent leadership."

It could well be that John Connally, a man who usually knows his own mind, has just the idea where such leadership may be found.

And, one of these days, he probably will tell us.

A young woman entered a local appliance store with her young daughter. As was his practice, the proprietor gave the child a lollipop, which she accepted without comment.

The mother prompted: "And what do you say, dear?"

Without hesitation, she said, "Charge it, please!"

—Al Batt

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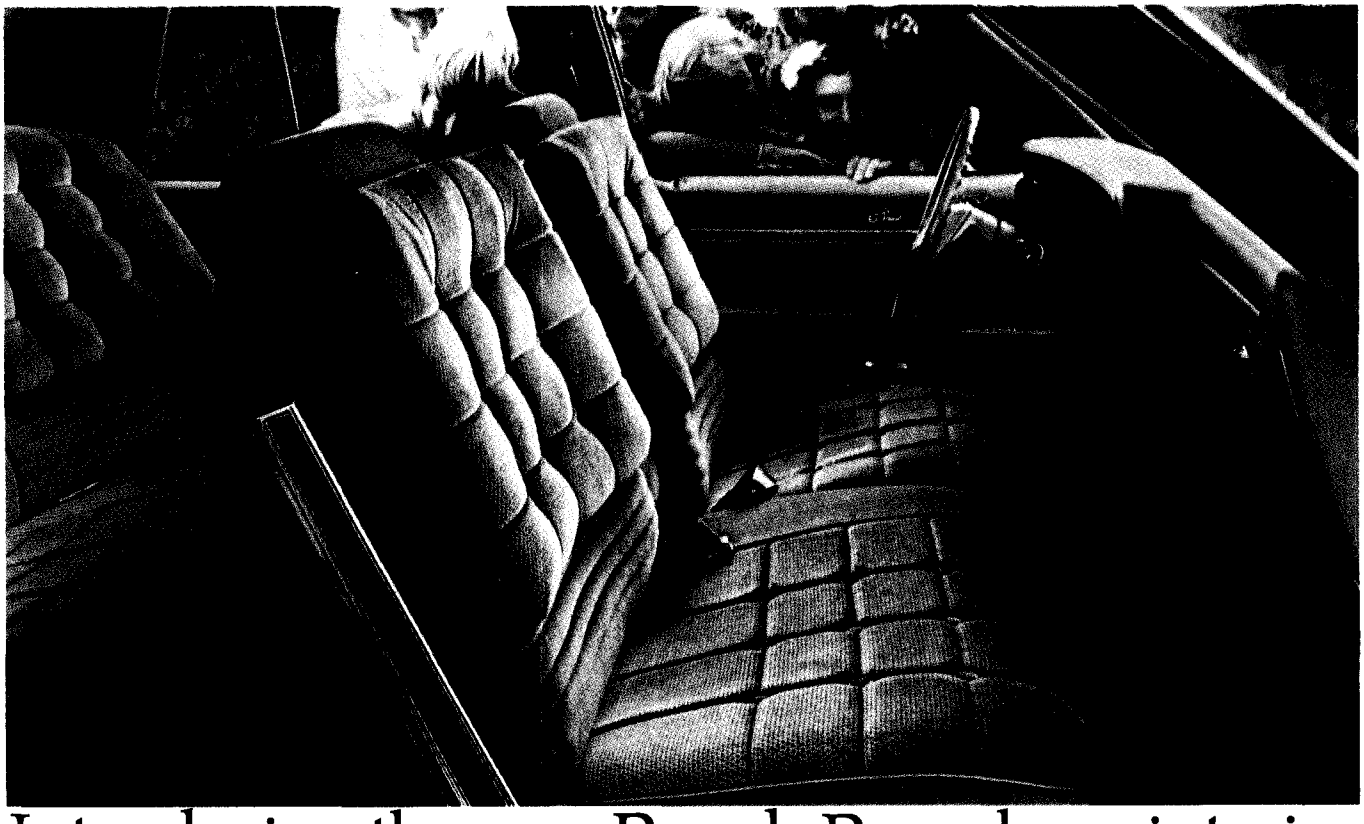

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Oldsmobile

Delta 88 Royale

Have one built for you.

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